Miss America

TEEN LIFE

NOVEMBER 10¢

FASHIONS

FUN

BEAUTY

FICTION

INTERIOR DECORATION

CHARM CHATS

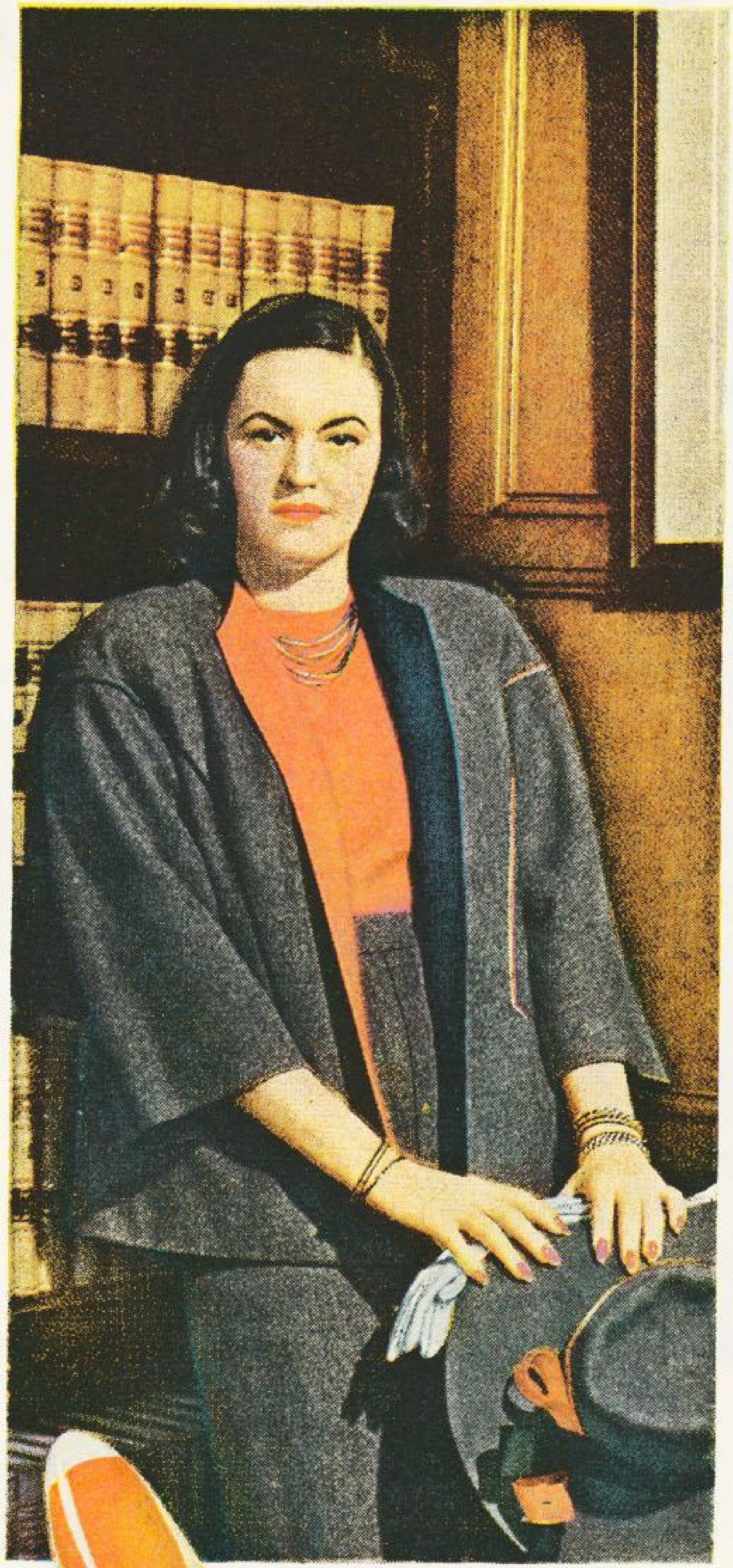
MOVIES

Away with Fingertip Monotony!

Three successful young career women show how to become a smarter YOU!

Suits by Vera Maxwell — Hats by Peg Fischer

Radio Actress
BETTY WINKLER
star of "Rosemary" and "Joyce Jordan, M.D." styles her nails to maintain a vibrant radio mood. To be a *"vibrant" you:* cover your nails completely with a rich, glowing shade such as Dura-Gloss BLACKBERRY! Accent your colorful costume!



Corporation Lawyer
MARY E. BRIER
accents an appropriately business-like effect with a tailored nail style. To be a *"tailored" you:* use a crisp, vivid red, such as Dura-Gloss FLARE RED, exposing both moons and tips! Dress your fingertips in keeping with the occasion.

Advertising Illustrator
APRIL ZIPES
styles her nails artistically for a sophisticated mood. To be a *"sophisticated" you:* apply a subtle, subdued shade such as Dura-Gloss PINK LADY: expose moons, cover tips, for an artistic effect.

The Newest Strategy of Allure

DURA-GLOSS

—Individual Fingertip Styling

DURA-GLOSS
DURA-GLOSS
DURA-GLOSS

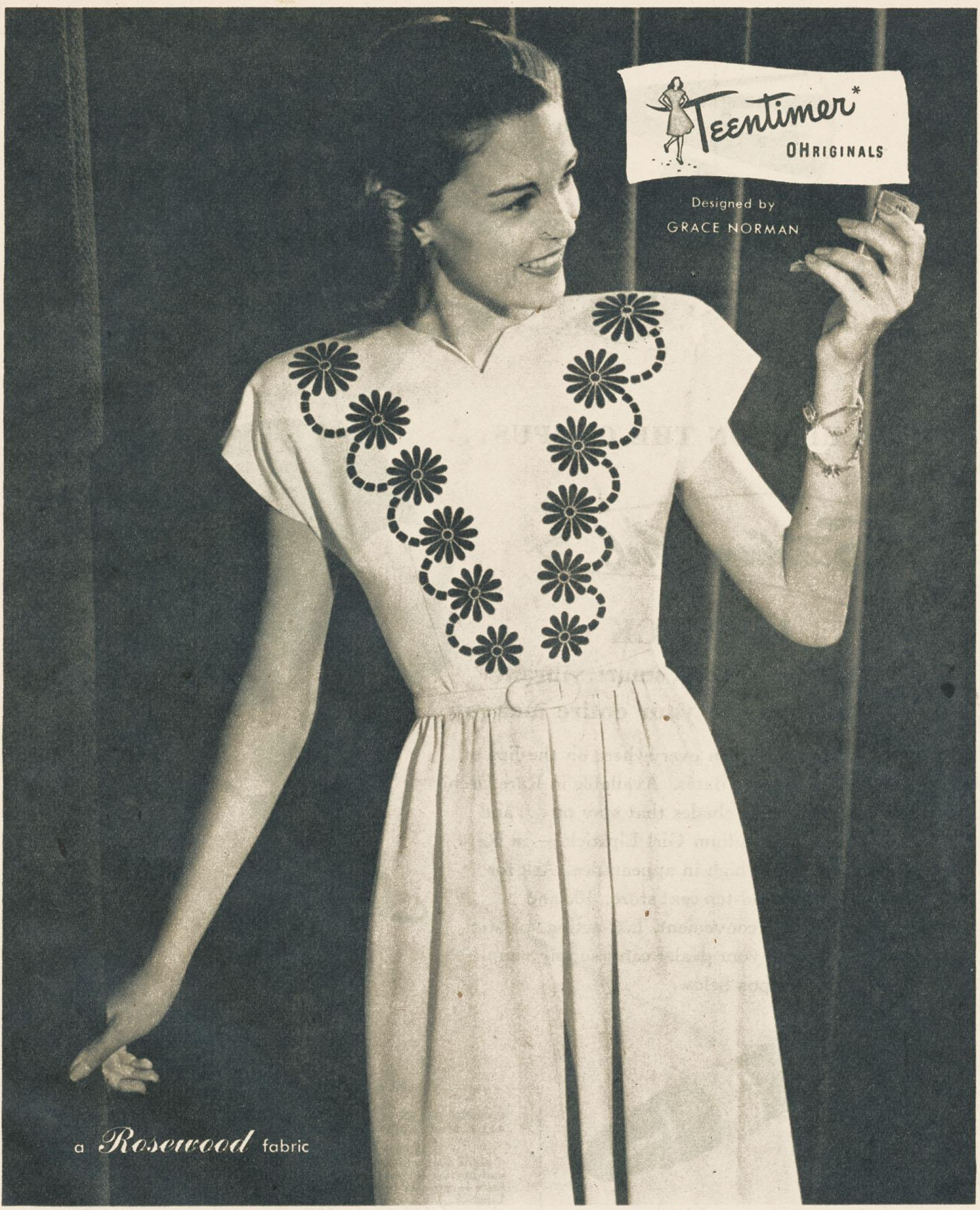
No need for a complete manicure each time—You can achieve individual fingertip styling simply by changing polish shades and by trying different moon and tip effects. All so simple with the . . .

Dura-Gloss "Quick Trick" Technique—Cut polish changing time in half. Simply whisk off the old polish, using Dura-Gloss Polish Remover, and over one coat of Dura-Coat, apply *one* coat of Dura-Gloss polish. Quick dry with Dura-Gloss Polish Dryer—and you're ready to go! If you have a few extra moments, apply a second coat of polish before applying Polish Dryer.

So, away with fingertip monotony! Create a fresh, new, individual "you"—right to your very fingertips!

Every fashionable shade of Nail Polish made is made by Dura-Gloss

Copr. 1946, Lorr Laboratories, Paterson, N.J.; Havana, Cuba; Montreal, Canada. Founded by E. T. Reynolds


Teentimer*
OHRIGINALS
Designed by
GRACE NORMAN
a Rosewood fabric

GAY-SY DAISY . . . A dress to dream in . . . date in . . . dance in! Fresh-as-the-daisies, studded with gold nail heads, to punctuate the top with sparkle; merest whisper of a sleeve, spliced neckline, full skirt . . . rayon gabardine in gold, peacock, red, cocoa, aqua. Teen Sizes 8 to 16. About **$9.00.** For name of nearest store write TEEN-TIMERS, Inc., 1359 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

Tune in "The Teentimers Club" starring John Conte and the nation's top bands . . . every Saturday over your local NBC station..

*TRADEMARK REGISTERED

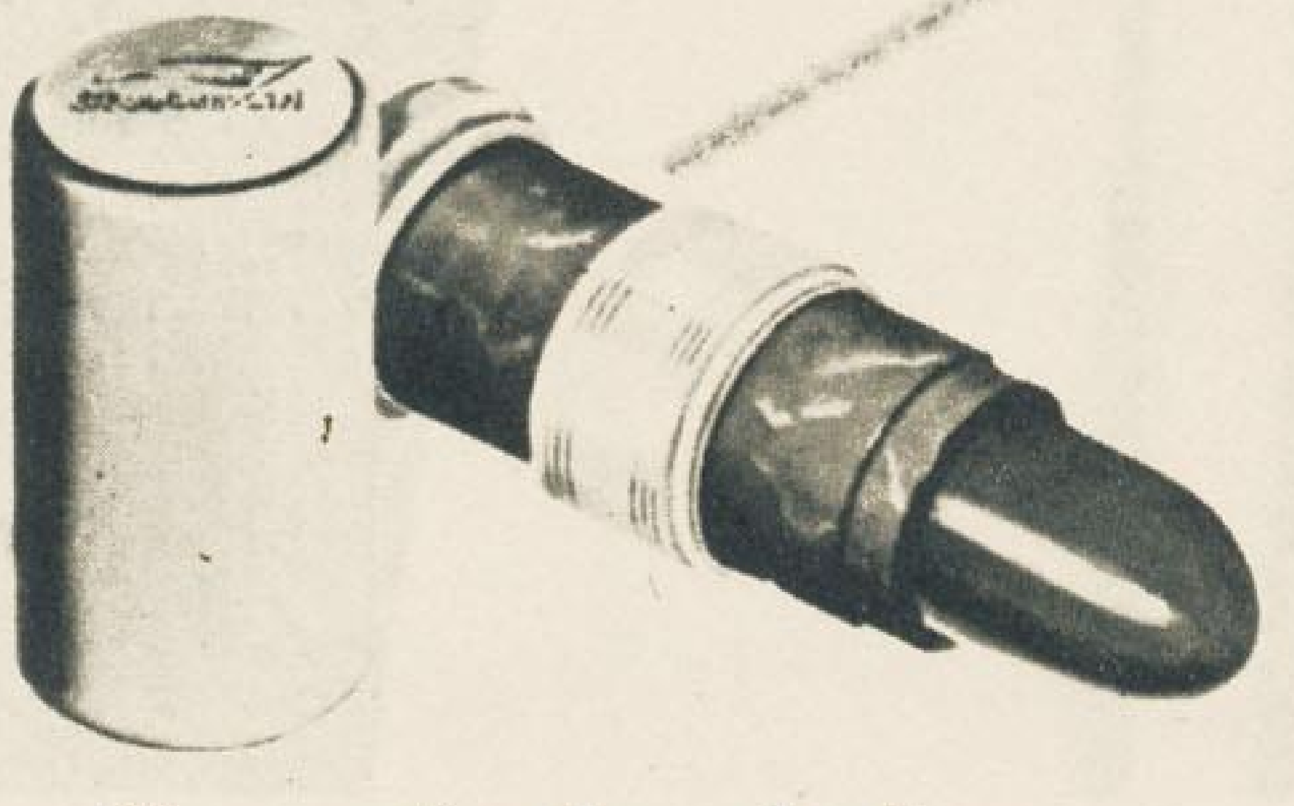
Scores HIGH ON THE CAMPUS . . .

Stadium Girl

LIPSTICK

in *Rare Orchid*, smart, vibrant keynote for your entire makeup

Stadium Girl Lipstick—seen everywhere on the lips of many lovely girls who rate dates. Available in Rare Orchid and five other fascinating shades that stay on . . . and on . . . and on. Let Stadium Girl Lipstick — in Rare Orchid — help *you* score high in appearance. Ask for it at your nearest five-and-ten cent store. 10c and 25c sizes (plus tax) in convenient, fast-acting, plastic push-up containers. If your dealer can't supply you, order large size by coupon below.



Six captivating shades:

Cherry Red (medium light)
Sunset Pink (medium)
Rare Orchid
Tropic (medium dark)
Ruby (dark)
Burgundy (very dark)

Leading five-and-ten cent stores also carry Stadium Girl Cake Makeup . . Stadium Girl Compacts . . . Stadium Girl Rouge.

TEAR OUT COUPON AND MAIL TODAY!

CAMPUS SALES CO., Dept. 3116
411 E. Mason St., Milwaukee 2, Wisconsin

I am enclosing 55c (in Canada 50c), which includes tax and postage, as payment in full for a large-size Stadium Girl Lipstick. I have indicated my choice of shade at the right.

No C.O.D.'s please

Name....................................
Address....................................
City....................(....) State.........

My choice of lipstick shade is:

☐ Cherry Red (medium light)
☐ Sunset Pink (medium)
☐ Rare Orchid
☐ Tropic (medium dark)
☐ Ruby (dark)
☐ Burgundy (very dark)

Miss America

NOVEMBER, 1946 VOLUME 5, NO. 1

In this issue

FICTION

DATE WITH A SENIOR by *Ruth Plumly Thompson*.... 26
CONCERT FOR KAREN by *Lois Bell*.............. 54

FASHIONS

SHOPPING NOTES.......................... 8-11
FOUR FREEDOMS.......................... 13
A SHELTER FROM THE STORMY BLAST.......... 14
OVERABUNDANCE.......................... 16
YE COMELIEST HATT.......................... 17
SUNDAY GO TO MEETING.......................... 18
COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS.......................... 20
FIT FOR FESTIVITY.......................... 22
ENTER PRISCILLA.......................... 23
BEDTIME STORY.......................... 24
BIBS 'N TUCKERS.......................... 66

FEATURES

MISS AMERICA SPEAKS.......................... 28
WEEKEND GUEST by *Eleanor King*.............. 29
TAFFY by *Phyllis Muchow*.............. 30
WHAT'S YOUR HOBBY? by *Ginny Schaefer*....... 32
DEAR BETTY ANN by *Victoria Allen Dunford*....... 33
THIS GENERATION by *Thyra Samter Winslow*...... 34
OUT OF MALEBOX by *Eleanor Hiteshew*.......... 36
LET YOUR COLOR BE YOUR GUIDE by *Faber Birren* 37
PATSY WALKER.......................... 39
TELEPHONE CONVERSATION by *Joan List*......... 46
HELLO GIRLS by *Jean Goodman*.............. 47
PROFESSOR QUIZ.......................... 50
FOR GIRLS ONLY by *Laraine Day*.............. 51
HANDS AT EASE by *Eleanor Frank*.............. 52
MAKE IT PERMANENT by *Nancy Lake*.............. 53
HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNGER SET by *May Mann*..... 56
THANKSGIVING 1621 by *Danielle Mortimer*........ 58
PERSONAL TOUCH by *Ann Allison*.............. 60
AUTOGRAPH ETIQUETTE by *Virginia Chumley*...... 62
HOLLYWOOD CUT UPS by *Chester Whitehorn*..... 63
FLASHES FROM MAC.......................... 68
MEET THE WINNERS.......................... 71

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Miss America
TEEN LIFE
NOVEMBER 10¢
FASHIONS
FUN
BEAUTY
FICTION
INTERIOR DECORATION
CHARM CHATS
MOVIES

Walking in the rain, or shine! A white poplin coat that Aquatogs makes for you, belted or boxy, with or without the hood! Sizes 10-16. About $20. Detachable hood, $3. At Franklin Simon, New York; Frederick Loeser, Brooklyn; J. N. Adams, Buffalo; Wm. H. Block, Indianapolis; Wm. Taylor Co., Cleveland; Z.C.M.I., Salt Lake City.

Kodachrome by Barbara Goodspeed

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-legsactly
fits
the
occasion
for
cruisin'
Susan
and
date
baitin'
POLL PARROT
Polly DEBS

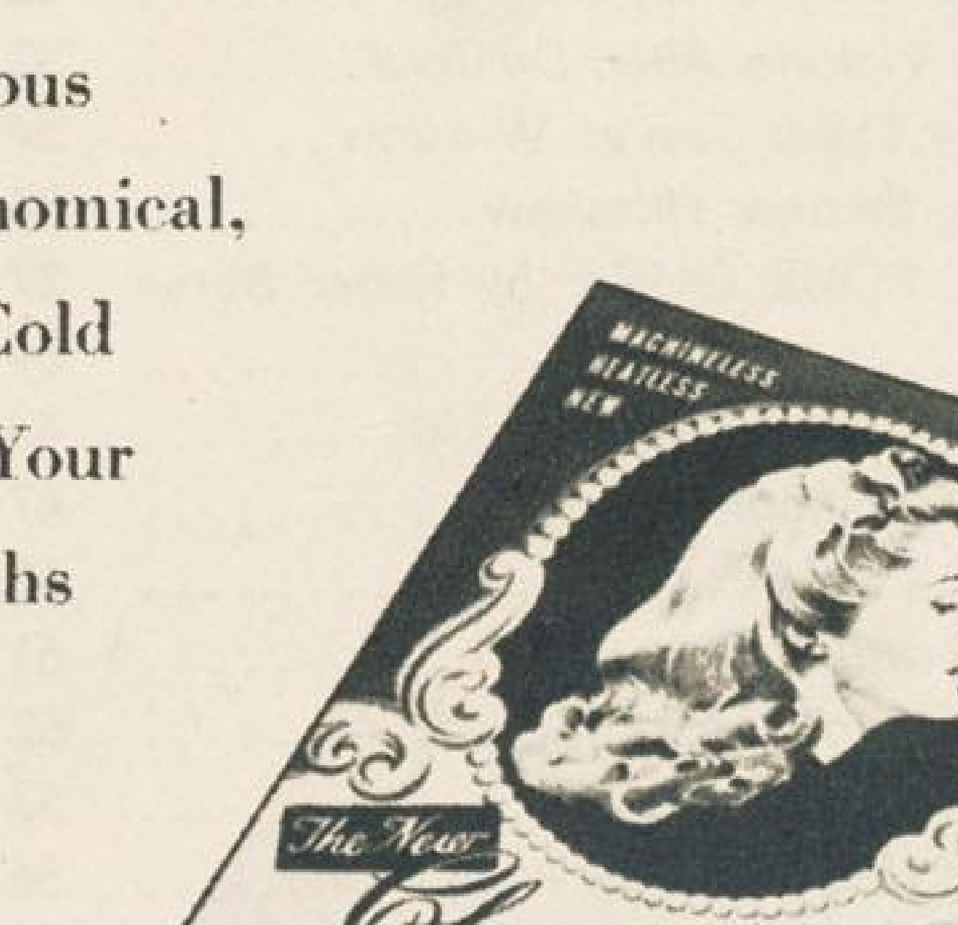
ROBERTS JOHNSON & RAND • DIVISION OF
INTERNATIONAL SHOE CO. • ST. LOUIS 3, MO.

"Sis is sure Smart! She **COLD WAVES** her hair and mine at home ...Just like mother does!"

Imagine... Charm-Kurl **COLD WAVES** *in 2 to 3 hours ...Yet costs only 98¢*

Millions of thrifty girls are giving themselves and each other glamorous Charm-Kurl Cold Waves at home. It's fun,—it's exciting and so economical, too. Think of it,—with the new *laboratory tested* Charm-Kurl Supreme Cold Wave Kit it's done in 2 to 3 hours and you save up to $14.00 or more. Your curls will be tighter, your waves more manageable and they'll last months and months. If your hair-do is "flat top" use Charm-Kurl for your end curls. It helps keep frizzy ends in place. Get a Charm-Kurl kit or two today,—thrill to new hair beauty by tonight.

- Perfect Comfort
- "Takes" on Coarse or Fine Hair
- Your COLD WAVE Permanent will last months and months
- Satisfaction or Money Back


MACHINELESS HEATLESS NEW
COMFORTABLE DO IT AT HOME
The New Charm-Kurl
SUPREME COLD WAVE
HOME PERMANENT KIT
Do it at Home...in 2 to 3 Hours
DO IT YOURSELF IN 2 TO 3 HOURS AT HOME

Each kit is complete with curlers. Nothing else to buy.

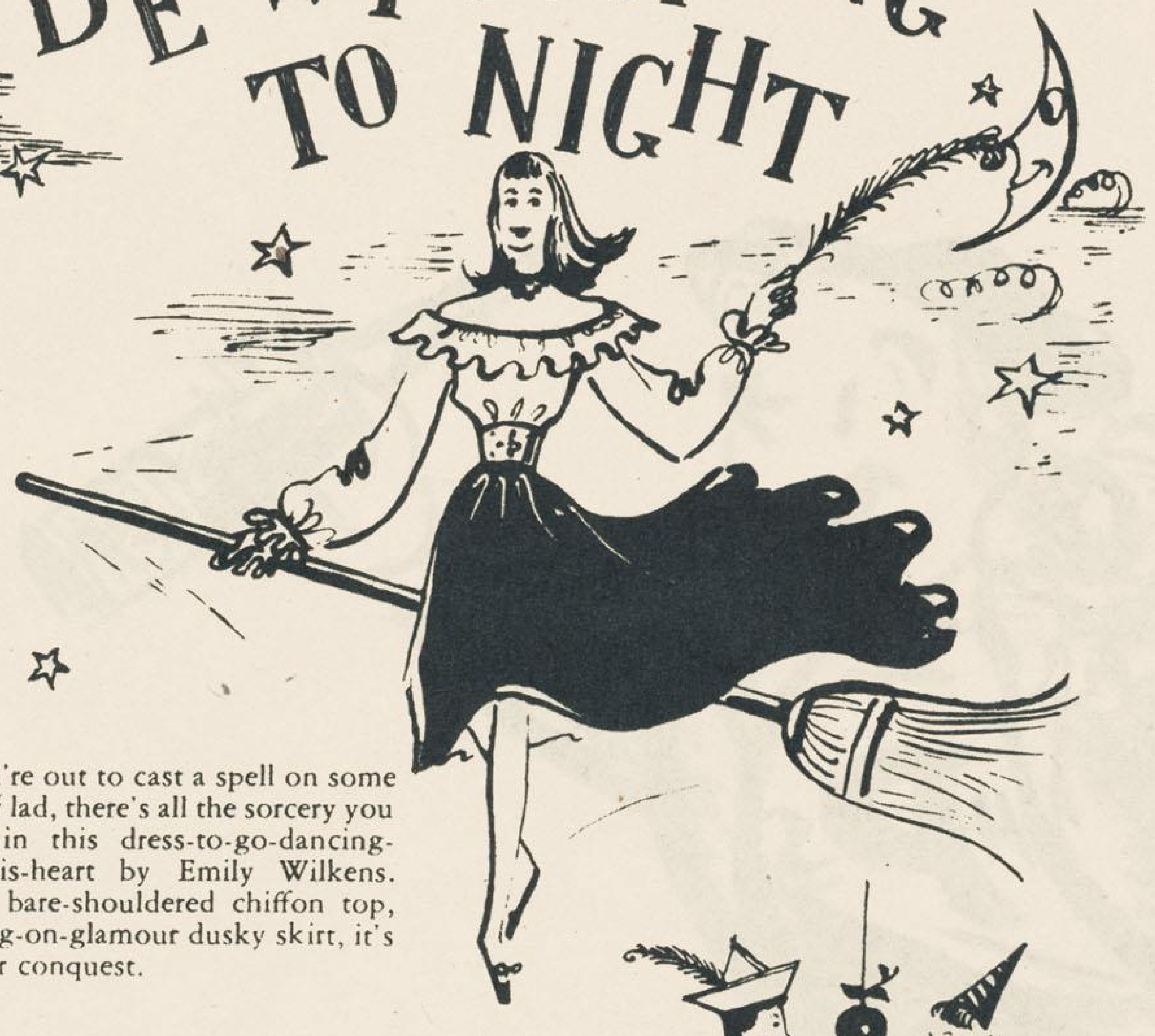
THE NEW Charm-Kurl SUPREME COLD WAVE HOME KIT *Now Only* **98¢ PLUS 14c TAX**

IN CANADA $1.35

FOR SALE AT DRUG STORES, COSMETIC AND NOTION COUNTERS

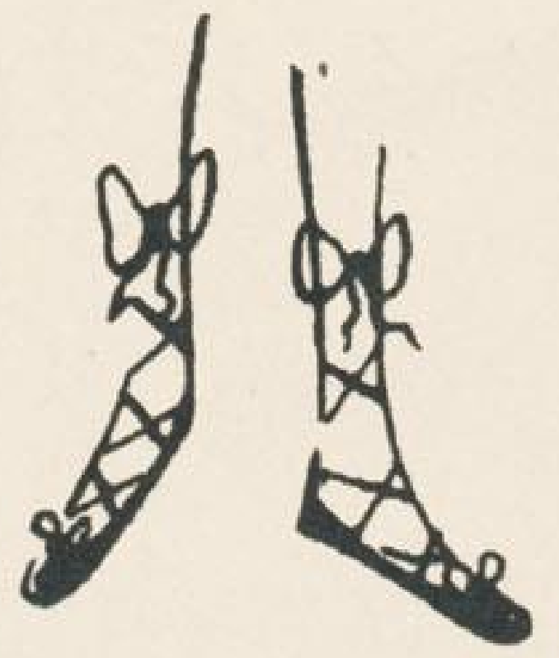
Darrow
CHEERING SECTION
PEPSI-COLA
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BEWITCHING TONIGHT



If you're out to cast a spell on some sturdy lad, there's all the sorcery you need in this dress-to-go-dancing-into-his-heart by Emily Wilkens. From bare-shouldered chiffon top, to long-on-glamour dusky skirt, it's cut for conquest.

Looks like magic! Nary a shoulder strap in sight but all curves shipshape. Snip the straps off any daytime bra, remove back fastenings, and sew ½ yd. of ribbon to each side. Cross ribbons in back, bring 'round to front and tie.



Footnote to glamour. The prettiest young feet are stepping out nights in these make-'em-yourself P.M. slippers. Sew long black satin ribbons to ballet slippers, crisscross over the ankle, and tie in a perky bow.

We're all for you looking like a dream. Just be sure not to break the spell with any unsightly perspiration stains on that pretty dress. Don't let any hint of odor spoil the enchantment. That's why Arrid is such an important part in a glamour girl's grooming routine. Rely on safe, gentle Arrid to keep you bewitchingly sweet. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so effectively . . . yet so safely.

39¢ (plus tax) Also 10¢ and 59¢

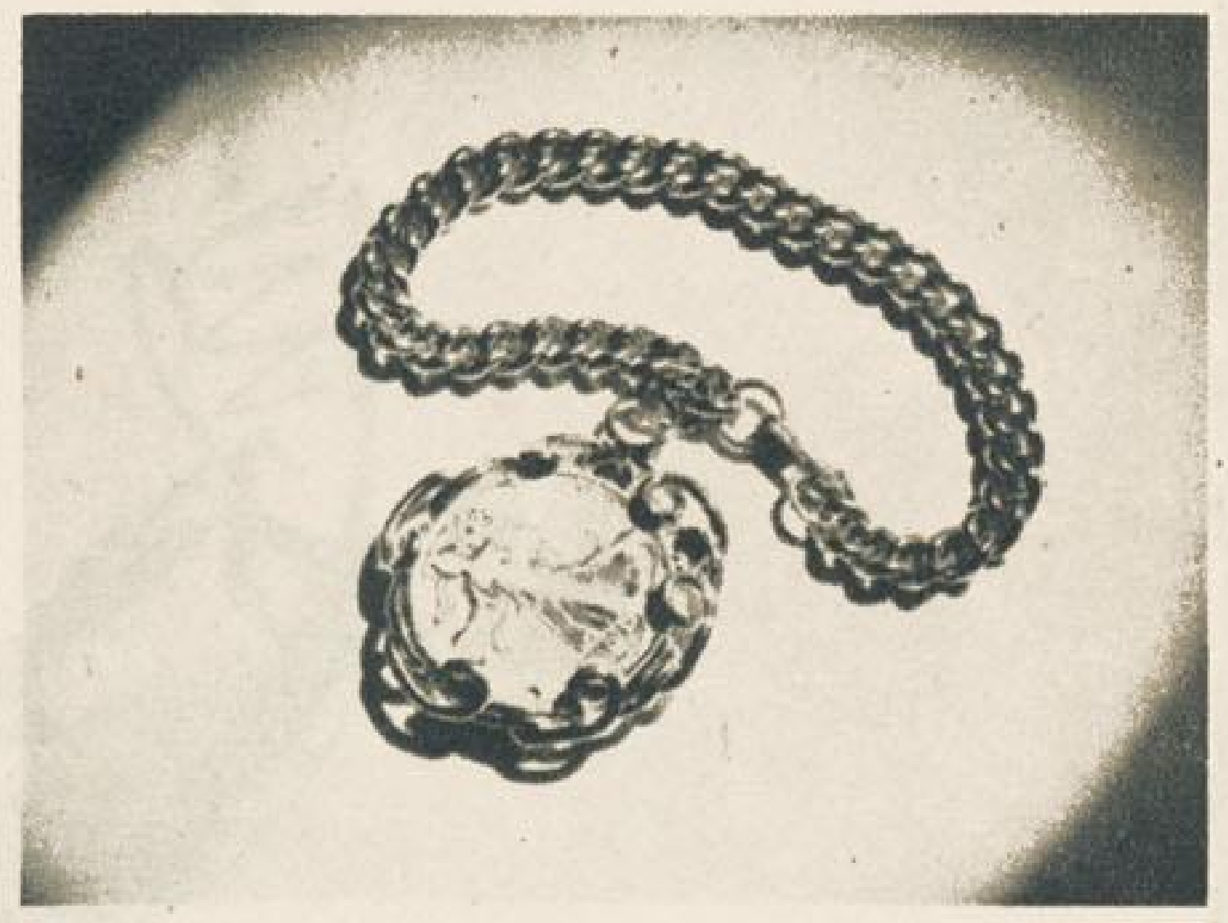
New Improved Postwar
ARRID

ONLY SAFE, GENTLE ARRID GIVES YOU THIS THOROUGH 5-WAY PROTECTION

1. *No other deodorant tested* stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely.
2. *More effective in stopping perspiration* than any other deodorant cream according to our laboratory tests.
3. *Does not harm fabrics.* Does not irritate the skin. Antiseptic.
4. *Soft, Smooth, creamy* . . . easy to apply. Greaseless and stainless, too.
5. *Awarded the Seal of Approval* of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to clothes.

All Postwar Arrid packages have a star ★ above the price.

Shopping Notes

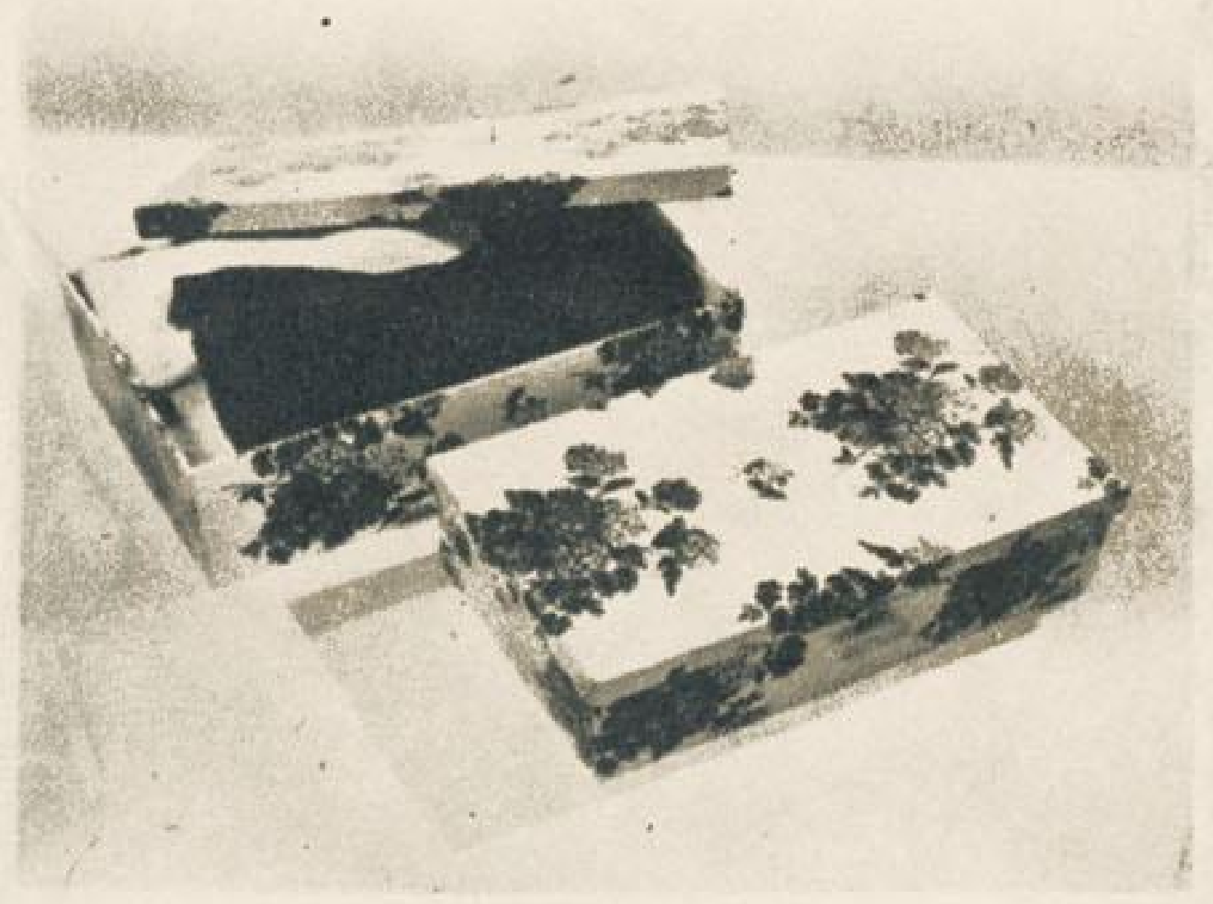


HALF-DOLLAR BRACELET

Versatile jewelry . . . serves as bracelet or belt chatelaine . . . made with genuine half-dollar . . . designed by Ernest Steiner. $3.50
B. Altman, New York

GLAMOR KIT

Complete beauty treatment. . . . Six attractively packaged items, all free from ingredients known to aggravate allergies $3.50
Saks Fifth Avenue, New York

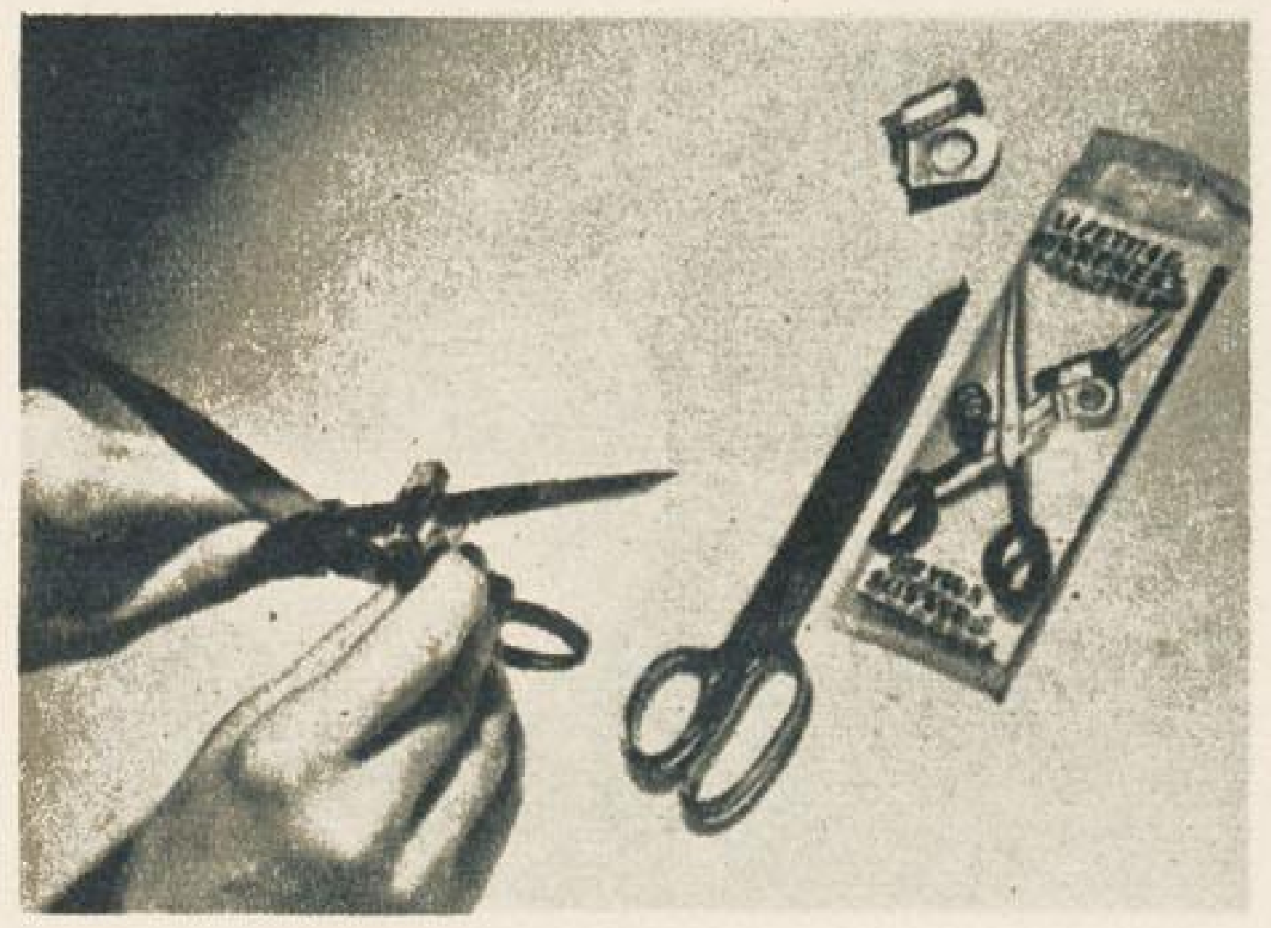


E-Z-DO TUCKAWAYS

Nest of two-size, attractively wallpapered storage boxes . . . reinforced for durability with an E-Z-Do moth humidor $3.00
Bloomingdale's, New York

POWDER BOX

Metal divider dispenses just the right amount of powder . . . topped with flower medallion . . . dressing table or purse size $2.00
Lewis and Conger, New York



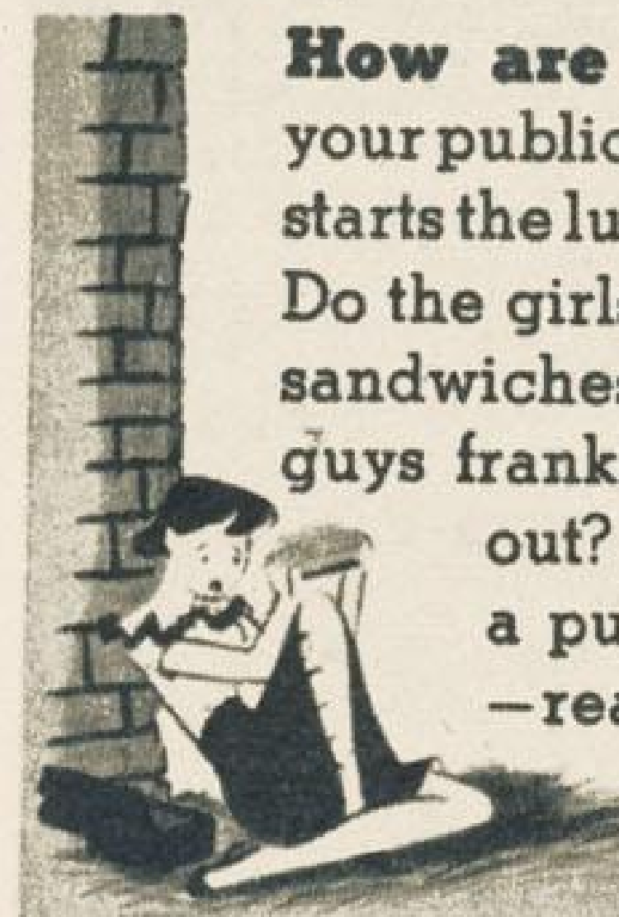
SCISSORS SHARPENER

No skill, no effort—a few strokes on this thumb size sharpener keeps scissors in perfect working order.
South East Merchandise Co.
Lynwood, Cal.

TEXTILE COLOR SET

Create original designs on belts, hankies, or your best beau's ties with easy-to-use stencils. Colors can be washed $3.50
R. H. Macy, New York

How to be the Girl who packs the nifty Lunch



How are you doing with your public when the noon bell starts the lunch-box stampede? Do the girls coax to exchange sandwiches with you—and the guys frankly beg for a handout? Or don't you *have* a public? If you do not—read on . . .

You'll never eat alone with sandwiches like this in your lunch box!

HERE'S HOW TO MAKE . . .

SUPER CHICKEN SANDWICHES—Combine 1 cup chopped cooked or canned chicken with ¼ cup chopped stuffed olives, ¼ cup chopped celery, ⅛ tsp. pepper and ¼ cup Best Foods or Hellmann's Real Mayonnaise. Spread bread generously with Nucoa. (That's not only to make your sandwiches taste good, but to give them the protection between filling and bread that keeps them from either drying out or getting soggy.) Spread filling on Nucoa-d bread slice, cover with a leaf of lettuce and top with another Nucoa-d bread slice. Place sandwich on a square of waxed paper. With a sharp knife, cut it North—South; East—West (you'll feel as professional as that artist at the soda-fountain!). Fold up the waxed paper to make a neat package.

Yield: 6 large sandwiches. (Note: Store filling in refrigerator in covered bowl. Make sandwiches as needed each day.)

NUCOA
OLEOMARGARINE

IT'S SMART TO USE NUCOA

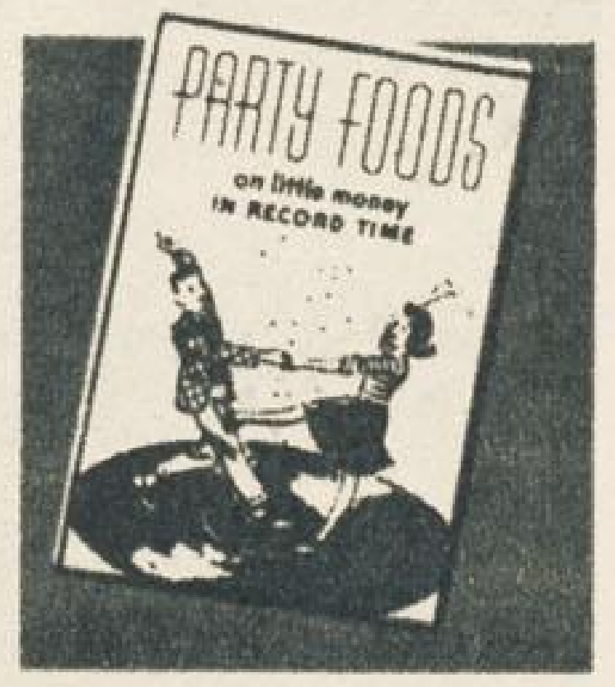
1. **NUCOA** *is a smooth spreader.*
2. **NUCOA** *tastes just right.*
3. **NUCOA***'s thrifty.*
4. **NUCOA***'s good nutrition.* Ask your Home Ec teacher at school about the Vitamin A and food energy you get in Nucoa.

MA-11

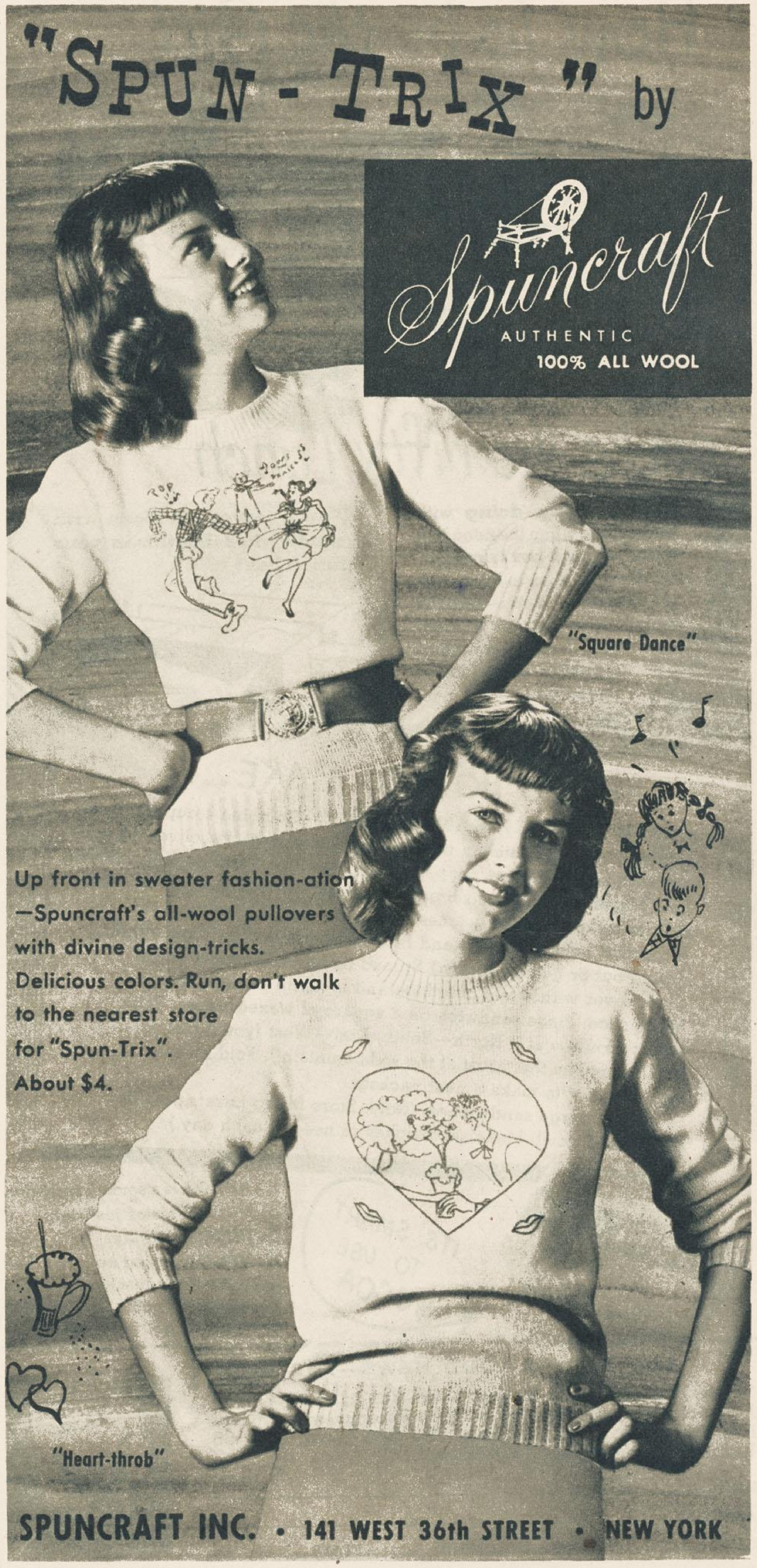
AND HERE'S GOOD NEWS—FOR FREE!

"Party Foods on Little Money"—for club, class or private high jinks. Illustrated booklet contains 8 menus, with grocery lists and easy recipes. Address: The Best Foods, Inc., 88 Lexington Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

NAME______________________________
ADDRESS___________________________
CITY________________ZONE______STATE_______



PARTY FOODS
on little money IN RECORD TIME



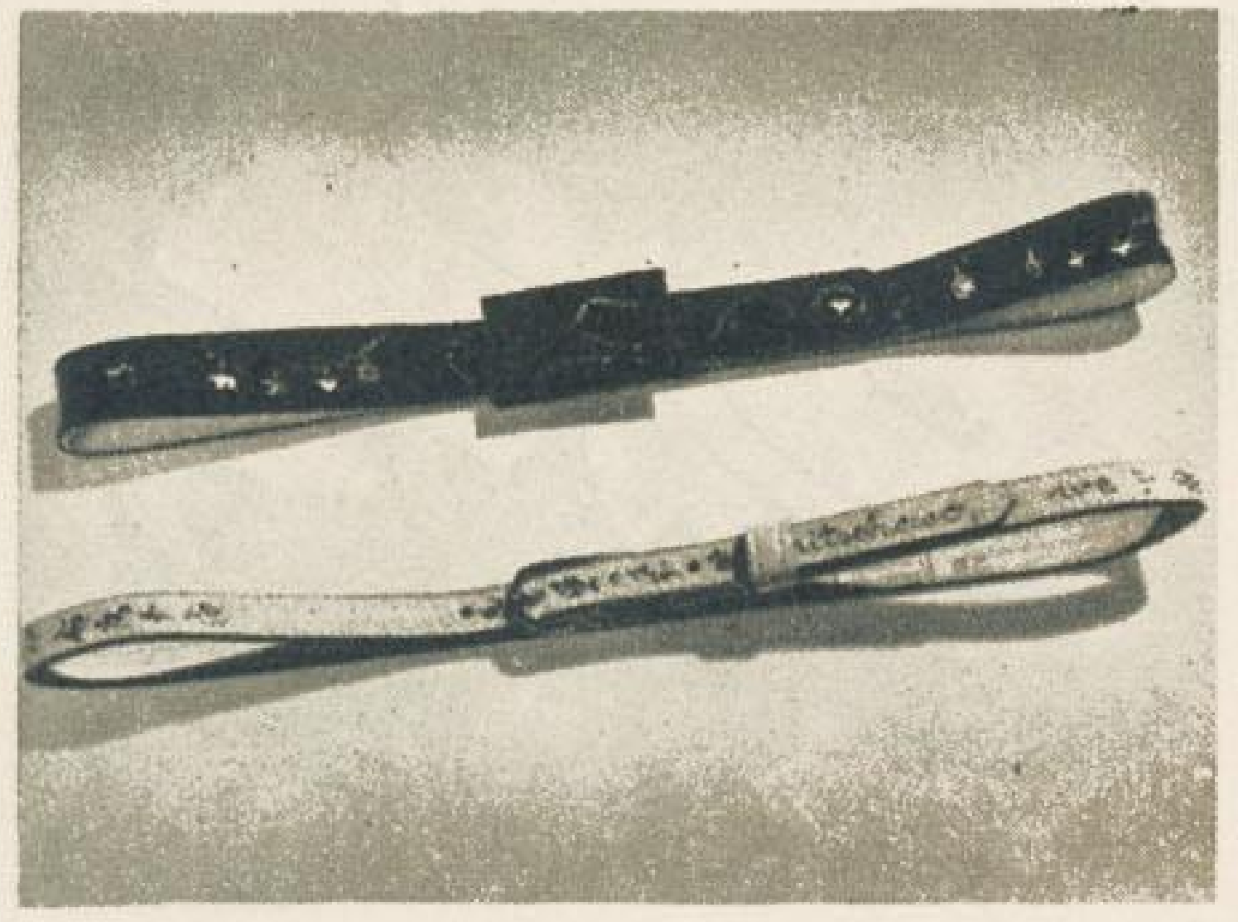
"SPUN-TRIX" by

Spuncraft
AUTHENTIC
100% ALL WOOL

Up front in sweater fashion-ation—Spuncraft's all-wool pullovers with divine design-tricks. Delicious colors. Run, don't walk to the nearest store for "Spun-Trix". About $4.

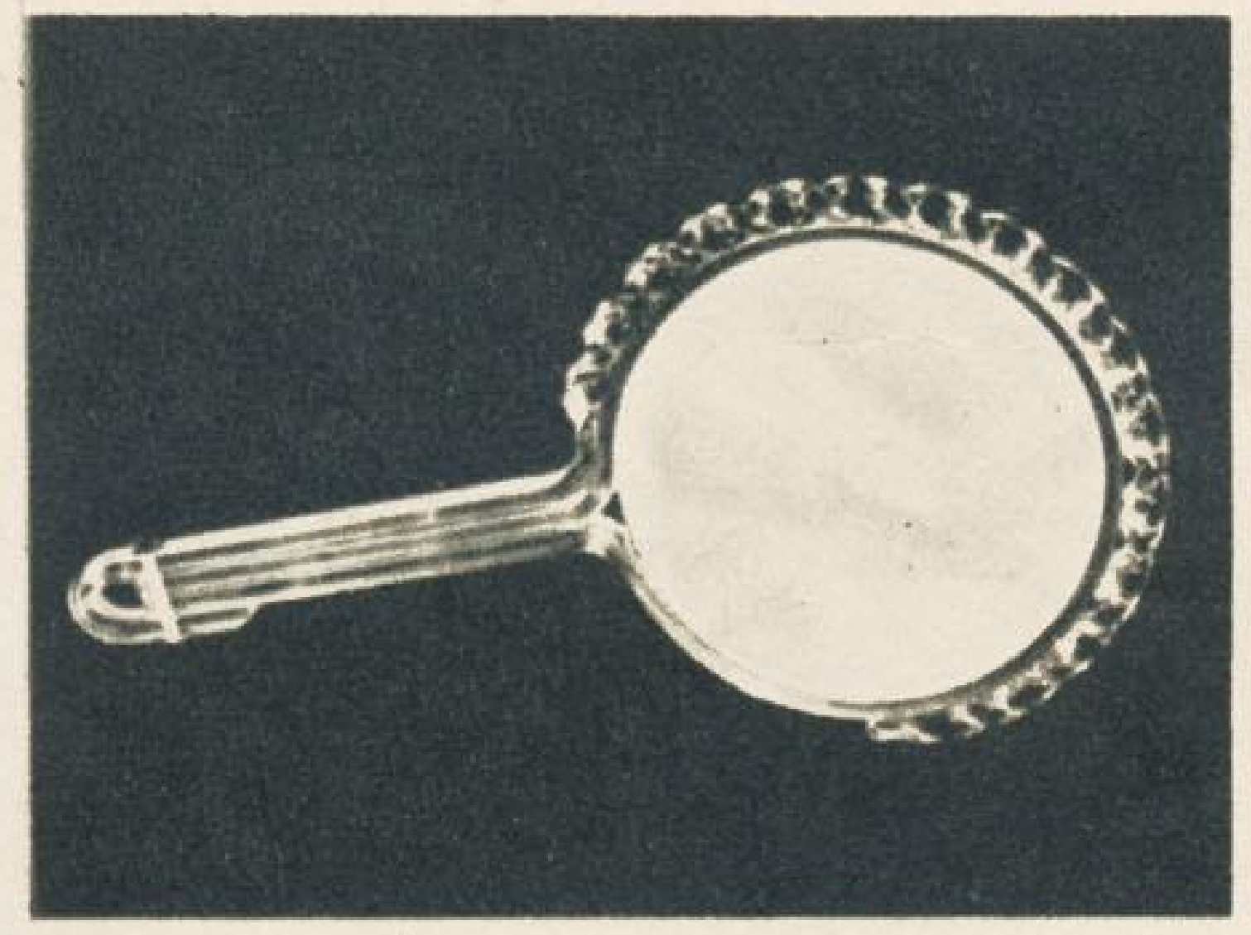
SPUNCRAFT INC. • 141 WEST 36th STREET • NEW YORK

Shopping Notes



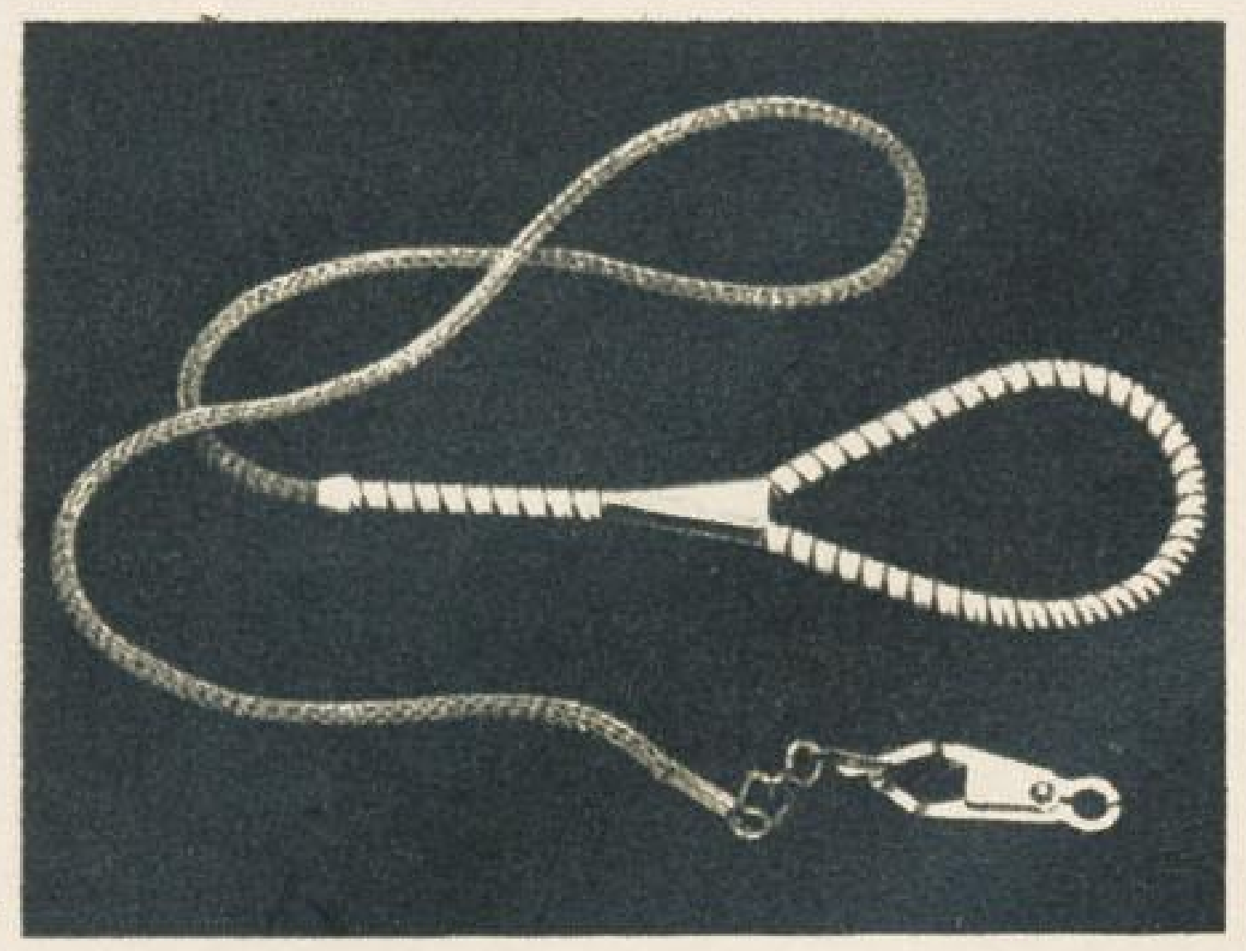
NOVELTY BELTS

For your collection . . . a black patent hand-painted "Charm" belt $3.50 . . . and in genuine cowhide, a "United Nations" belt . . . $1.95
Halle Bros., Cleveland, Ohio



4-WAY, TWO-SIDED MIRROR

Combining utility and beauty, lucite scroll frame can be used as stand or worn on the neck. $3.95
Mastercraft Products
27 Maymarket Sq., Boston, Mass.



DOG LEASH

Strongly knitted wire serves as shock absorber to soften effect of pull . . . $2.50—plus 15c postage.
Mastercraft Products
27 Haymarket Sq., Boston, Mass.

CHEN YU SMART SET

Matching nails and lips in SEA SHELL or FLOWERING PLUM . . . Lacquer, Lacquerol, Lipstick in a lovely dressing table box. $1.75
Stern Brothers, New York

VOLUPTE COMPACT

Unusual hand-shaped, solid brass compact boasts of roomy powder compartment with metal door and sturdy tight lock $5.00
Saks Fifth Avenue, New York

QUINTESSENCE SET

Five purse size bottles of Herb Farm toilet water in white phlox, lilac, green moss, night scented stock and royal purple . . . $1.50
Lord and Taylor, New York

GLORIA JEAN
popular young singing starlet
GLO-VER SHAMPOO

For Your Hair
SPRING FRESHNESS
the year 'round...

Daintily Soft . . . Swiftly Cleansing
. . . with* Blended *Vegetable Oils

Do as thousands have done—*test* GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo this easy, interesting way! Be convinced that it's quicker, easier . . . and so satisfying!

No other shampoo can claim more natural-looking beauty for your hair, more lustrous sheen, smarter radiance and sparkle, than GLO-VER. Contains cleansing agents made from *blended* vegetable oils. Rinses out easily, *instantly!* Not a trace of unsightly film! Removes loose dandruff—and, best of all, leaves your scalp so *clean*, your hair soft as springtime and amazingly manageable! Ask for GLO-VER at any Drug Store or Drug Counter today—or mail the Coupon.

FREE
TRIAL SIZE

Includes GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo, Glover's Mange Medicine and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress—one application of each—with easy directions for famous Glover's 3-Way Treatment and FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of the Hair."

Your Hair will be Lovelier with
GLO-VER
Beauty Shampoo

Glover's, 101 W. 31st St., Dept. 2311, N.Y. 1, N.Y.

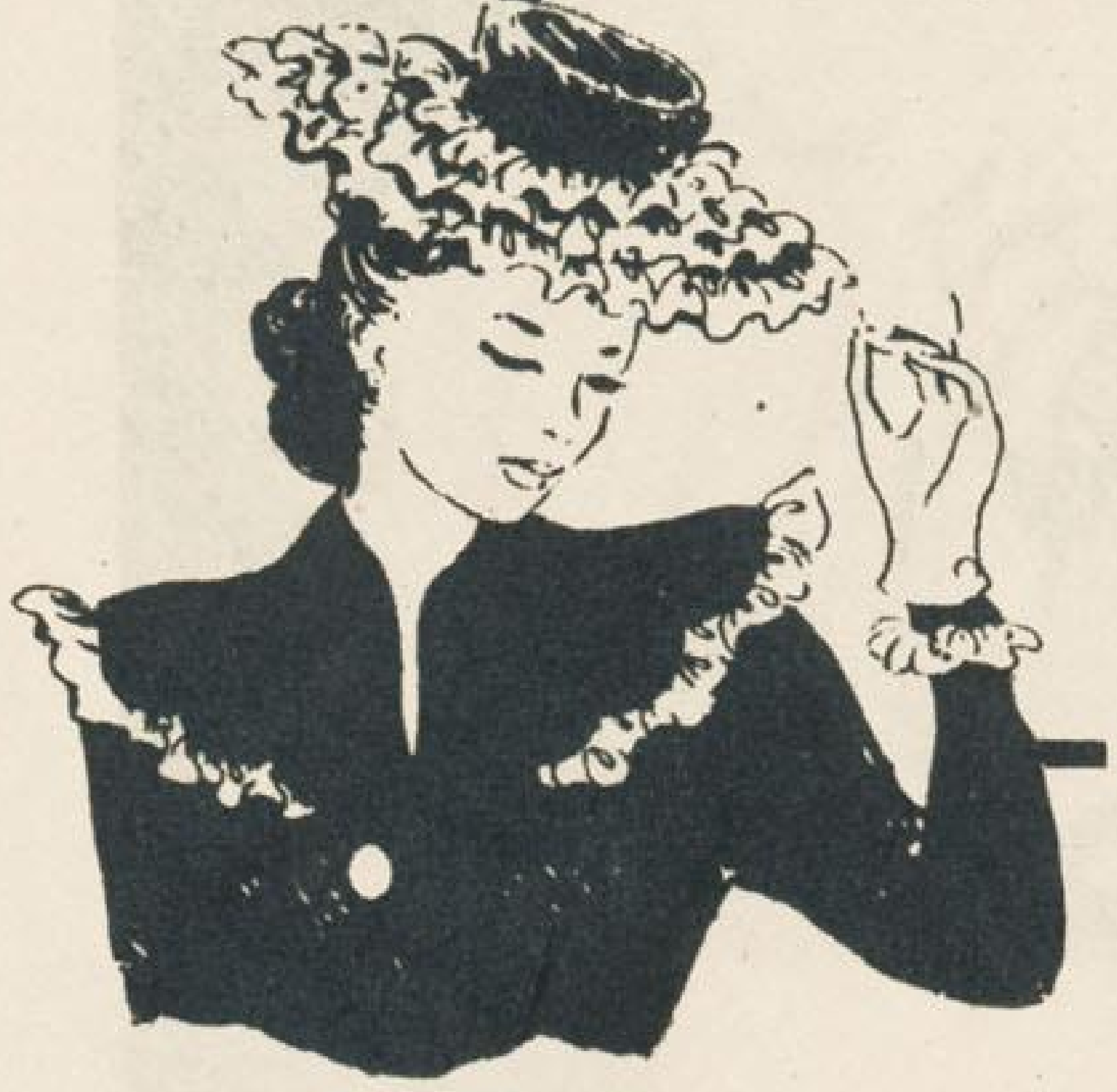
Send Free Trial Application package in plain wrapper by return mail, containing 3-Way Treatment in three hermetically-sealed bottles, with FREE booklet. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packaging and postage.

Name..
Please print plainly
Address..
City.......................... *Zone*...... *State*..........

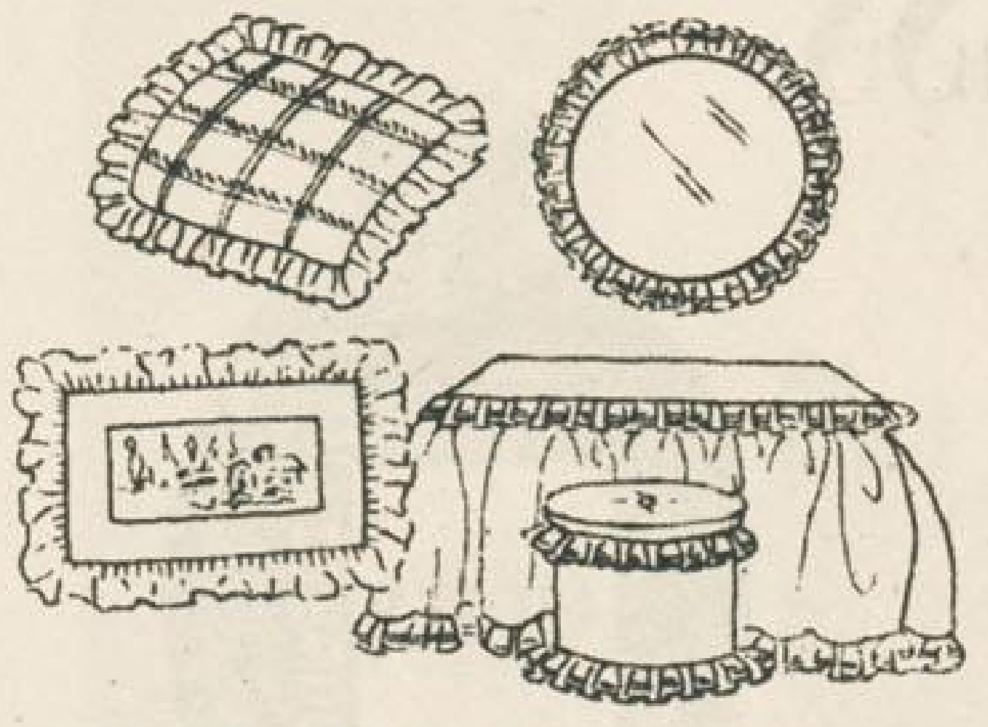
GIRLS! $85 IN CASH PRIZES! FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "MISS AMERICA"

Fairfame*

EASY TO WIN IN THIS GREAT RUFFLING—"MISS AMERICA" CONTEST



FOR YOUR WARDROBE—FAIRFAME RUFFLING the perfect trim for hats, blouses, gloves, collars, cuffs, etc.



IN THE HOME—add new cheerfulness in the bedroom, living room, study, etc., with the use of FAIRFAME RUFFLING.

There are a hundred different ways you can qualify to win one of the three big CASH prizes or a free subscription to MISS AMERICA Magazine—and every one of them is FUN. Here's all there is to it:

Get yourself a few yards of ruffling. Ask for FAIRFAME ruffling, sold in over 10,000 leading chain stores. You'll know it the minute you see it. It's the one that's kept clean for you in the patented cellophane box with the FAIRFAME name on it. Look for this box or the reel with the FAIRFAME label. THEN take some item of apparel or some small object in your room—something you're tired of or never liked too much—and TRANSFORM it by the magic of FAIRFAME ruffling into something entirely NEW and attractive. Or you can make something ENTIRELY of FAIRFAME ruffling. It's all up to you. Then send your entry in according to the instructions in the rules below and you have as good a chance as the next gal to win one of the three cash prizes. And there is no limit to the number of entries you may submit.

LOADS OF FUN—AND PRIZES TOO

You'll find it fascinating to dream up ways to make old and drab things look new and bright with the magic of FAIRFAME ruffling. It's a hobby in itself—AND your entry may be shown in the next issue of MISS AMERICA as well as being put on display in the MISS AMERICA booth at the Women's International Exposition in New York in November. So hurry—read the contest rules below and send in your entries NOW.

$50 cash—FIRST PRIZE
$25 cash—SECOND PRIZE
$10 cash—THIRD PRIZE
Ten 2 year subscriptions to MISS AMERICA
Ten 1 year subscriptions to MISS AMERICA
Honorable Mentions to runner-ups

ENTRIES CLOSE OCTOBER 28th

CONTEST RULES

1. All entries must be the original work of the contestant and must be mailed in time to arrive in New York not later than October 28th, 1946.
2. Mail entries to FAIRFAME RUFFLING—MISS AMERICA CONTEST, c/o Mrs. Katherine Straube, 20-40 121st Street, College Point, New York.
3. Decisions of the judges will be final. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
4. Entries will be returned ONLY if return postage and suitable shipping container are supplied. This is IMPORTANT. All unreturned entries will be turned over to charitable organizations.
5. Entries too bulky to be MAILED should not be shipped by any other method. Instead, submit a clear PHOTOGRAPH of the entry.
6. Photographed entries will be judged on the basis of the entry itself and NOT on the quality of the photograph.
7. On ALL entries, either sew in a label or attach a tag bearing the following information: Your name, your address and your age. No entry will qualify without this information.

FIRST IN FASHION

RUFFLINGS by Fairfame

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FIRST IN FASHION
Fairfame

PATENT PENDING

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Division of G., H. and E. Freydberg, Inc.
636 Eleventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

SOLD AT LEADING CHAIN AND VARIETY STORES

Thanksgiving, 1621

O go your Waie into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praises: be thankful unto him and speaketh good of his name . . . In his time shall the righteous flourish: yea, and abundance of peace, so long as the moon endureth.

Pliimouth, New England

THANKSGIVING, 1946

THANKS for quiet homes and shady streets.

THANKS for public schools and Sunday Schools.

THANKS for orchards, blossoming sweet and pink in New England; clustered with sun-kissed oranges in the Southland.

THANKS for libraries and stadiums and sport fields.

THANKS for a Constitution and a Congress and a Bill of Rights.

THANKS for friends and neighbors, to cheer and lend a hand.

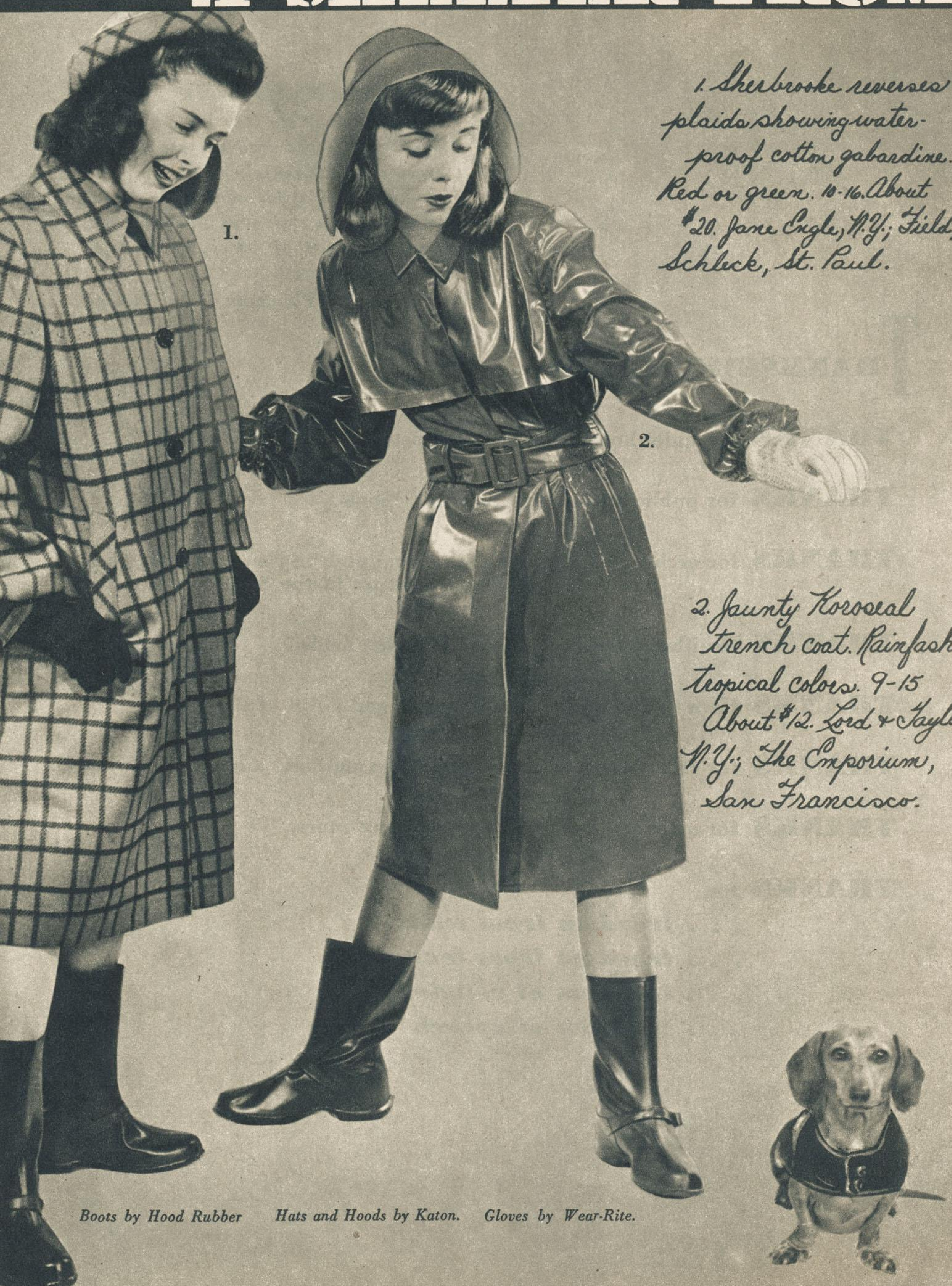
THANKS for a family, gathered together once more.

THANKS for

. . . ***freedom from want***
. . . ***freedom from fear***
. . . ***freedom of religion***
. . . ***freedom of speech***

A SHELTER FROM THE STORMY BLAST

Rainwear sturdy and strong as a Bay Colonist's Character



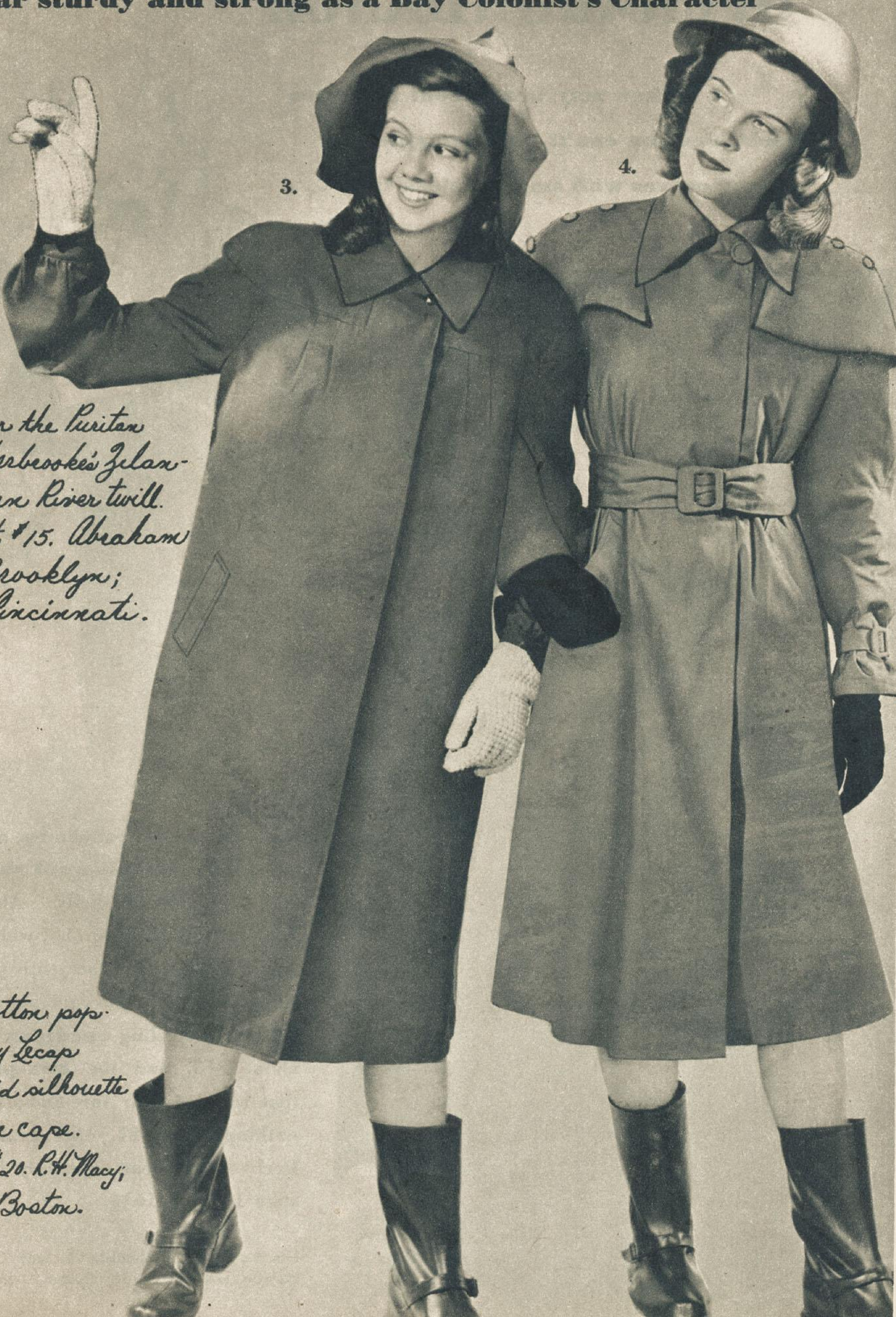
1.

2.

1. Sherbrooke reverses plaids showing waterproof cotton gabardine. Red or green. 10-16. About $20. Jane Engle, N.Y.; Field, Schleck, St. Paul.

2. Jaunty Koroseal trench coat. Rainfashion's tropical colors. 9-15 About $12. Lord & Taylor, N.Y.; The Emporium, San Francisco.

Boots by Hood Rubber   Hats and Hoods by Katon.   Gloves by Wear-Rite.



3.

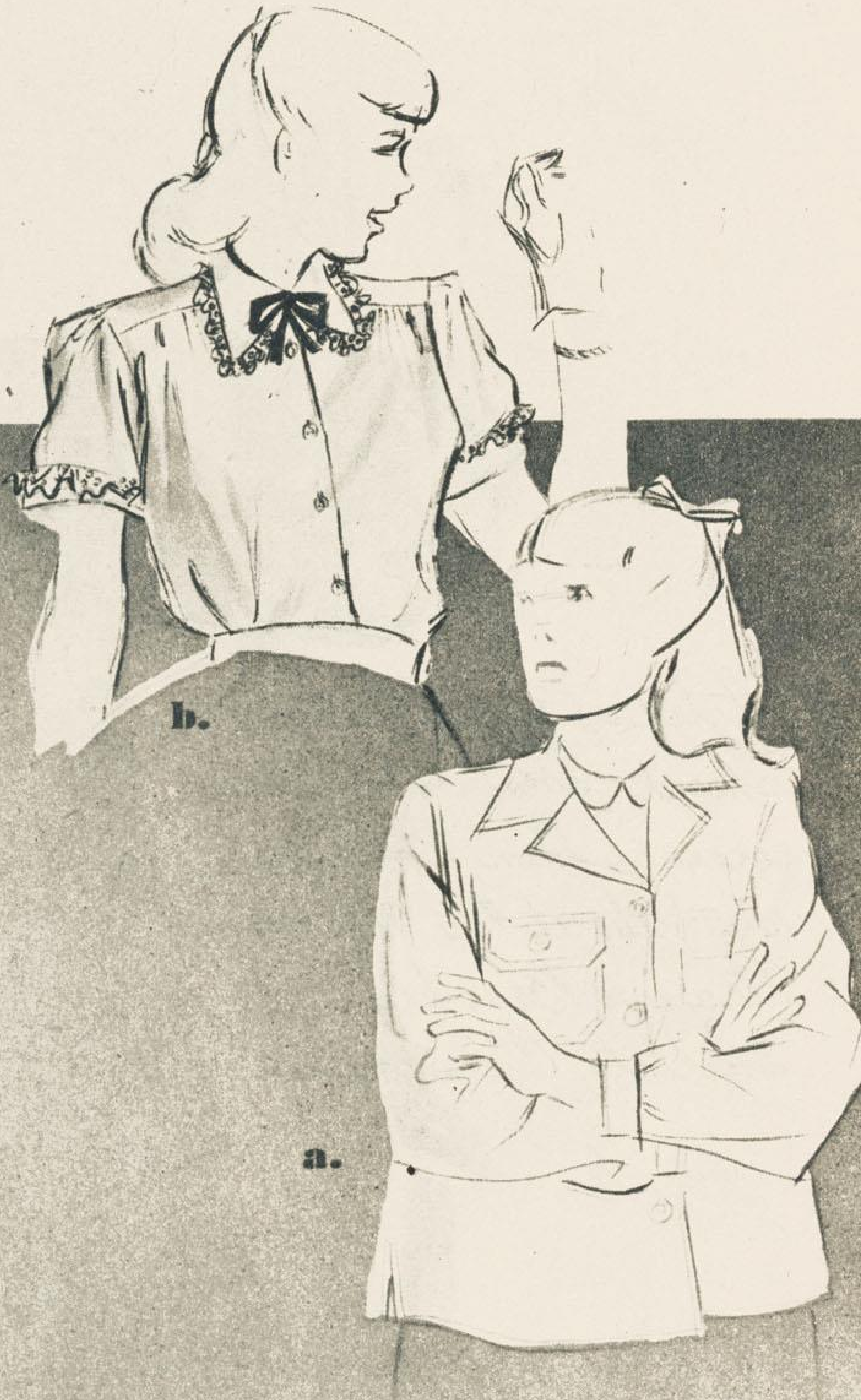
4.

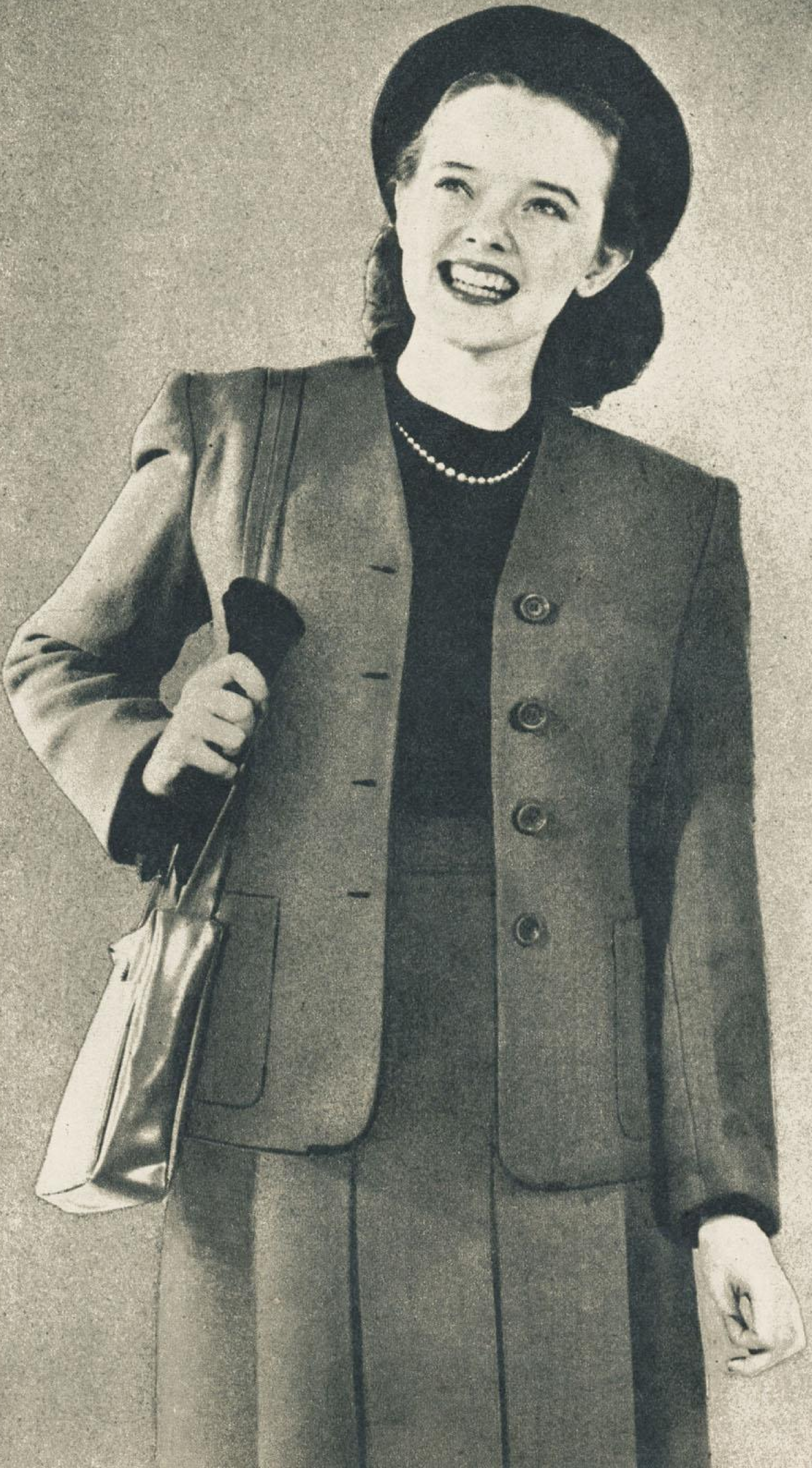
3. Styled after the Puritan smock—Sherbrooke's Zelan-processed Dan River twill. 10-16. About $15. Abraham & Strauss, Brooklyn; Shillito, Cincinnati.

4. Smooth cotton poplin designed by Lecap with a belted silhouette and button-on cape. 10-16. About $20. R.H. Macy; N.Y.; Filene's, Boston.

OVERABUNDANCE

A turkey may brag about his extra pounds, but you can't! So straighten your curves with smooth, sleek lines . . .





For soft, sweet stream-lining, choose this feather-soft, all-wool shirt (a) in scarlet or kelly. About $8. The rayon blouse (b), white as the first snow, frames your face with party frills. About $4. For all-wool suit perfection, try the pound-stealing cardigan jacket about $13, and the box-pleated skirt, that whittles your fore-and-aft curves to nothing, about $7. All created by Derby Sportswear especially for chubby sizes 10½ to 16½.

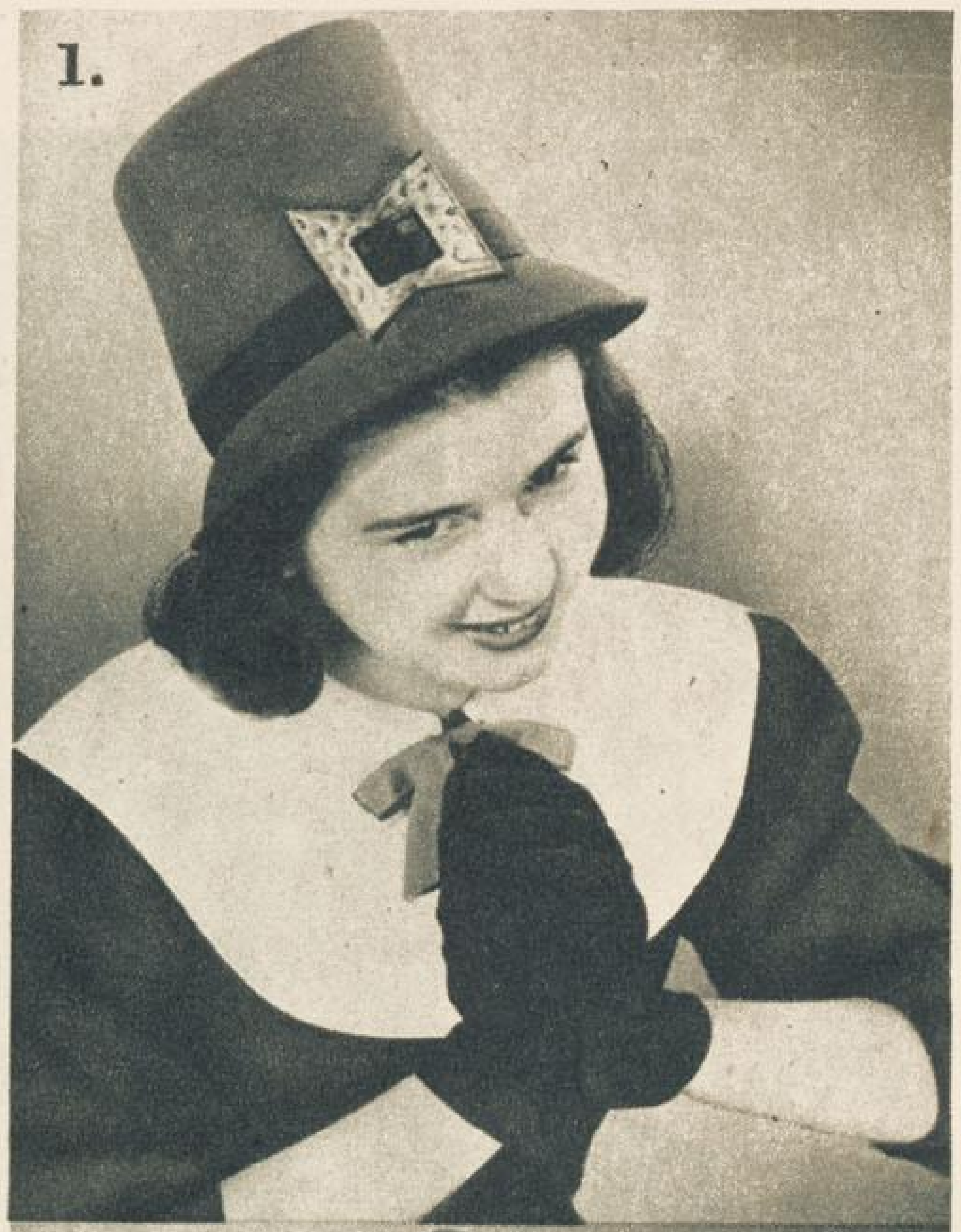
McCreery, N. Y.; Mandel, Chicago; The May Co., Los Angeles; Joske's, San Antonio

1. Just like Master Alden, it speaks for itself! Fine fur felt, high-crowned, with big authentic buckle. Tall, dark, handsome! About $11.

2. Simplicity in a head-turner of wool felt with streamers and a brim rolled back to show your brow—or your bangs. About $6.

3. A goodly bonnet frames a maid's features with a bow and a ripple. Wool felt in *nineteen* colors. Ties under chin. About $6.

1.



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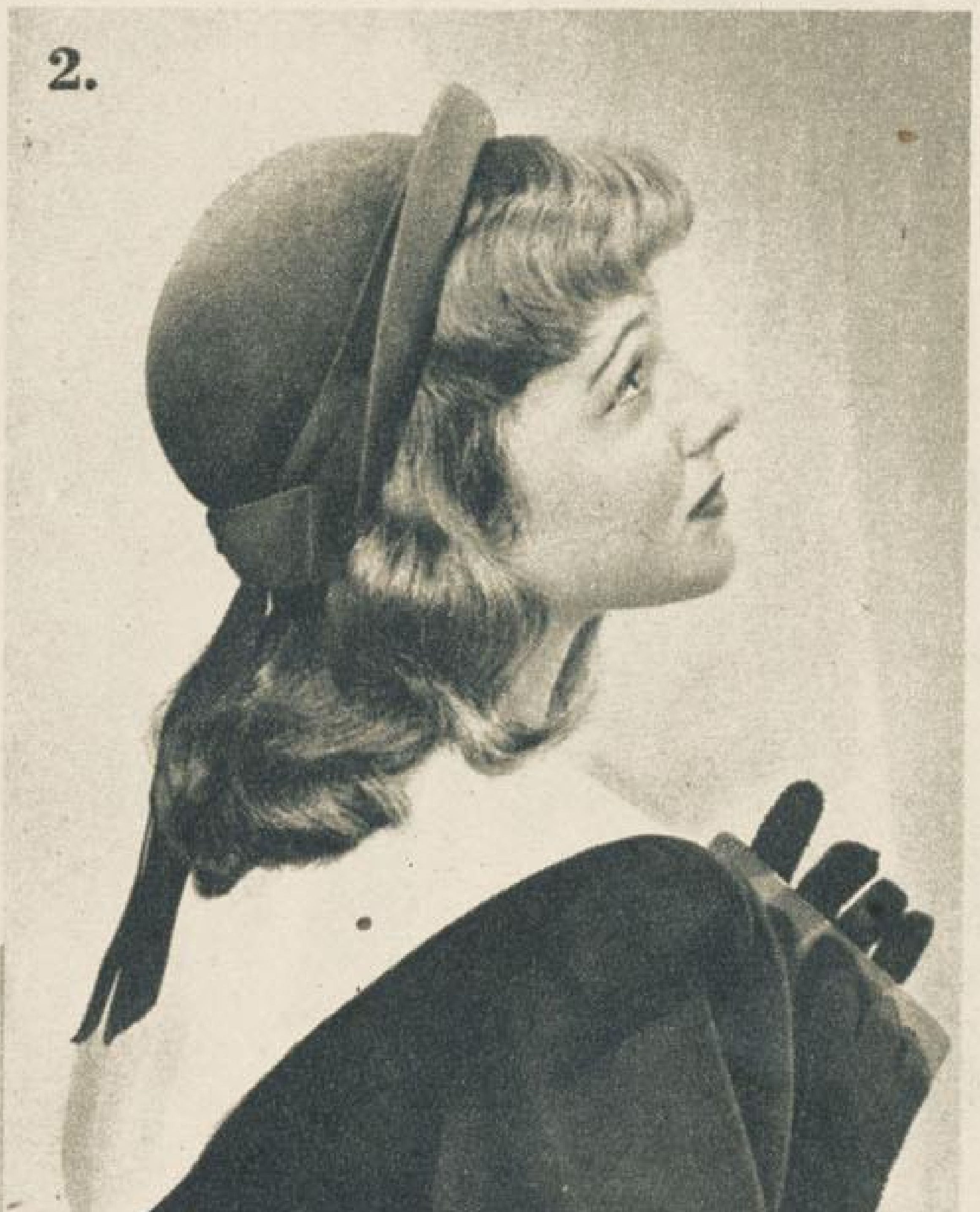

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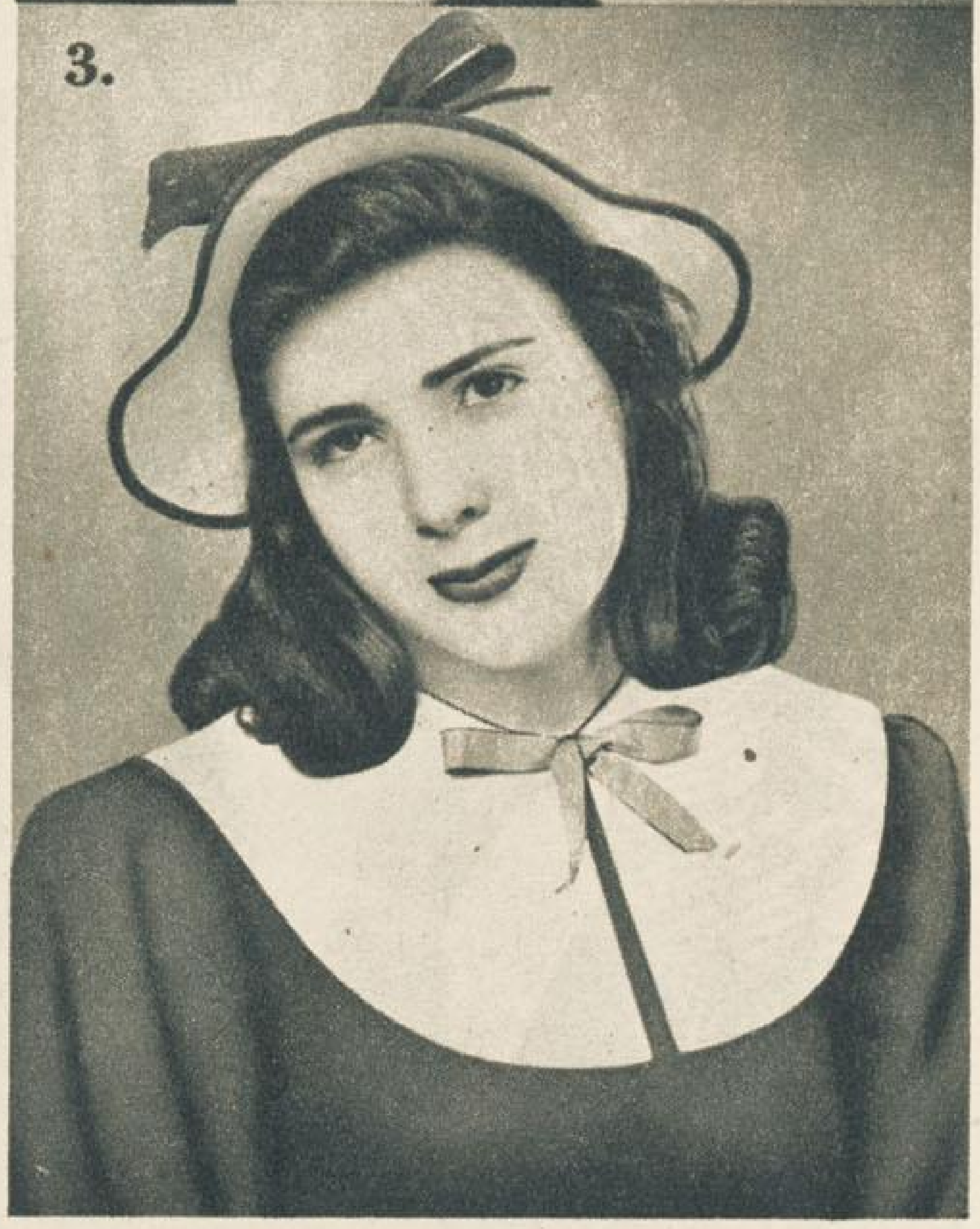
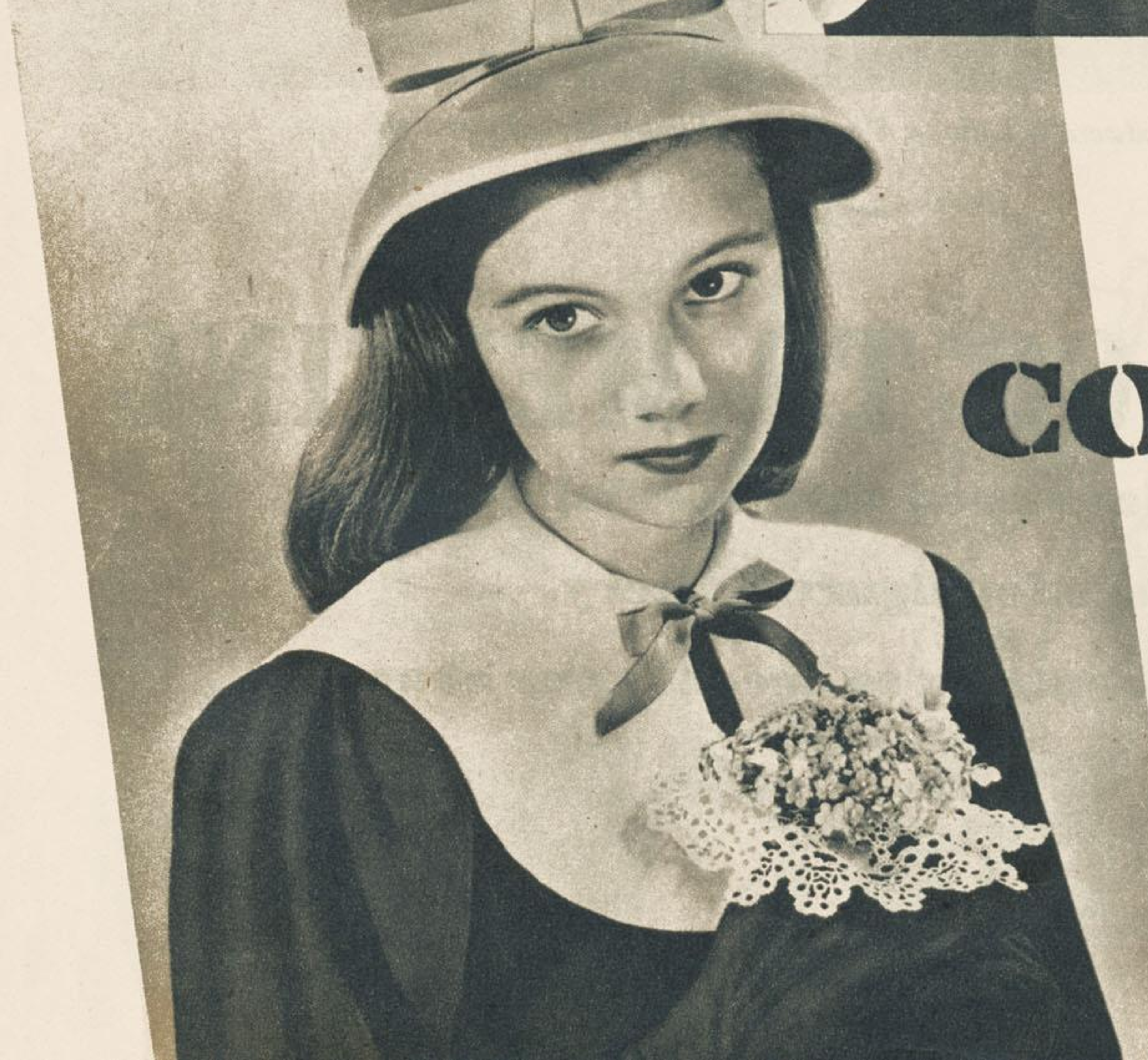


4. So demure—and so delightful! Priscilla would envy your square-brimmed bonnet sitting above expressive eyes. Wool felt. About $4.

4.

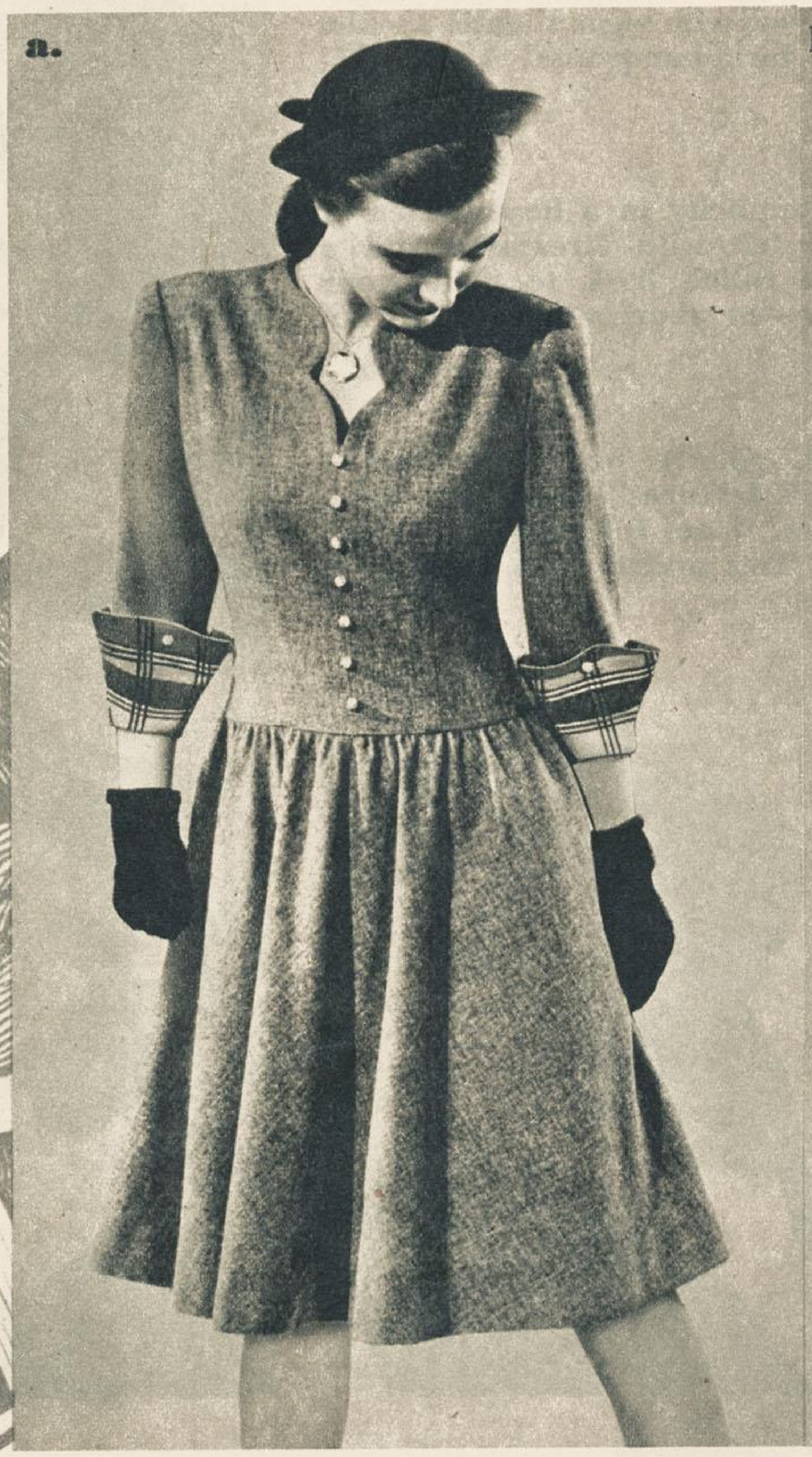


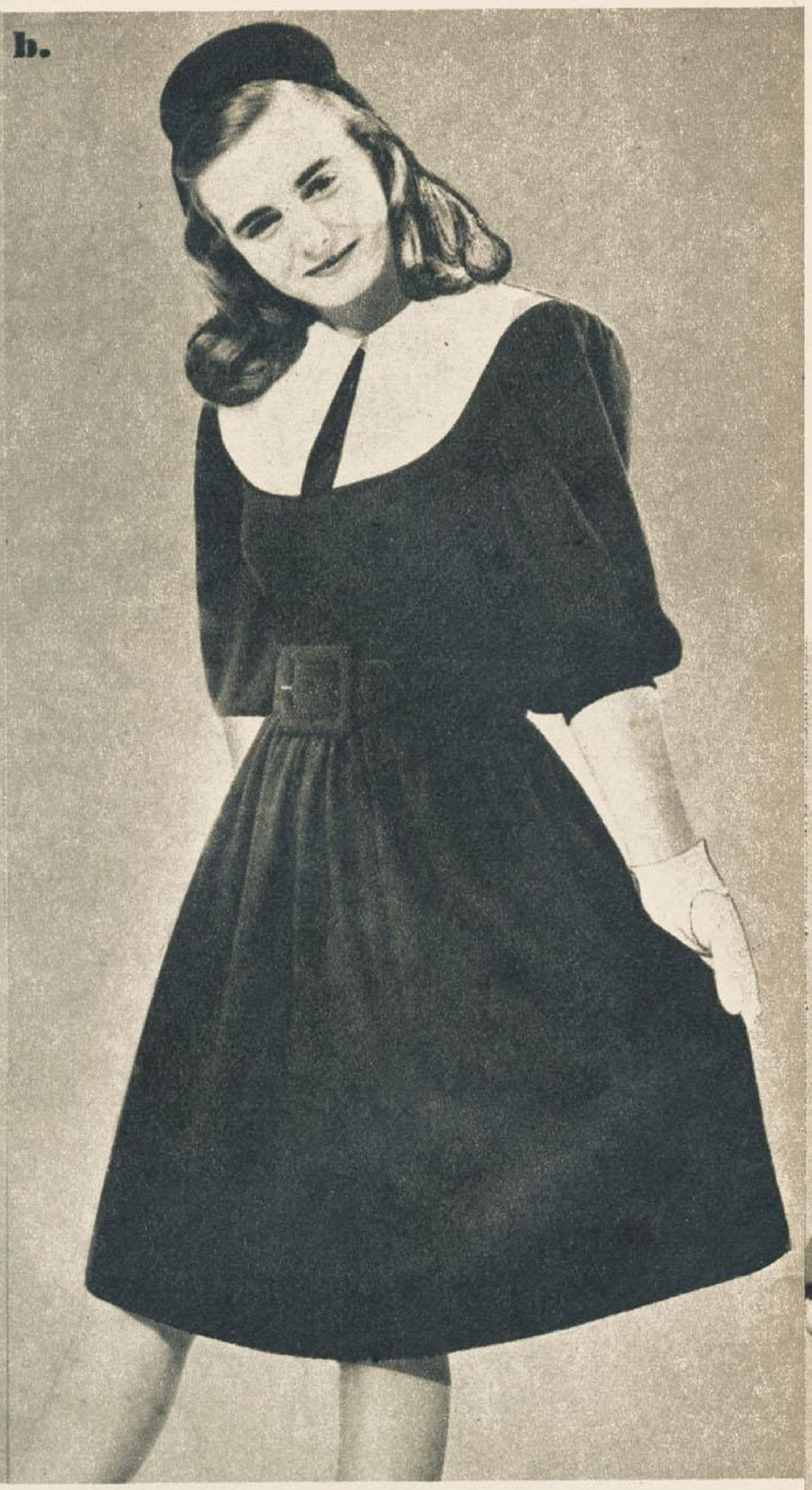
YE COMELIEST HATT

Brewster Hats available at—Carson, Pirie & Scott, Chicago; J. A. Robinson, Los Angeles; Gimbel Bros., Pittsburgh.

SUNDAY GO TO MEETING

Your special days need very special dresses.
So choose classic lines for figure flattery,
And gay color contrast to accent your charm


a.


b.

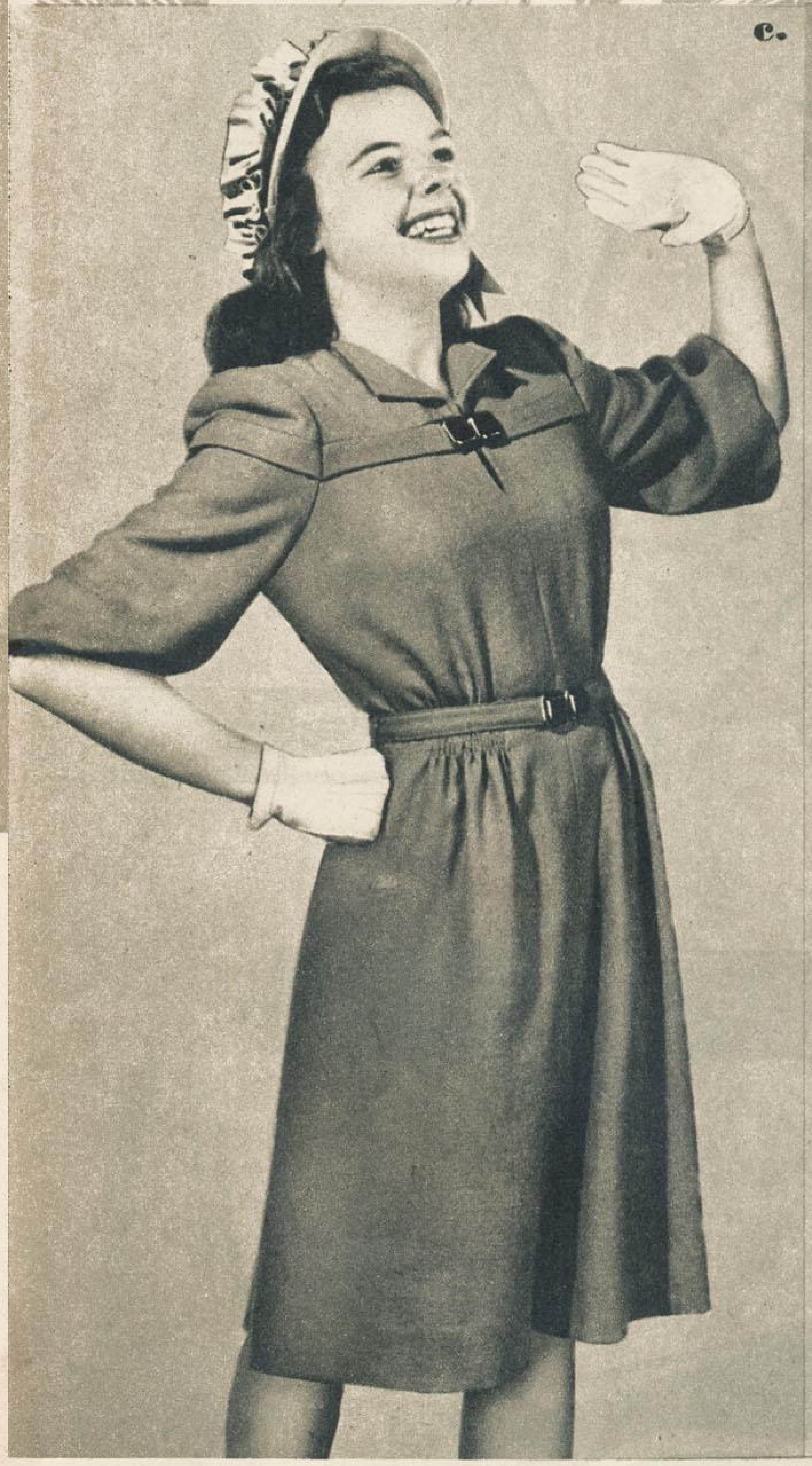
B. Altman, N. Y.; G. Fox, Hartford; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington; Gimbel Bros., Pittsburgh

a. Yarn-dyed gray wool, Puritan favorite, splashed with gala taffeta cuffs and accented with row of shining silver buttons. From Timely Teens. 10-16. About $20.

b. Gleaming white collar adds sparkle to your smile, wool jersey keeps you warm. Timely Teens designs this dress especially for MISS AMERICA. 10-16. About $16.

c. Broaden your shoulders with a wide square yoke. This soft wool-and-rayon dress boasts square Puritan buckles, too. Made by Teen Trends. 10-16. About $15.

d. Wear checks for dash, sparkling bib for charm, on cuffed sleeves for style. This all-wool Youth Guild dress is checked with black or brown. 10-16. About $15.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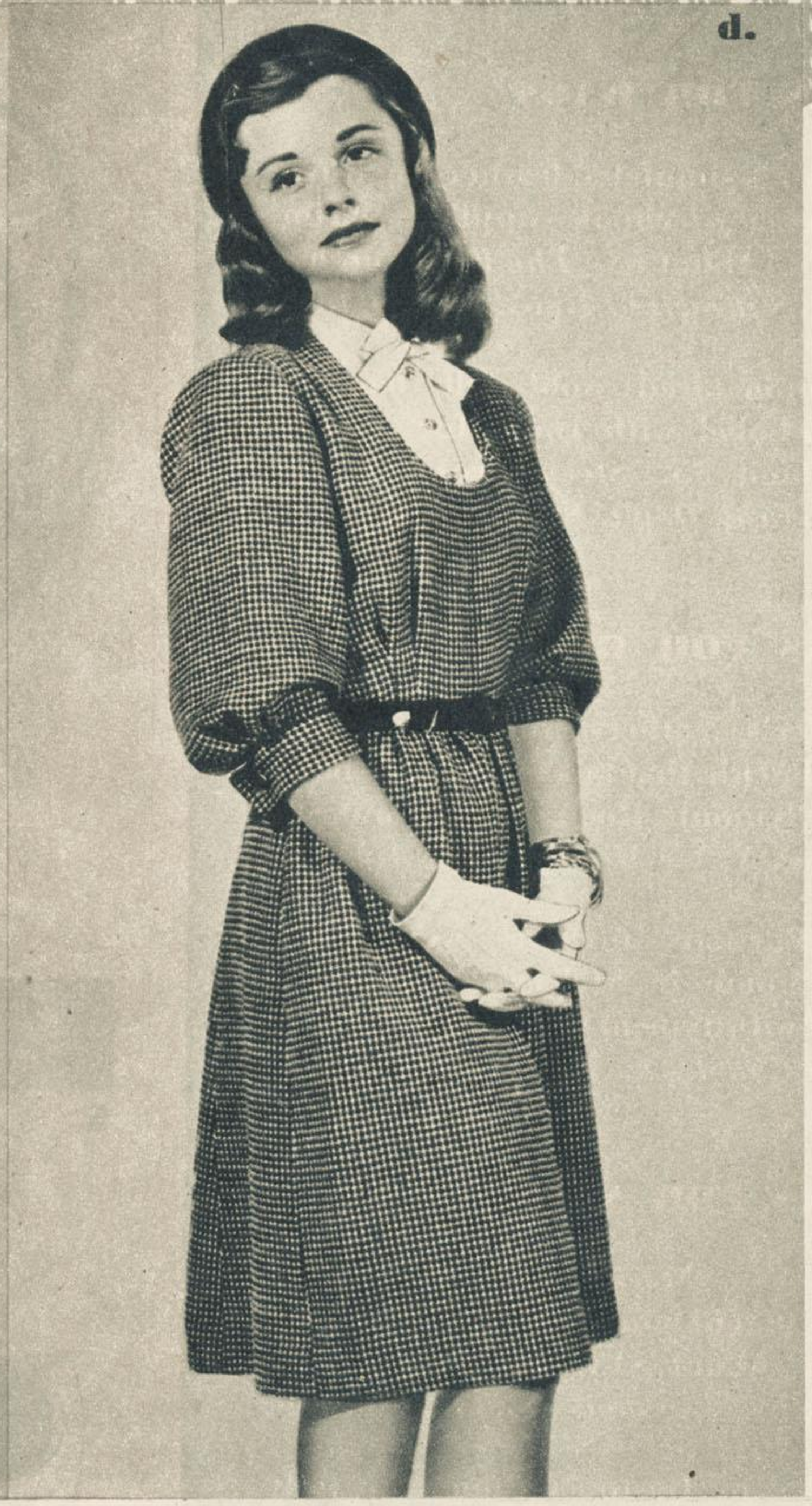
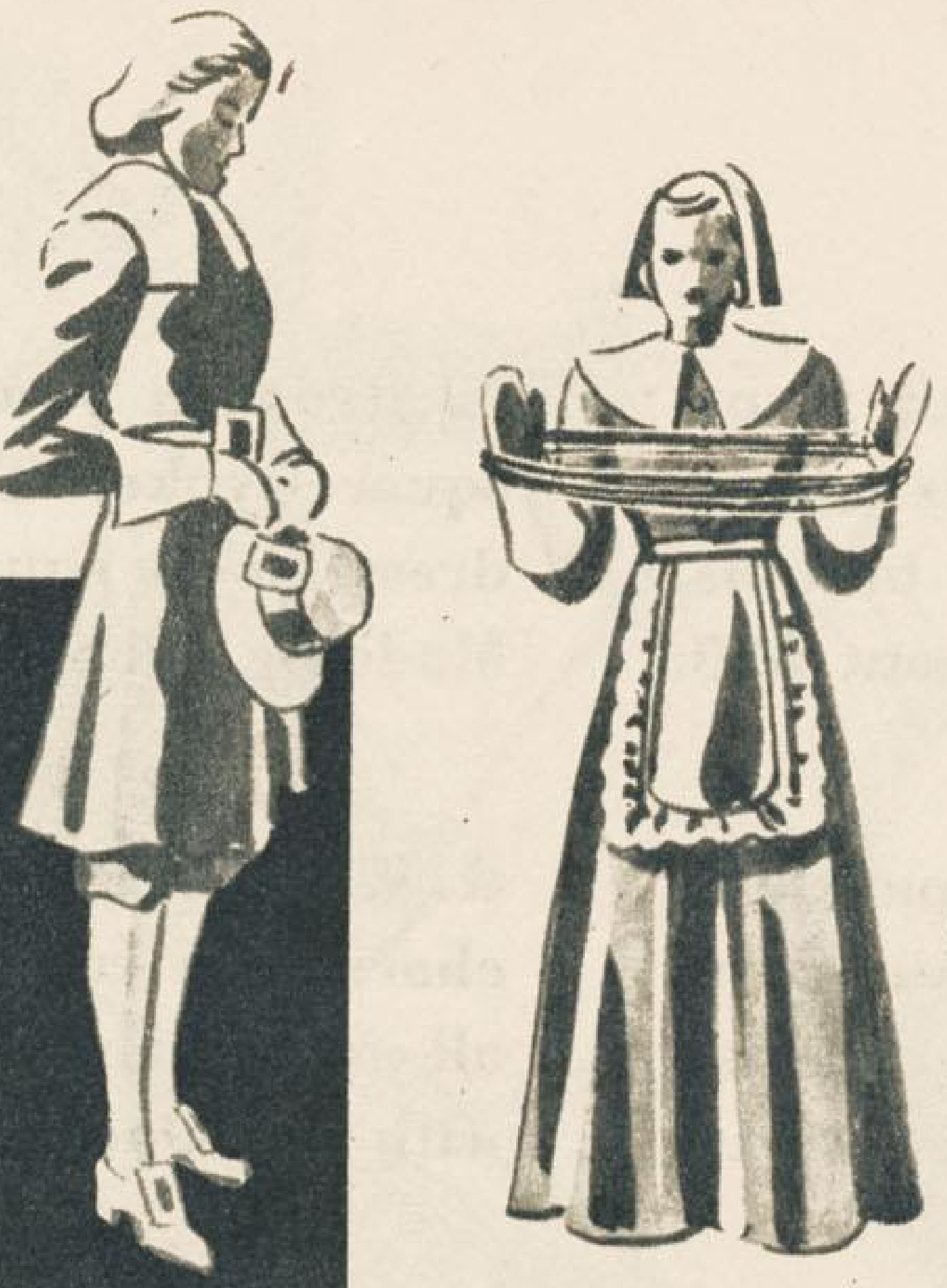

d.

c. Jane Engle, N. Y.; B. Siegel, Detroit; Meier & Frank, Portland
d. Saks 5th Ave., N. Y.; L. S. Ayers, Indianapolis; Bullock's, Los Angeles

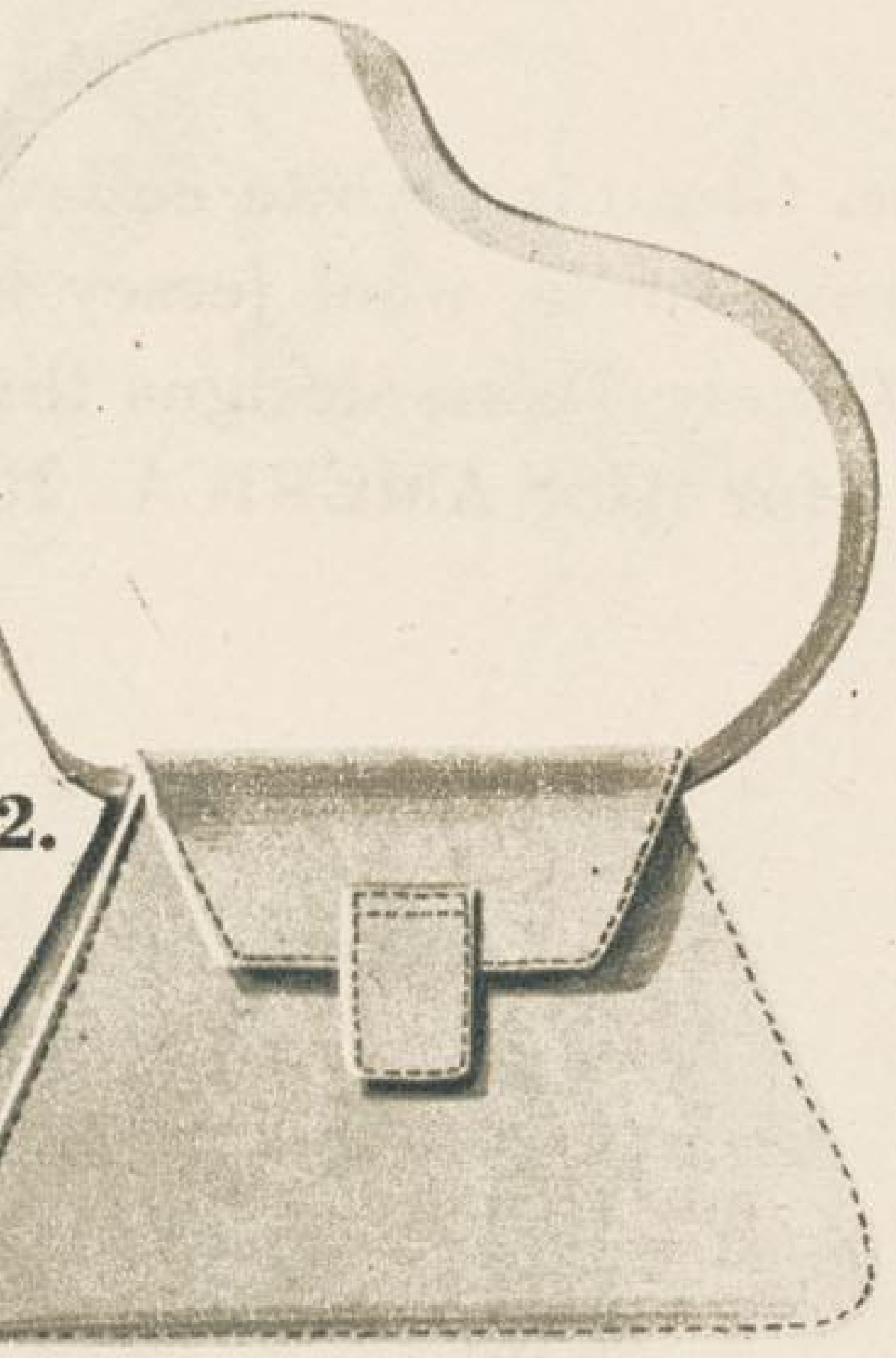
COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

On ten fingers and more . . . And give thanks for these manifold boons to brighten and heighten holidays, inspired by those quaint first settlers' styles.

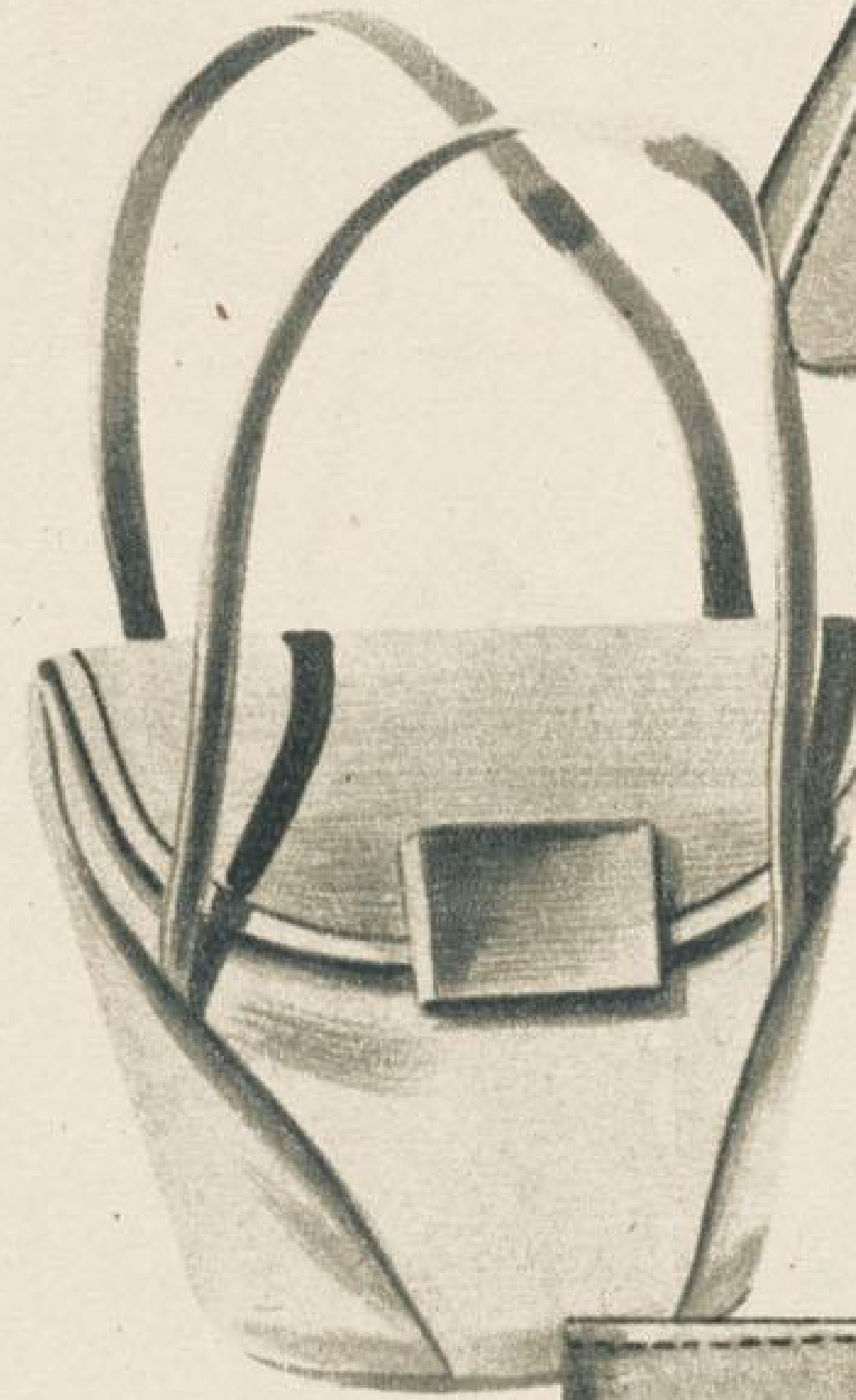


1. They're luxuries, we know but we can't resist John and Priscilla, our Puritan lovers. Frances Hirsch designs in sterling silver, enameled in gold. The pair, $20. *Dana's, New York; Evelyn Bader, Cleveland.*

THANKS FOR BAGS

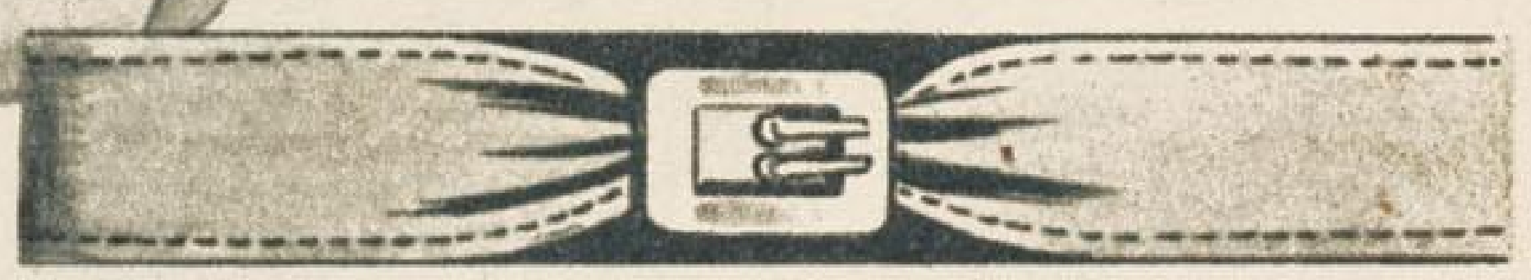


2. Pyramid's simulated leather bag filled with necessary school supplies. Trim and comfy. About $3. *The Bon Marche, Seattle; Sakowitz Bros., Houston.*

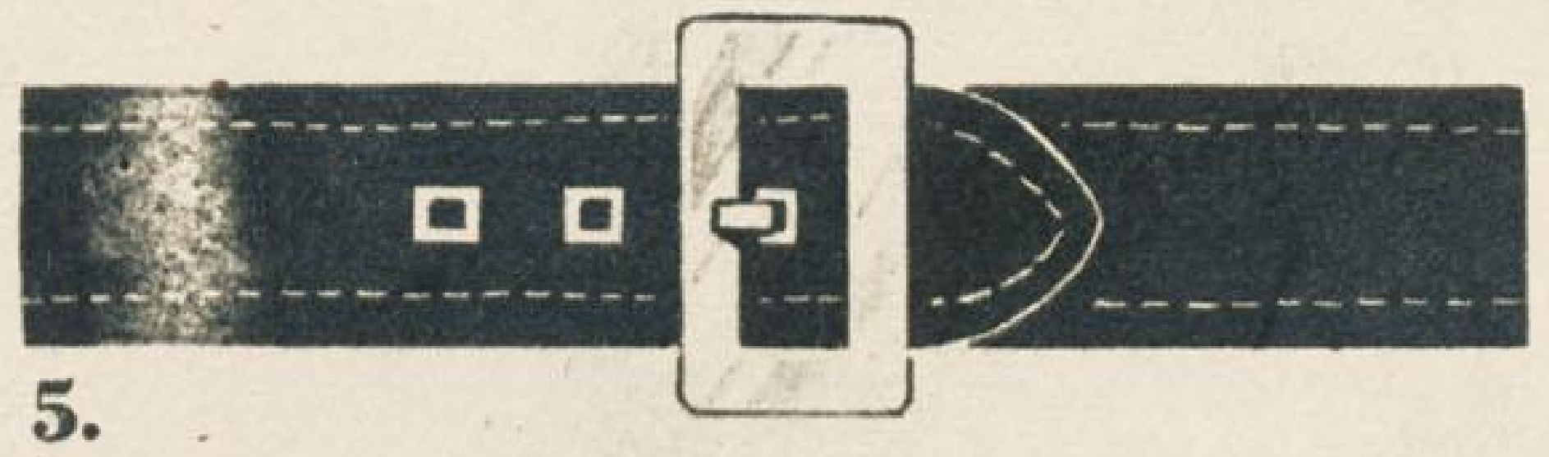


3. Pilgrim-inspired wool felt bag by Friedman-Lobel with room for all totables. About $3. *Stern Bros., N. Y.; The Broadway Dep't. Store, Hollywood.*

THANKS FOR BELTS

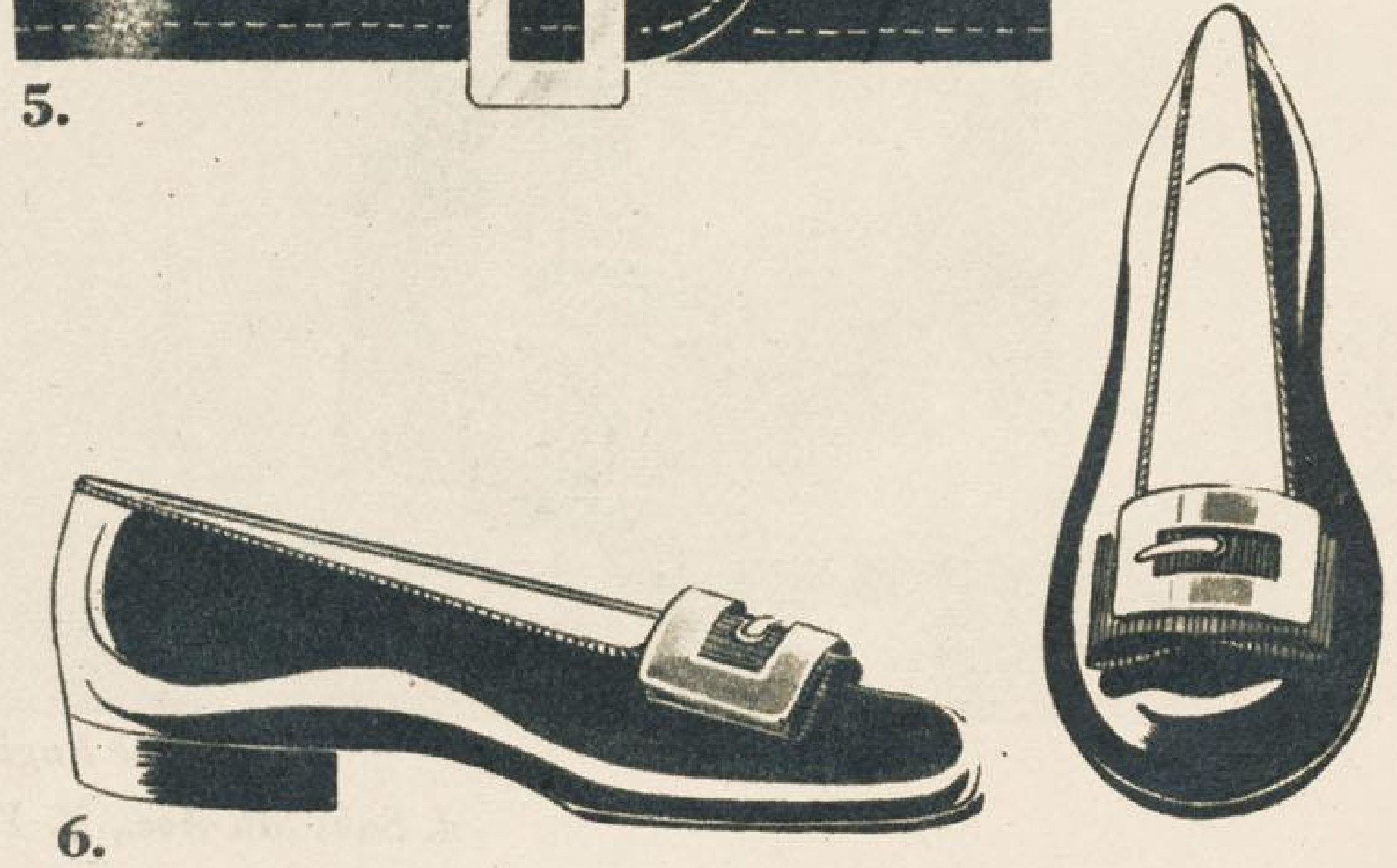


4. Schaffer's gathers suede into the pronged buckle that takes you right back to those Plymouth Rock days. About $4. *Best & Co., N. Y.; May Co., Los Angeles.*

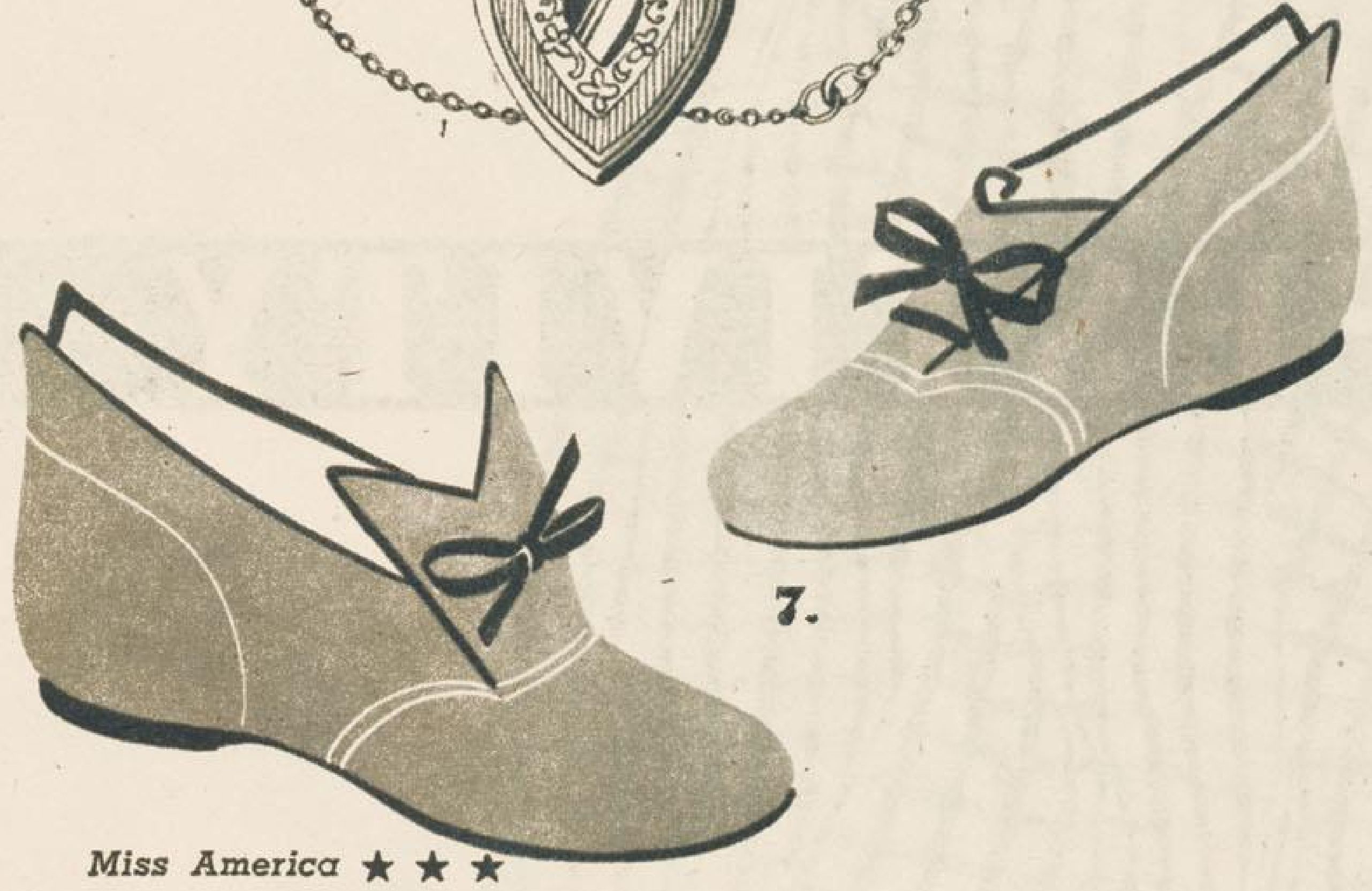


5. Our Puritan ancestors would feel right at home in Stelzer's wide capeskin belt with typical big buckle. About $4. *May Co., L. A.; Best & Co., N. Y.*

THANKS FOR SHOES

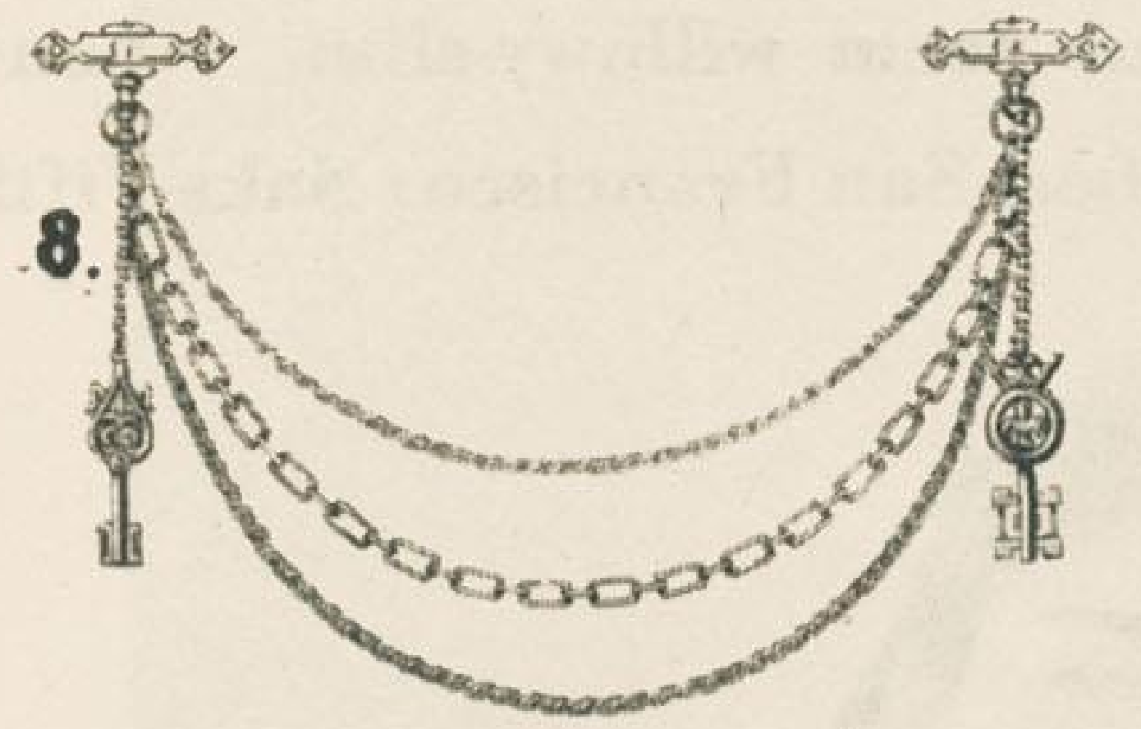


6. Carlisle's "Mark Twain" colonial buckled patent pump—swell Nov. 28 date-bait. About $13. *Lord & Taylor, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago.*

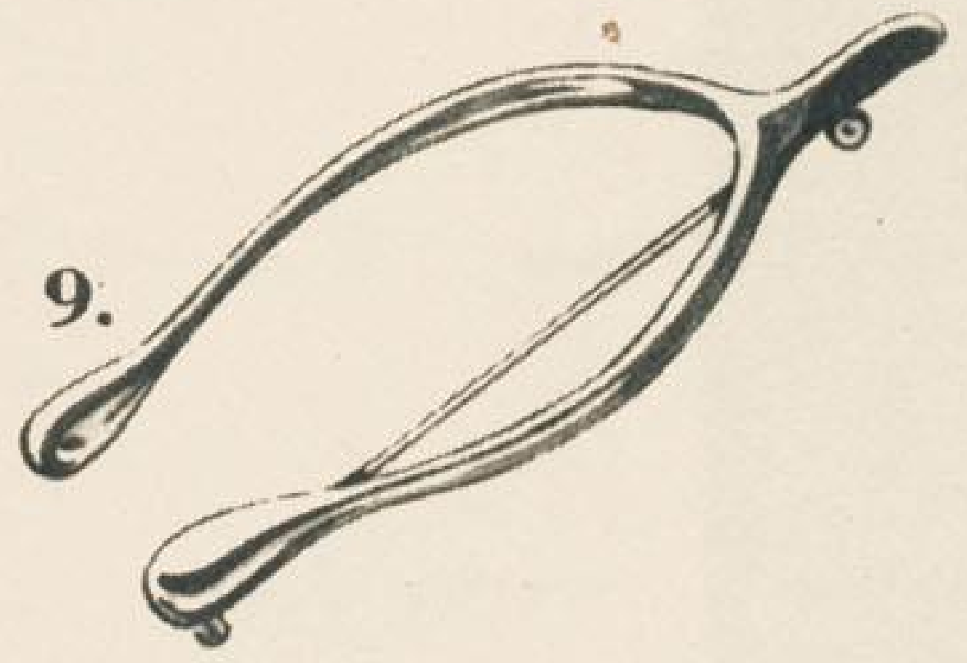


7. Sandler of Boston's Punch 'n Judy makes adorable November footnotes. Wear it, tongue in or out. About $6. *Roos Bros., Oakland; Gimbel's, Pitts.*

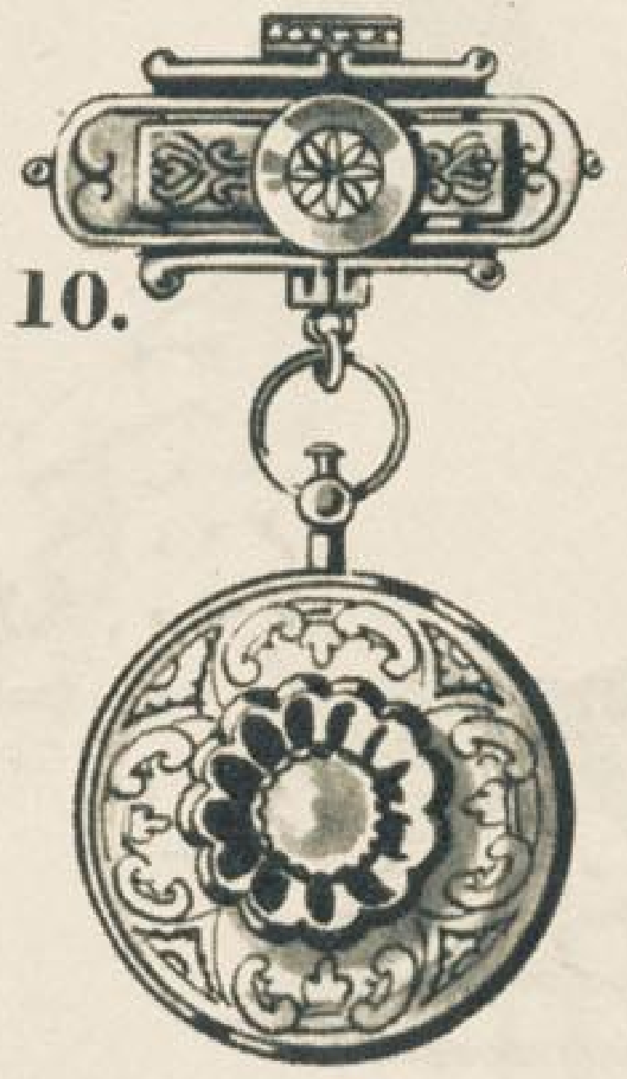
THANKS FOR JEWELRY



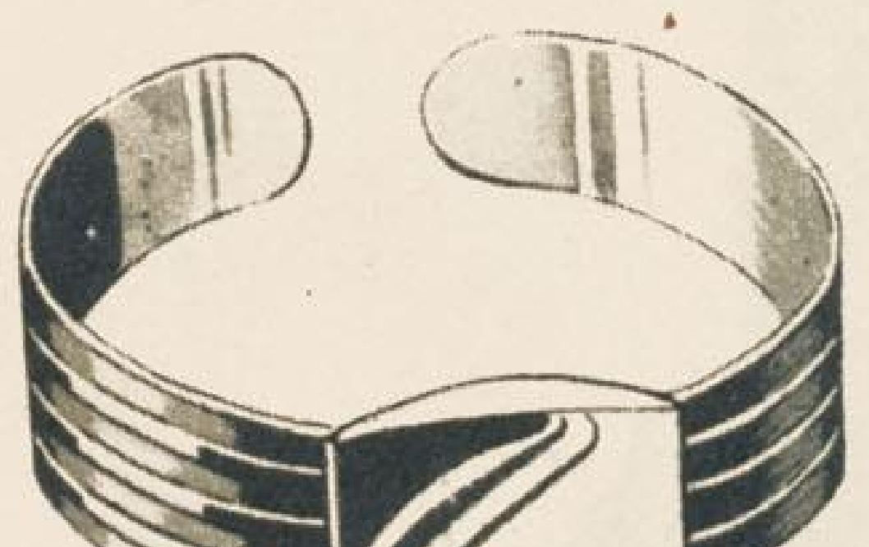
8. Jangling-dangling lock and key on Ernest Steiner's "antique gold" chatelaine. About $8. *Oppenheim Collins, New York; Charles Stevens, Chicago.*



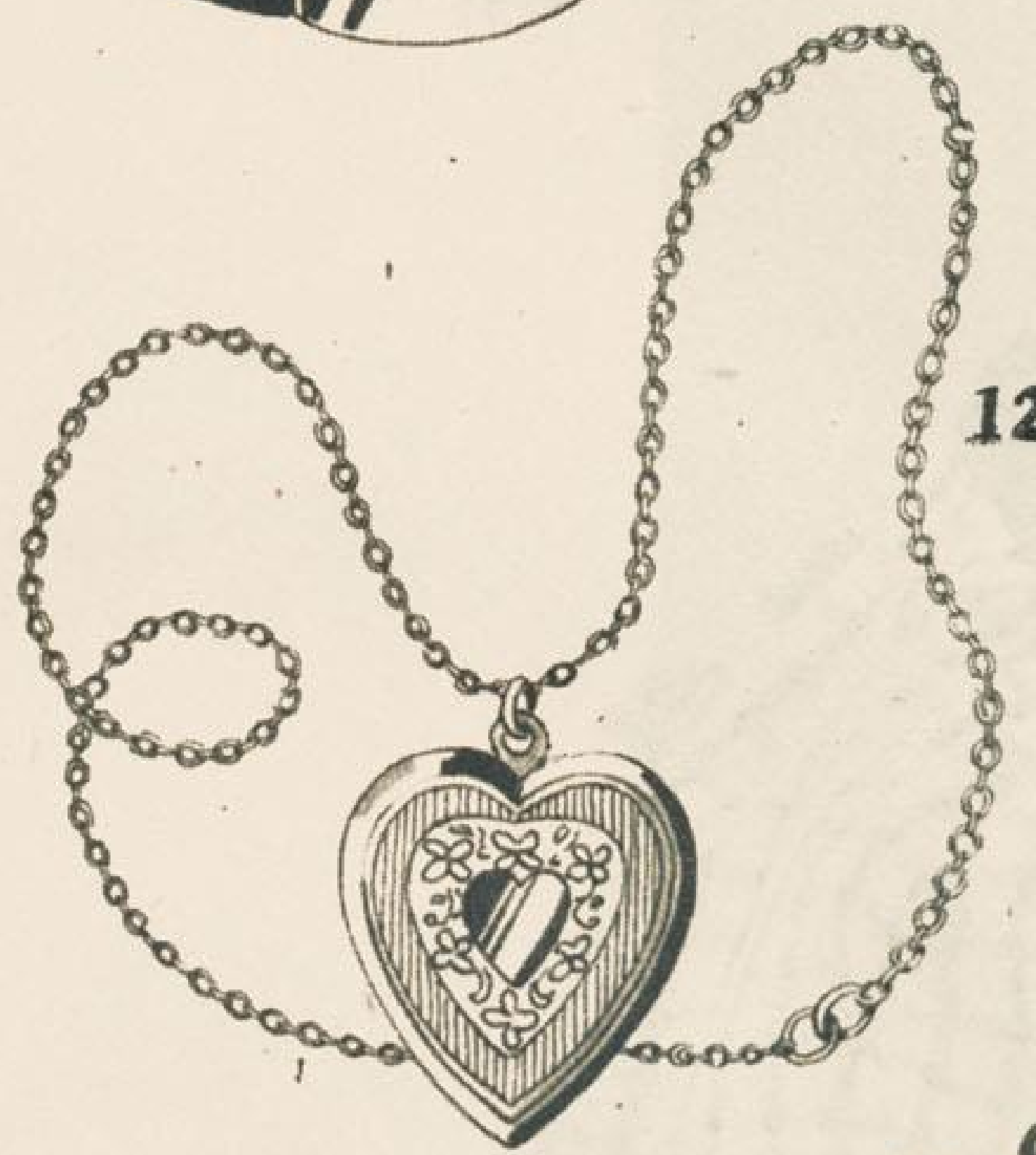
9. Wear your good-luck wishbone to your Turkey dinner. It's a gold-plated Ernest Steiner design. About $5. *Saks-Fifth Ave., N. Y.; R. H. Stearn's, Boston.*



10. Just for "his" picture is this antique finish gold-plated locket fob by Coro. About $4. *Saks 34th St., N. Y.; Loveman, Joseph & Loeb, Birmingham.*



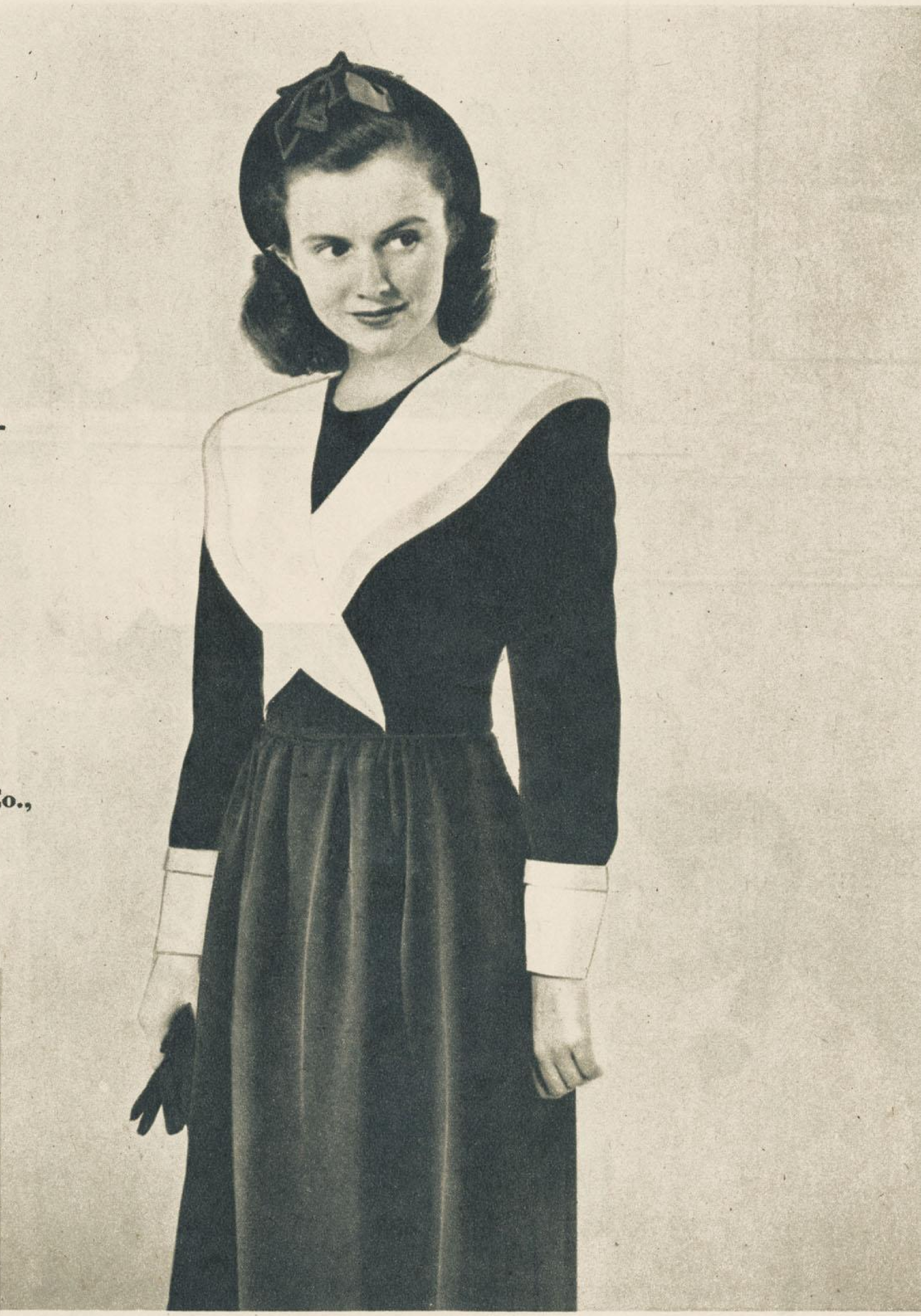
11. Teenior's clever flexible cuff bracelet with loads of room for your initials. About $1. *Franklin Simon, New York; Maison Blanche Co., New Orleans.*



12. Quaint heart locket and chain by Coro, perfect for the current heart throb's photo. About $1. *The Emporium, San Francisco; Saks 34th St., N. Y.*

Checked surah rustles romantically in party dresses designed by Lenox Formals. Velvet "love-knots" on short version perk up neckline and crisply-puffed sleeves. About $25. Long version boasts double capelets to broaden your shoulders and make your waistline seem willowy-slim. About $30. Both in sizes 10-16. H. Liebes, San Francisco; Saks-Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

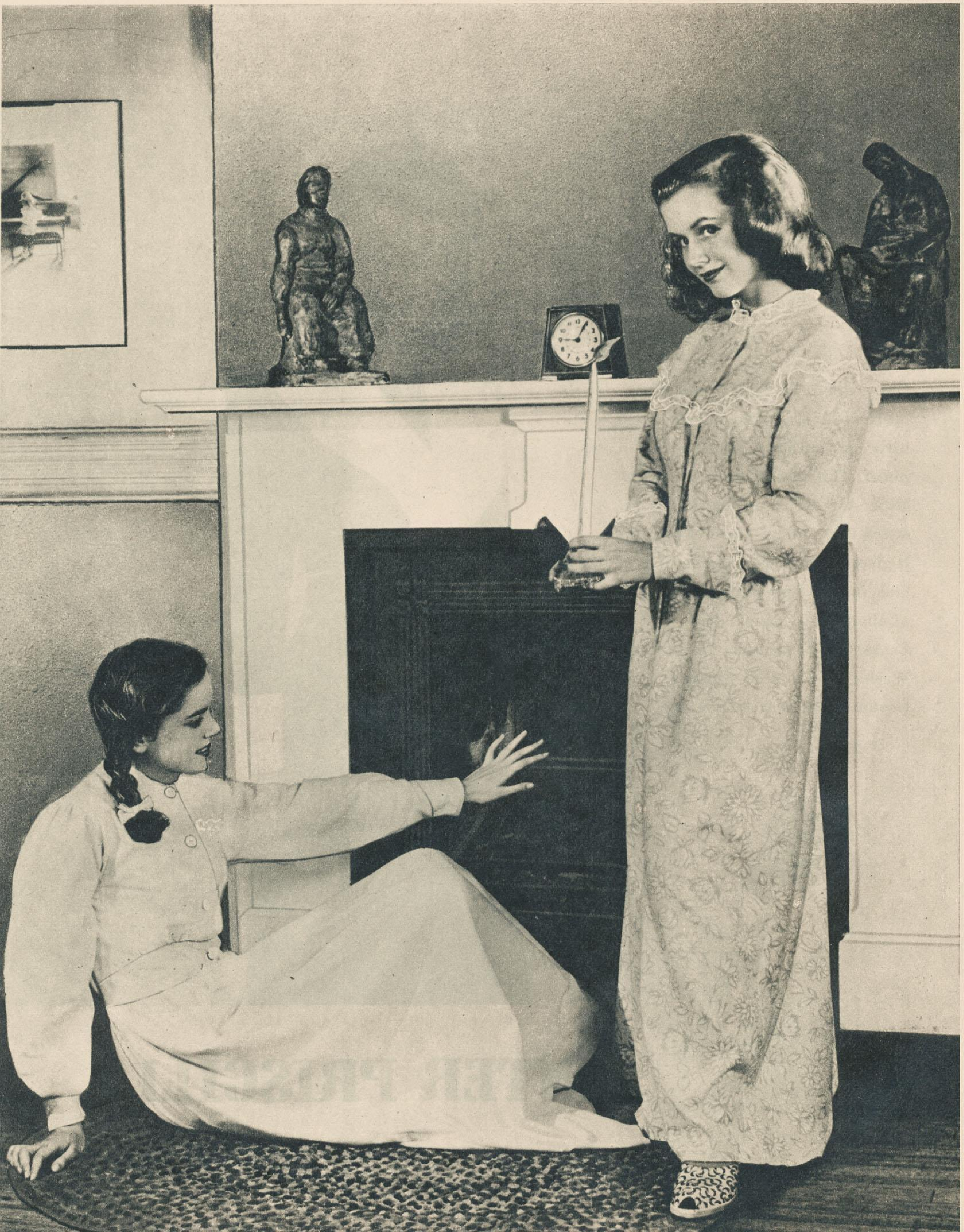
FIT FOR FESTIVITY



"Seemly kerchief" and demure cuffs are pink, edged with aqua or aqua, edged with pink! This classic dress is a MISS AMERICA exclusive, styled in crepe by Junior First. It gives you a million-dollar look for the very wee price of about $11. Sizes 7-15. Ernest Kern, Detroit; Hecht Co., Wash., D. C.; Wm. Filene's, Boston; Bon Marché, Seattle.

Vic-Teens Felt Bonnet. About $5.

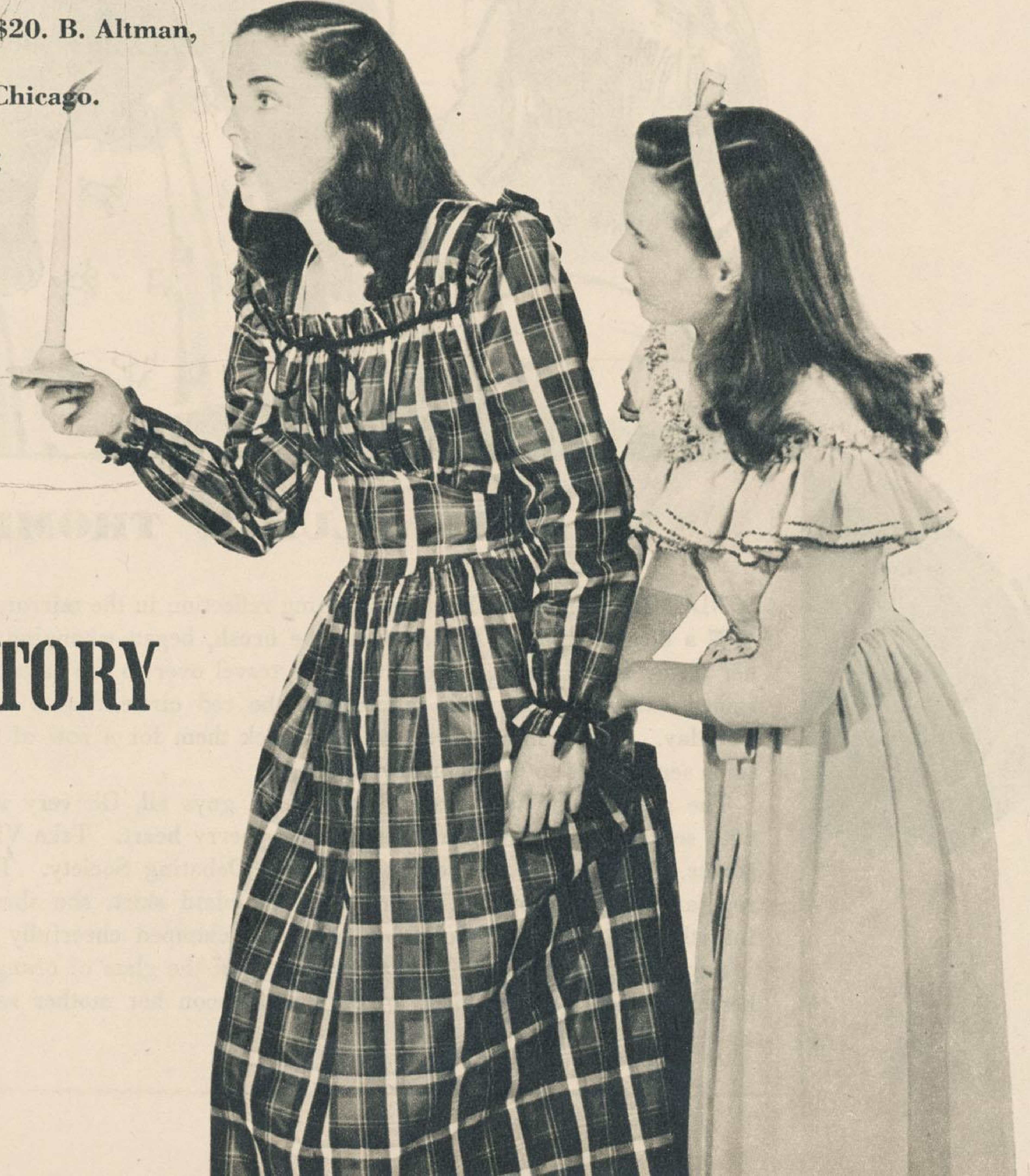
ENTER PRISCILLA



"Night raytes" (gowns to you), that the Founding Daughters would have taken to their hearts. Collegiate's Sanforized flannelets, downy-soft and warm as gratitude. "Double Duty," in pink or blue, is tailored well enough to go without robe. About $6. The print gown comes in pink, blue, or yellow; features quaint cuffs and ruffled-edged yoke. About $5. B. Altman, N. Y.; Carson, Pirie & Scott, Chicago; May Company, Los Angeles.

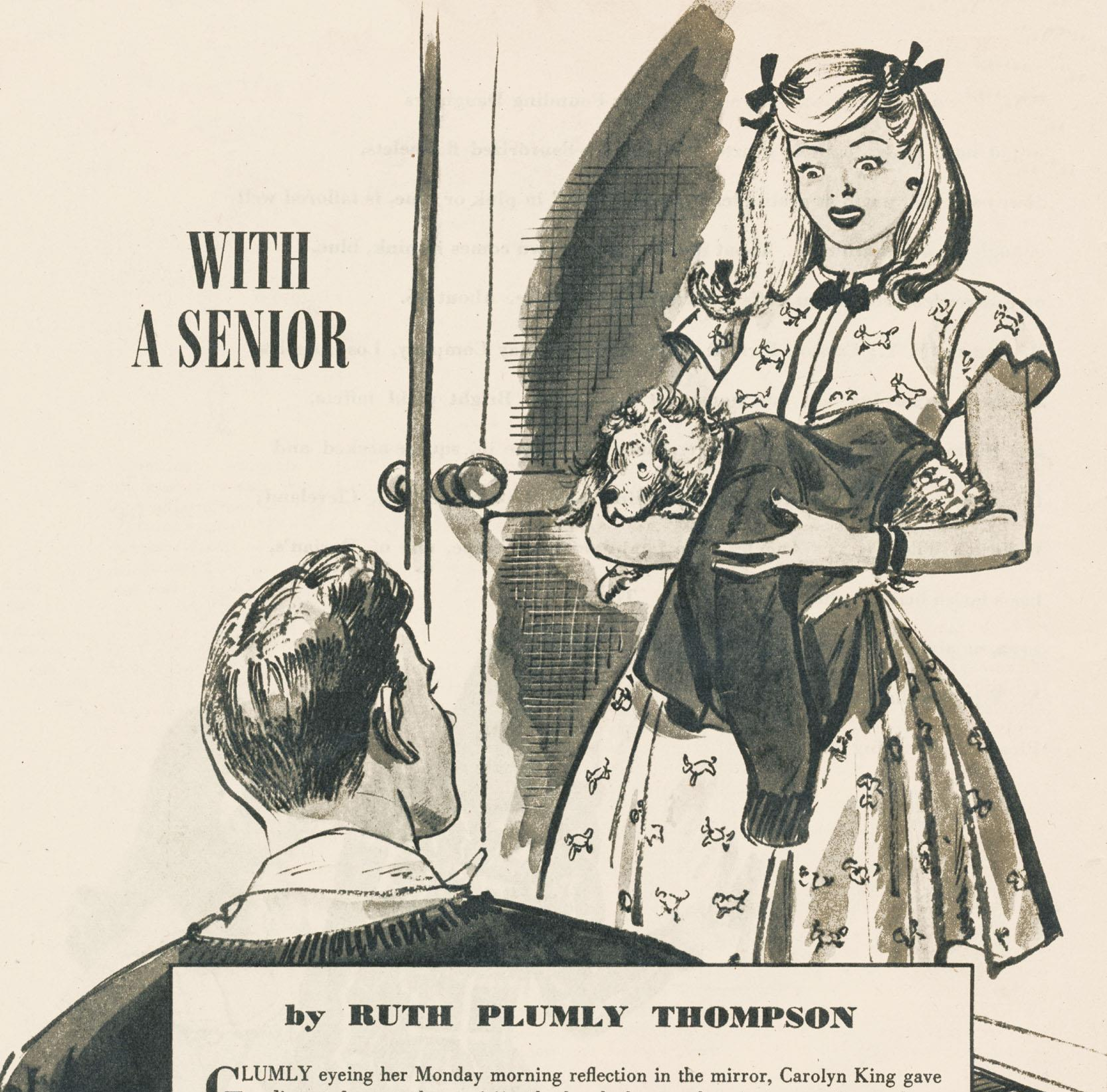
Leisure luxuries are our housecoat discoveries. Bright plaid taffeta, is a Raymode creation, almost pretty enough to dance in, square-necked and full-sleeved. 9-15. About $25. Franklin Simon, N. Y.; Lindner Co., Cleveland; Bullock's Wilshire, Los Angeles. The feminine rayon crepe, one of Dorian's, has a lavish bertha ruffle, a button front. Tomato red, aqua, or pink. 9-15. About $20. B. Altman, N. Y.; Marshall Field, Chicago.

Pleasant dreaming to all!



BEDTIME STORY

WITH A SENIOR

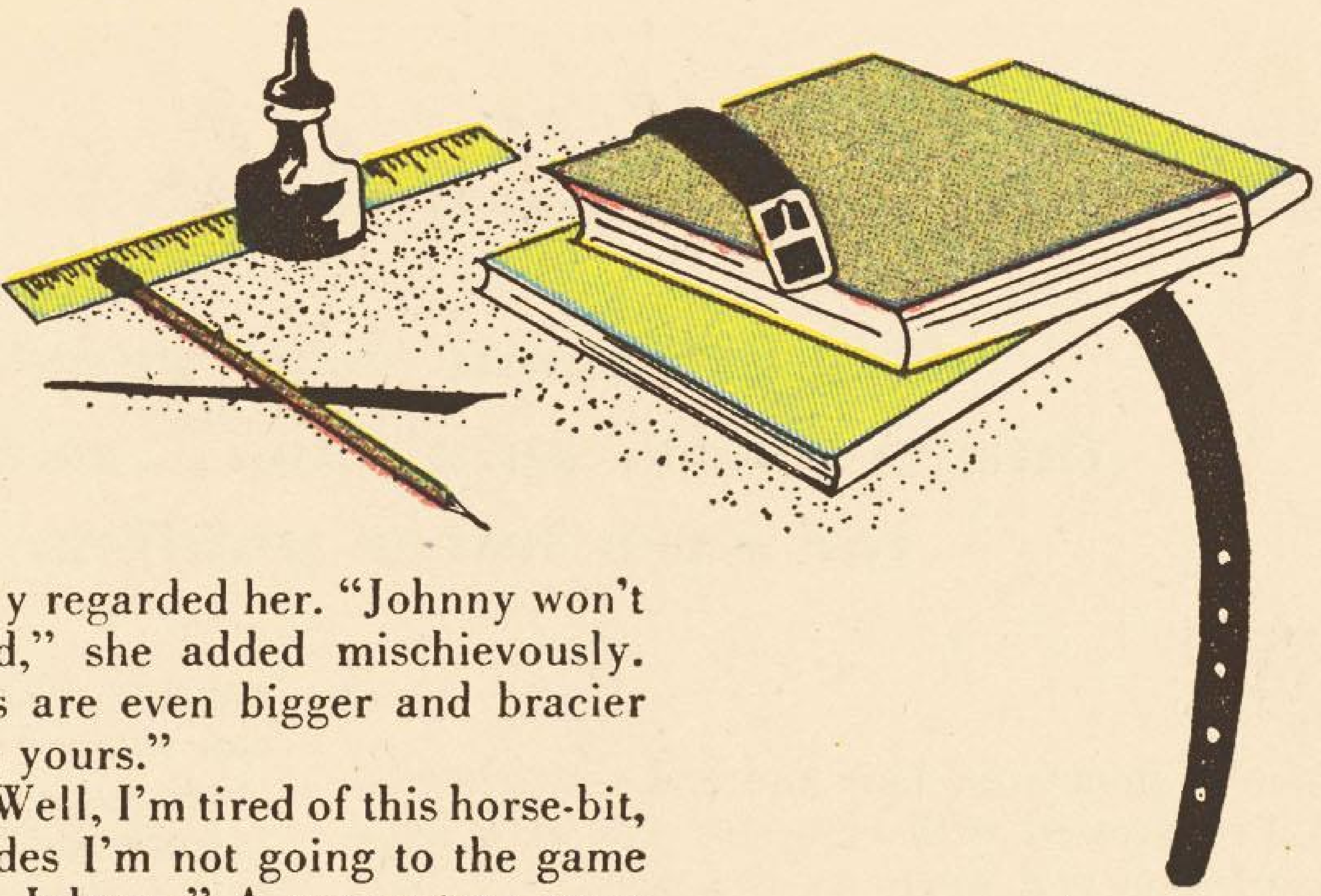


by RUTH PLUMLY THOMPSON

GLUMLY eyeing her Monday morning reflection in the mirror, Carolyn King gave a disgusted snort, then, seizing the brush, began whanging away vigorously at her tawny blond mane. She let her eye travel over to the calendar hung beside the ruffled vanity, noting with satisfaction the red circle drawn 'round the following Tuesday. "Eight more days, and I'll knock them for a row of Sundays or anyway some senior bids to the Saturday games."

The sophs were hers already—and good guys all, Oh very *very*, but on a date with some super-senior Carol had set her merry heart. Take Vince Turner, for instance, President of the Senior Class and Debating Society. There *was* a man, a regular Van Johnson! Skipping into the plaid skirt, she shrugged and wrestled into the rest of her school-going gear and clumped cheerfully down to breakfast.

Carol slipped into her place, airily tossed off the glass of orange juice and applied herself earnestly to the plate of eggs and bacon her mother set down before her.



Hi—don't expect me home before five," she called presently, "Archery Club this aft, and DON'T wash Rascal. That's for me! Soap gets in your eye when Muz launders you doesn't it, Honey?" Hugging the wriggling little spaniel, she blew a kiss kitchenward, seized her books, and dashed through the door and down the path, just catching the school bus as it rounded the corner.

In the excitement of besting the Greens at the Archery Club meeting after school, Carol forgot her enthusiasm for super Seniors. She was hurrying to join Bets and Marge when an authorative hail brought her up short.

"Hi there, DIANA! Wait a mo—!" That one and unmistakable voice, so compelling in debate, so impressive at morning Assembly, and now expended solely for HER. Thrilled to the elbows, Carol swung 'round as Vince Turner, cantering lightly down the long flight of steps caught up with her at the bottom.

"Been watching you girls wanging away for quite a while. Nice bowing, Miss King, nice bowing!"

"Well, THANKS!" stammered Carol brushing back an unruly wisp of hair.

"Never miss a football game do you? Kinda go for the out-door stuff!" Glancing down sideways, Vince cleared his throat and grinned engagingly. "Some of our hockey stars are, well—shall we say —a trifle SOLID?" Carolyn giggled in spite of herself, as Vince smoothly adjusted his step to hers, strolled along at her side, and before she half realized what was happening, made all arrangements to take her to the Saturday Game—deposited her with a snappy salute at her own gate and went loping off. The ten-block trek home had never seemed so short or pleasant. Carol flew into the house, two steps at a time.

"Hi muz,—what say I have the dentist crack these braces off Fri instead of Tues, and let the old smile blossom forth?"

"What's the hurry!" Easing the huge bag of groceries onto the window ledge, Mrs. King speculatively regarded her. "Johnny won't mind," she added mischievously. "His are even bigger and bracier than yours."

"Well, I'm tired of this horse-bit, besides I'm not going to the game with Johnny." A momentary pang assailed her as she thought of Johnny's dismay when she broke the news. Johnny was 100% O.K. Always around when needed, and no nonsense, either.

"NEW man, eh? Not much we can do about the braces, Honey, but tell you what—I'll have your red sweater cleaned and you can wear my four flying duck pins."

"Oh MUZ—that'll be perfect!" And perfect, about described the way Carol looked when the long-awaited Saturday noon finally came rolling 'round bringing Vince Turner, a chrysanthemum corsage, and his father's Cadillac.

"Gosh! Such gorgeousness!" Carol paused on the top step for a rapturous moment as Vince alighted to open the door for her. Seated snug as Cinderella in her chariot, Carol pinned the chrysanthemum to her lapel and settled back with a sigh, enjoying the smooth skill with which Vince maneuvered the big car through traffic and the sharp line of chatter he managed at the same time. As they reached the intersection in front of the University, Carol gave a sudden scream!

"Oh wait! STOP!" she cried urgently. "OH! That poor dog!"

"Well for Heaven's Sake!" Stopping suddenly, Vince glared as Carol burst from the car, between a truck and a taxi, and scooped up a bedraggled poodle.

"Look—it's left leg is hurt—quick lend me a handkerchief, will you?" Plumping down beside him, Carol extended an urgent hand. Instead of the expected handkerchief, she felt rather than saw him withdraw to the extreme edge of the seat.

"Watch out, the upholstery!" warned Vince, as Carol eased the dog into a more comfortable position. "Holy COW, what an idea!" The one and unmistakable voice grew burred and rough with annoyance. "You're suit's a mess" he told her sharply, 'And you've lost your corsage."

"Look," he said bluntly, "I'm sorry as Heck about the Pooch, but the fact is—we're going to the game and there's not too much time. Park that little pest under the bench there. Somebody'll come along soon and, even if they don't, are WE the S.P.C.A.? All you'll get for your trouble is a bite!" "Well, WELL! Make up your mind." With ill-concealed impatience, the sensational senior regarded both dog and girl.

"Okay!" Assailed by a wave of disillusion — disappointment and, yes—rage, Carol reached blindly for the door handle, and stepped quickly out of the car. "Goodbye!" she said hotly. "Sorry to have been such a nuisance."

" 'Goodbye'?" Young Turner's voice fairly crackled with indignation. "What do you mean, goodbye? Put that darn dog down and get back in here. I invited you to the game, and we're going to the game." Then, as Carol, instead of complying, moved another step backward, he burst out exposively. "Want to watch yourself on stuff like this. Puppy loving is all right, but first thing you know you'll be turning into one of these dog women, going about in a grim hat with a pooch on a leash."

"Well thanks for the warning!"

(*Continued on page* 67)

MISS AMERICA SPEAKS

**Tell us about your very own ideas.
future plans, opinions . . . and receive $1.00
for each letter published here . . .**

POETRY

"You've done your hair and had your shower.
You've dressed with care—for this zero hour.
You brood and worry as you wait,
And wish you hadn't made a date.

Can he afford to take you out?
What will you find to talk about?
Where will you eventually land up?
(Could he be giving you a stand-up?)

Your hands are cold, your head is hot,
Your feet are rooted to the spot.
Take comfort, chum, these words are true—
Your hero's more afraid than you!"

Larrie Bates, Cherry Valley, N. Y.

COLLECTIONS

"My hobby is keeping track of all my friends' collections. I have quite a list—stamps, stuffed birds, Indian arrowhead, shells, quaint dolls, tiny animals, framed poems and many more. When birthdays, Christmas or any other gift time comes, I give my friends the particular item they save. This way, I *know* they'll be pleased with an addition to the things they like.

Rachel Sanderson Chebeaugue Island, Maine

RECOLLECTIONS

"This was it — the day I'd been waiting for, the day to decide my entire future. It was a screen test at Warner Bros. for the part of Bette Davis's daughter Fannie Skeffinton, in *Mr. Skeffinton*. Nervous as a kitten, I went before the cameras. Mr. Sherman, the director, called 'Action.' I started to wring my hankie with fright. And then, the next moment, I was being congratulated for a fine performance; Mr. Sherman was hugging me as I wiped away tears from the proceding scene. This, by no means, meant that the part was mine, although everyone present thought so. After a long conference between the director and other executives I won, and I got the part!"

Sylvia Arlsan, Hollywood, California

NOTIONS

Dutch Shoes—"You can make 'a touch of old Holland', lapel pin from two peanuts. First, break off a quarter of each shell, and just a bit more so you can remove the nuts. Then place them next to each other and glue together that way. Paint with your favorite nail polish (still another use for nail polish!), and fasten with a wee safety pin to your jacket!"

Caroline Greenfield, Corona N. Y.

FOR YOU THE BELLS TOLL!

"Fasten tiny silver bells around the edge of your umbrella, and when you tell your friends you'll 'be there with bells on', you aren't joshin!"

Eileen McKnight, New York, New York

MORE POETRY

"For records on the phonograph,
For shows and jokes to make us laugh,
For school books and football cheers,
For times remembered through the years,
For autographs and senior plays,
Annuals, picnics and sunny days,
For gaiety, and friends and joys,
For letters from our favorite boys,
For fresh-up cokes, after a hike,
For pictures we trade, sports we like,
For all these things that go unsung,
We thank Thee, Lord, for being young!"

Doris Moore, Grand Rapids, Michigan

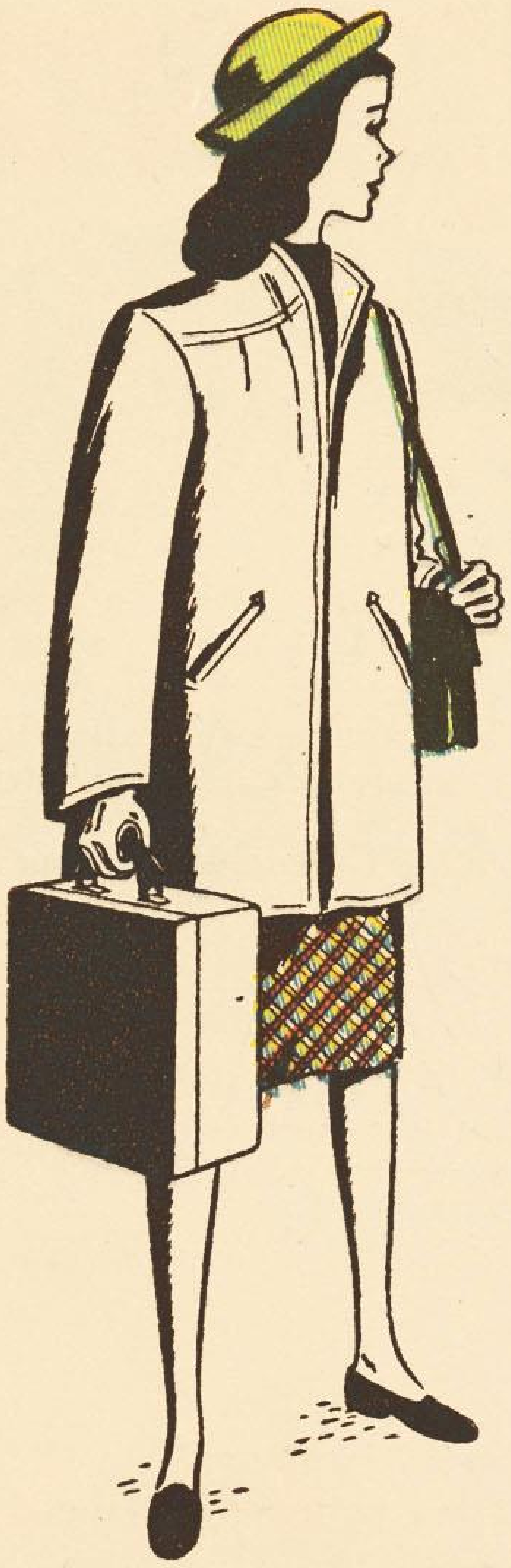
WHAT'S COOKING?

"It's an old recipe which originated with the Pennsylvania Dutch. The pastry is made exactly like any other pastry. The filling is a crumb mixture of:

1½ cups flour
1 cup brown sugar
¼ cup shortening

Dissolve ½ tsp. baking soda in ½ cup hot water and add to it ½ cup molasses. Add ¾ of crumbs to the mixture. Fill 2 pieshells (9 in.) with mixture and sprinkle remaining crumbs on top of pies. Bake for 10 minutes in 450 degrees F. oven and then for 20 minutes in the oven at 350 degrees. This recipe may be cut in half for one pie, but they are so good, you'd better make two of them."

Ruth Vineyard, St. Louis, Mo.



WEEKEND GUEST

By ELEANOR KING

Pack your bag with all of the essentials ...and don't forget to tie up those good manners and take them along, too...

Holiday time is visiting time, packed with parties which aren't just one evening deals, but stretch into week-ends. We're talking about house parties and suchlike, which mean you move out of your own house and into somebody else's, thereby turning into that specimen known as a guest. Some species of guests are regular gems and a delight to entertain. There are other species who are never, never asked again (which is a sad thought) because the formula for rating encore invitations is really quite elementary stuff.

Starting off, you can head in the right direction by penning an acceptance note. Parents are people like everybody else, and when somebody's mother writes you a note to ditto your beau's or best friend's invitation, she reacts as to be expected, if all she gets is a casual verbal reply, relayed via her offspring. Write her about how you're looking forward to the week-end of the whoosis (that being the date), and you re-mention train times, just so she knows you have the details all wrapped up.

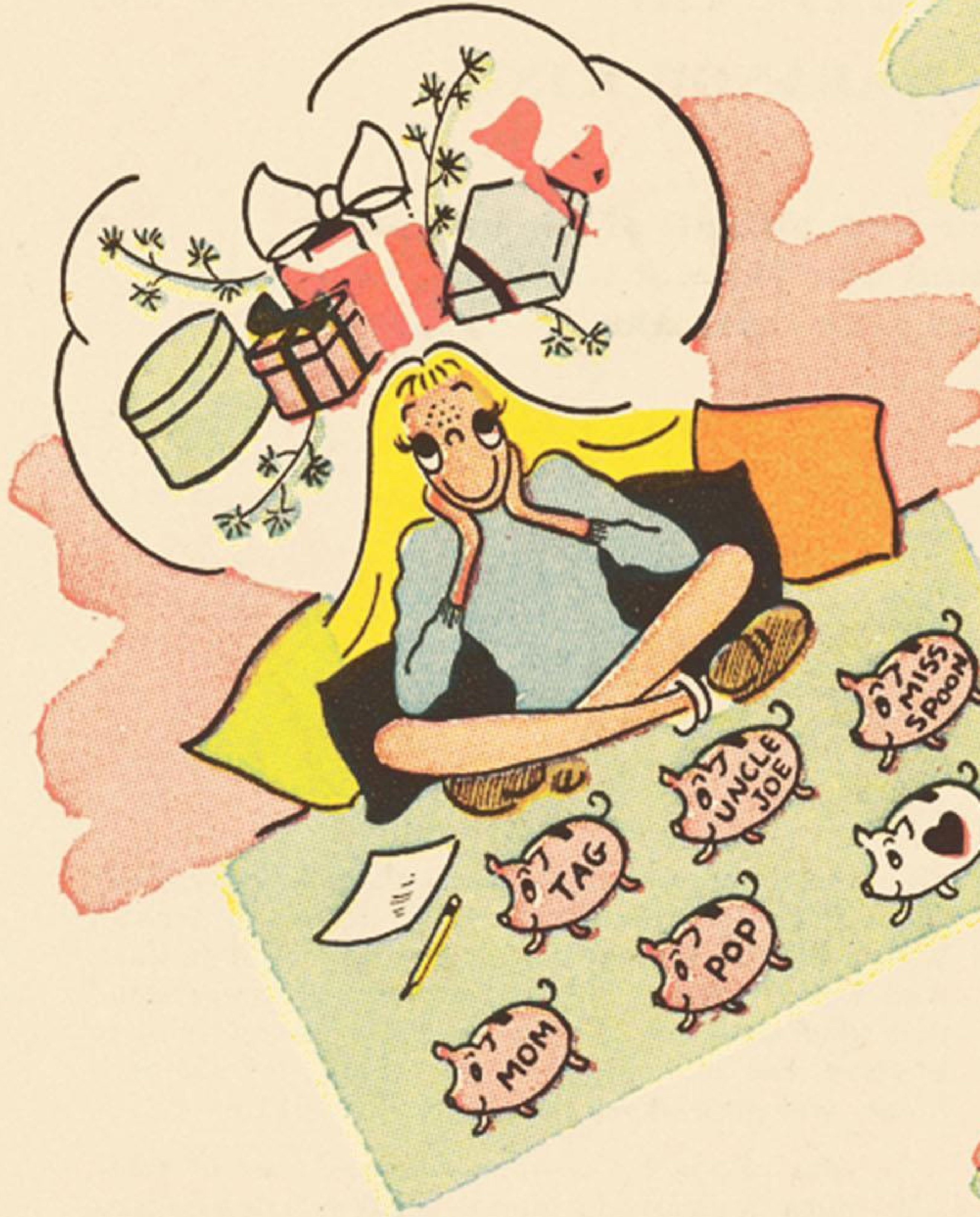
So you're off, and don't plunge everyone into confusion by missing your train, 'cause that involves a lot of frantic phone calls. Very likely you have some modest gift for your hostess tucked away in your suitcase—writing paper, coasters, something like that. If you don't have—you should, unless you're figuring on handling your gift epilogue fashion, sending it along after you've returned to the home plate. Anyway, don't shove it in your hostess' face the instant of arrival. Wait a bit and present it with a minimum of fanfare. And while we're on this, let's everybody understand that when we speak of your hostess, we're referring to mothers, not to your particular chum. It's mother's house, and please keep that in mind at all times.

In your role as a nice-to-have-around kind of guest, play along in pleased fashion with any scheduled plans. Your ankles wobble like a baby's head when you skate onto the ice, but if it's a skating party that's slated, make with enthusiastic sounds. The type who is real poison at any party is the one who's always begging off and saying, "But please all of *you* go." Everybody just shifts around and feels uncomfortable, so whatever the entertainment, it sounds just fine to you. And that reminds us that you've made a couple of inquiries beforehand, so that if things call for any special type clothes, you have them packed in your suitcase. Whoever you're visiting feels even testier than you do if the week-end is to be devoted to tobogganing and you're equipped with nothing but date dresses.

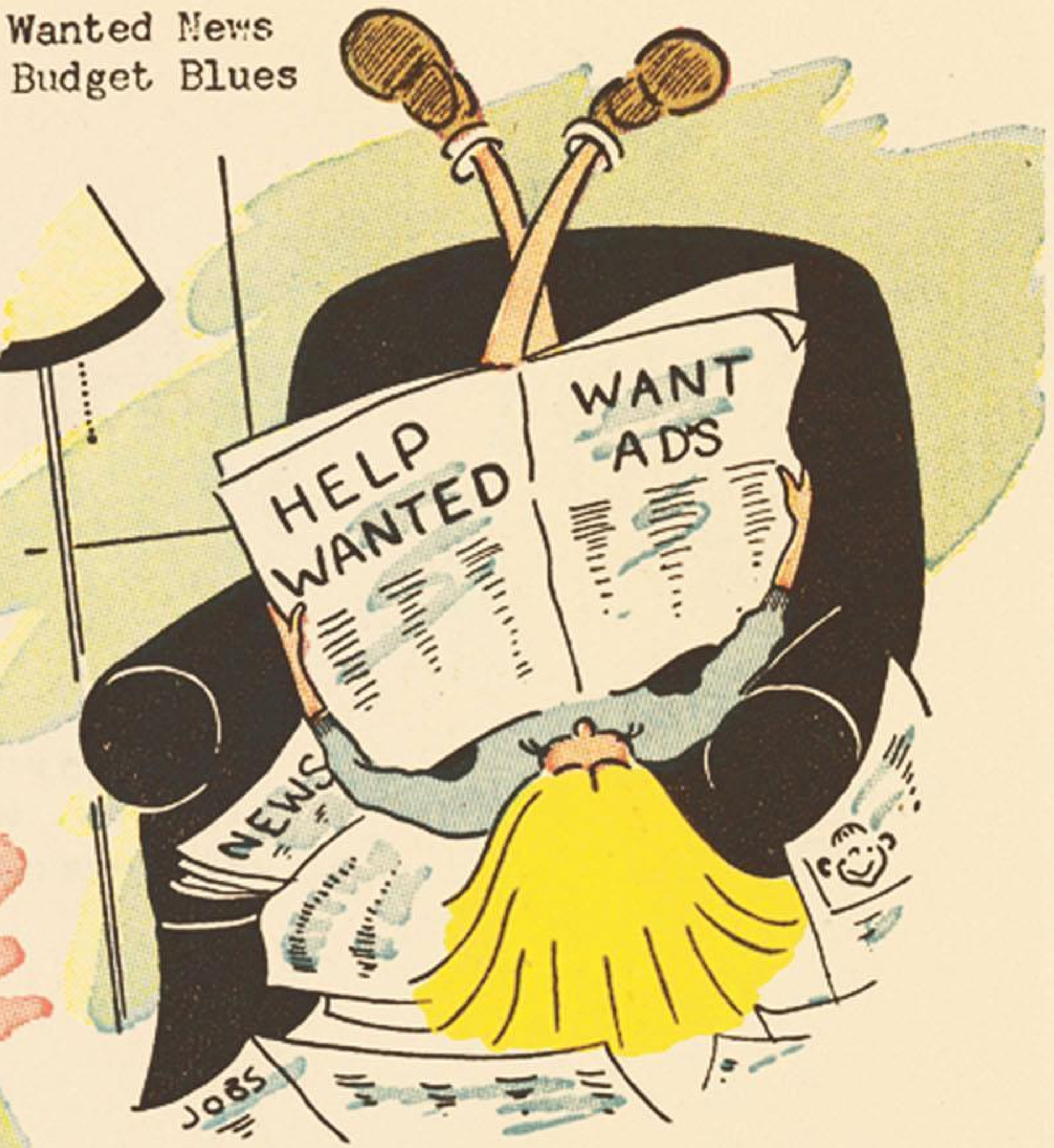
Being right on the button for meals is of ace importance. Nothing makes mothers madder than to have the roast become midget-sized from overcooking, and there's no reason why you shouldn't assume part of the responsibility for drifting (*Continued on page 73*).

Taffys dollars. and sense

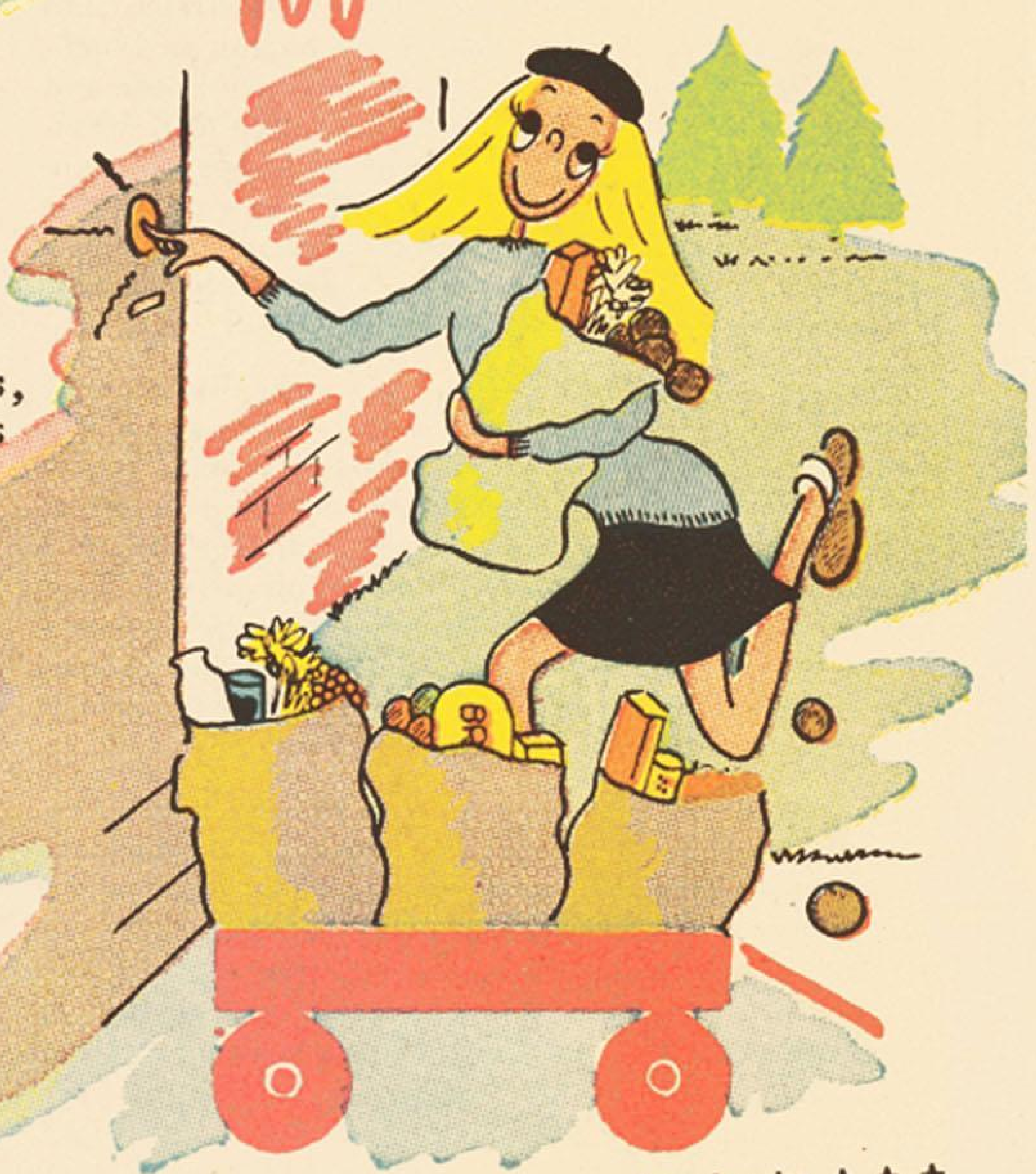
Christmas gifts are Taffy's dream
Though her budget's way off beam


MISS SPOON
UNCLE JOE
TAG
POP
MOM

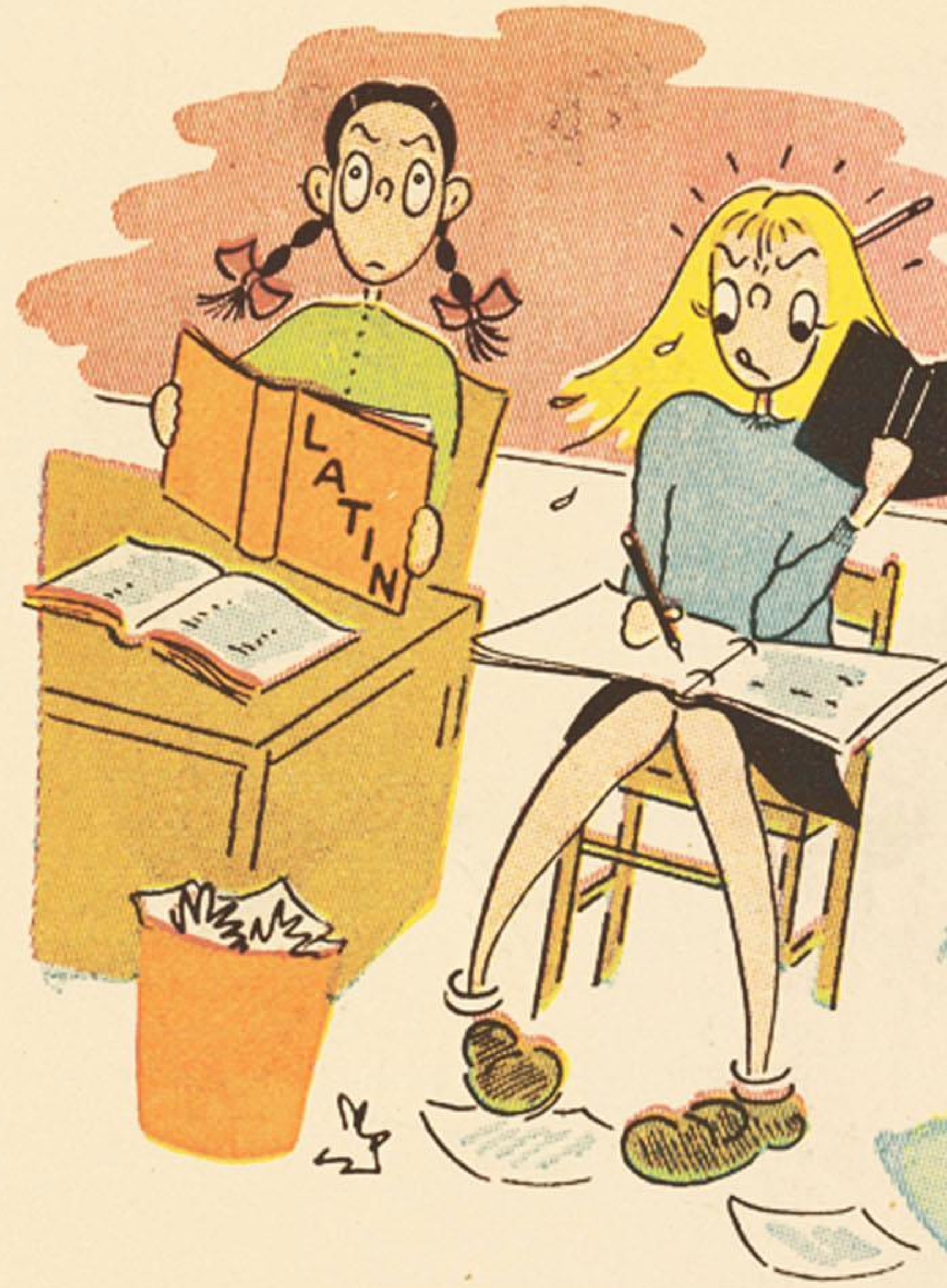
Taffy haunts Help Wanted News
Craving cures for Budget Blues


HELP WANTED
WANT ADS
NEWS
JOBS

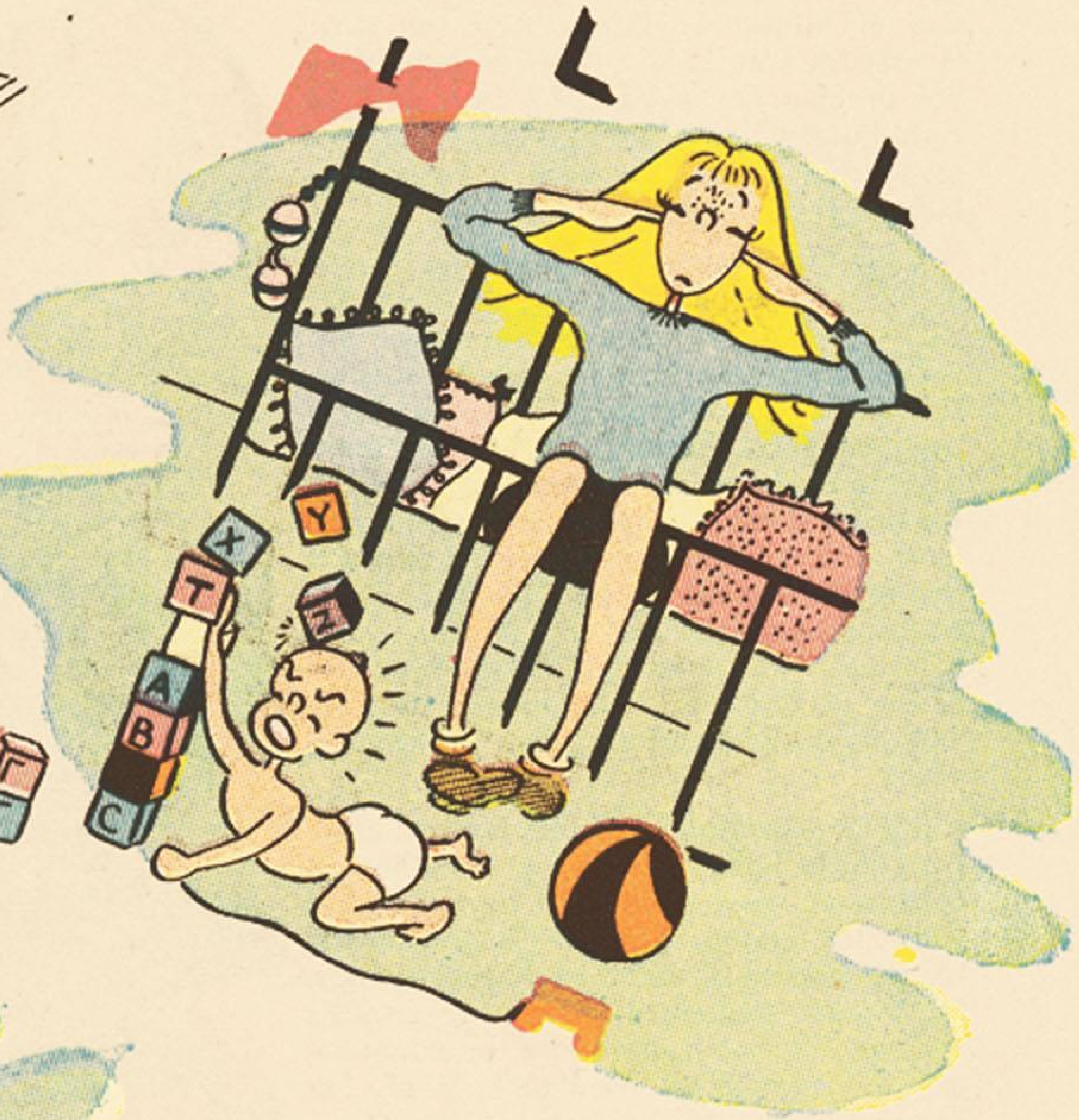
Taffy, toting jam and eggs,
Totals cash and tired legs



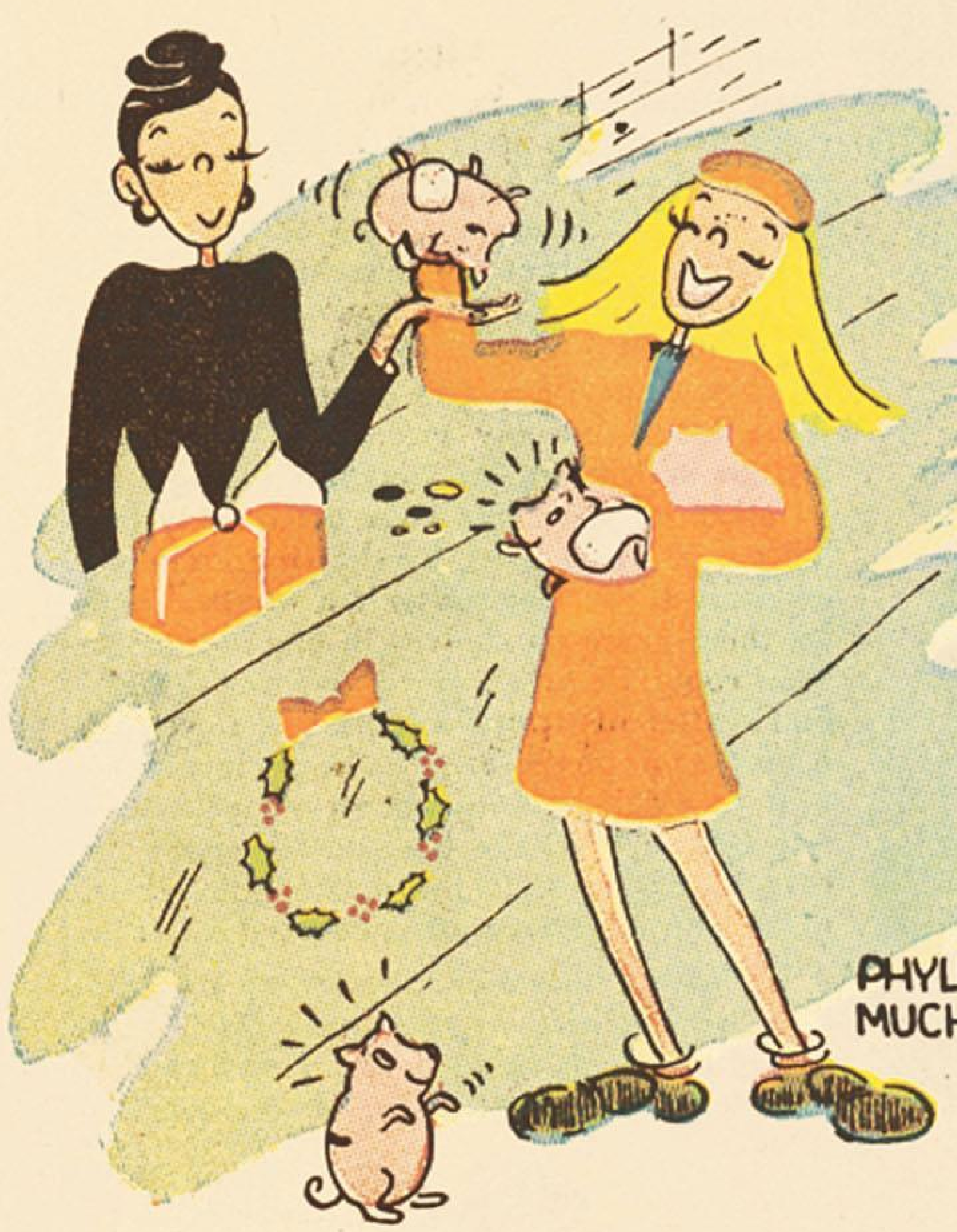
Latin strains her addled pate
But Sue is taught to conjugate



"Sitting" is a sound success
If she lets Baby "self-express"



Piggy-banks so plump they pop,
Taffy starts to Christmas-shop


PHYLLIS
MUCHOW

WHAT'S YOUR HOBBY?

BY GINNY SCHAEFER

Funny thing about hobbies—you can make one of almost anything! And the more interesting your hobby, the more interesting you become. Good deal, no? Seriously, the right kind of hobby not only helps brighten many dull hours—but adds a brand new facet to your personality!

A perfect example of this latter feat is the Sad Situation of Sally and What She Did About It. Sally was so unmusical she didn't even know how to play a jukebox. Her social life, therefore, was reaching a perilous point. Then Sally became interested in food and, as a hobby, began collecting unusual recipes and stories on the origin of various edibles. To her surprise she soon discovered that this subject (f-o-o-d!) is one enthusiastically entered into by practically all males. (The question, "What's your idea of the perfect meal?" is enough to make any one of them wax eloquent. Try it yourself!)

Stamp collecting, of course, is a real headliner in the hobby field. I'd always thought of it being more or less for boys until the war came along. Then, with sweethearts being scattered farther than the seven winds, the picture seemed to change. Ye femmes became interested not only in countries they'd never before even thought of, but in anything pertaining to those countries—and that includes stamps.

Have you seen those books for young stamp collectors? They contain pictures of all the stamps of each country, with blanks alongside on which you paste each matching stamp you're able to obtain. These books are for those who want to go at it the simplest way. Philatelists who're terribly serious about their collection (and most particularly those who've an eye to selling any of it later on) prefer other systems. The reason is obvious. Not only are used stamps worth more than those which haven't gone through mailing channels—but the stamp is also more valuable when it remains on the envelope which bears its postmark. Therefore, a book with space large enough also for envelopes may be what you want.

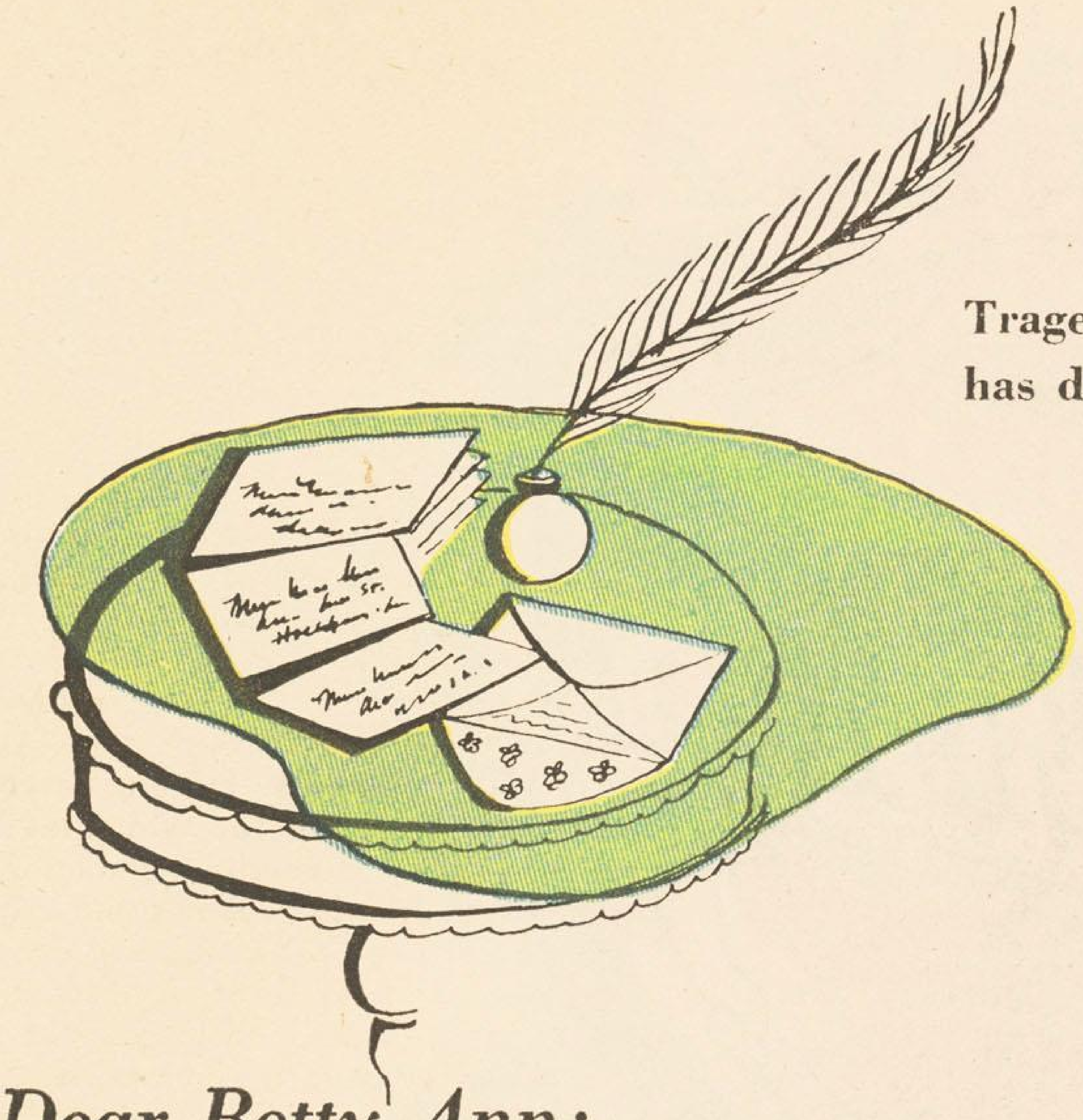
Green Room
Don Moss

The hobby — or maybe we should say "habit"—of collecting match folders is one followed by more people than realized. However, in too many cases, nothing happens to said folders beyond the fact that they are removed from their original homes. If you're the follow-through type, you'll show a little originality as soon as you've acquired (polite word for "snitching", on some occasions) a goodly number. First, you'll remove all the matches and clip off the "striking strip". Then, as just one idea of how you can have folder-fun, straighten out each piece of cardboard and glue your whole collection atop a game table. Third step, after the glue has dried, is to shellac the now colorful surface of the table. Only trouble with the finished job is that your friends may become so interested in reading the folders (to see "where-all" you've been!) they may forget to play checkers. If you don't want to use a table, by the way, try plastering your folders over a screen. Looks whizzy!

Both literally and figuratively, bottles make a beautiful hobby. If you've a flair for antiques you can whip up a neat collection by snaring all kinds of old ones (being made of glass, bottles may be considered antiques after they've reached the age of 15 years). A raid through grandma's house should give you a considerable start. Or you can forget the age angle and collect bottles just for their fascinating shapes. Some of these decorative "young" ones—containing perfume and even hand lotions—are lulus! At any rate, after your collection is started—*do* something about it. In other words, make your bottles pay for their board and keep, by showing them off or using them. Get yourself a whatnot and let them grace its shelves in one corner of your room. Or fill them with ivy and flowers and scatter in strategic spots. Or, if you've a brother as cooperative as he is clever, get him to make a lamp out of your largest size bottle. (Fill the base and it won't be easy to tip over. If the bottle is of clear glass, you might try using colored water!)

With Christmas a-coming up, now would be a wonderful time to acquire the hobby of collecting greeting cards. Incidentally, this includes cards

(*Continued on page 50*)



Tragedy strikes! That Darlene creature has designs on of all people—Rusty . . .

Hollywood, California

Dear Betty Ann:

Such complications! How difficult can life get?

When Darlene moved into the house next door a month ago, I knew that turbulent times were upon me. Darlene and I, as you know, scarcely speak when we meet at Hollywood High, and now we're next door neighbors. Listen to this Betts! You know how hard I worked to get Rusty Bramwell, the Third, for my boy friend, and how we've been an "item" as they've said in the school paper's "chit-chat". Well, Darlene set her sights on Rusty when my back was turned, and now she's got him—and it's all my fault!

She hasn't got Rusty for keeps, but she's got him for the big annual Harvest Moon Hop, our get-acquainted dance that starts the fun year at Hollywood High. How did she do it? You're asking me? It was highway robbery if I ever saw it. One night, after she moved next door, Darlene cornered Rusty when he biked over to see me. She grabbed him before he had a chance to get by her house! I went right out to rescue him, because he's so positively innocent regarding "feminine lure" that he trusts all girls, not being able to recognize a designing hussy! But Rusty wasn't anxious to freeze Darlene.

That called for strategy! I decided then and there to make Rusty jealous and fate helped a lot, because who came along but Darlene's good-looking uncle, Sonny Martin. Of course, Sonny's not young at the age of 24. Lots of girls, however, fall in love with older men, and I was counting on Rusty noticing this. We were all talking about the Harvest Hop-invitations flitting around like mad at school, and everyone was wondering who was dating whom? And what would "whom" be wearing on that sparkling occasion?

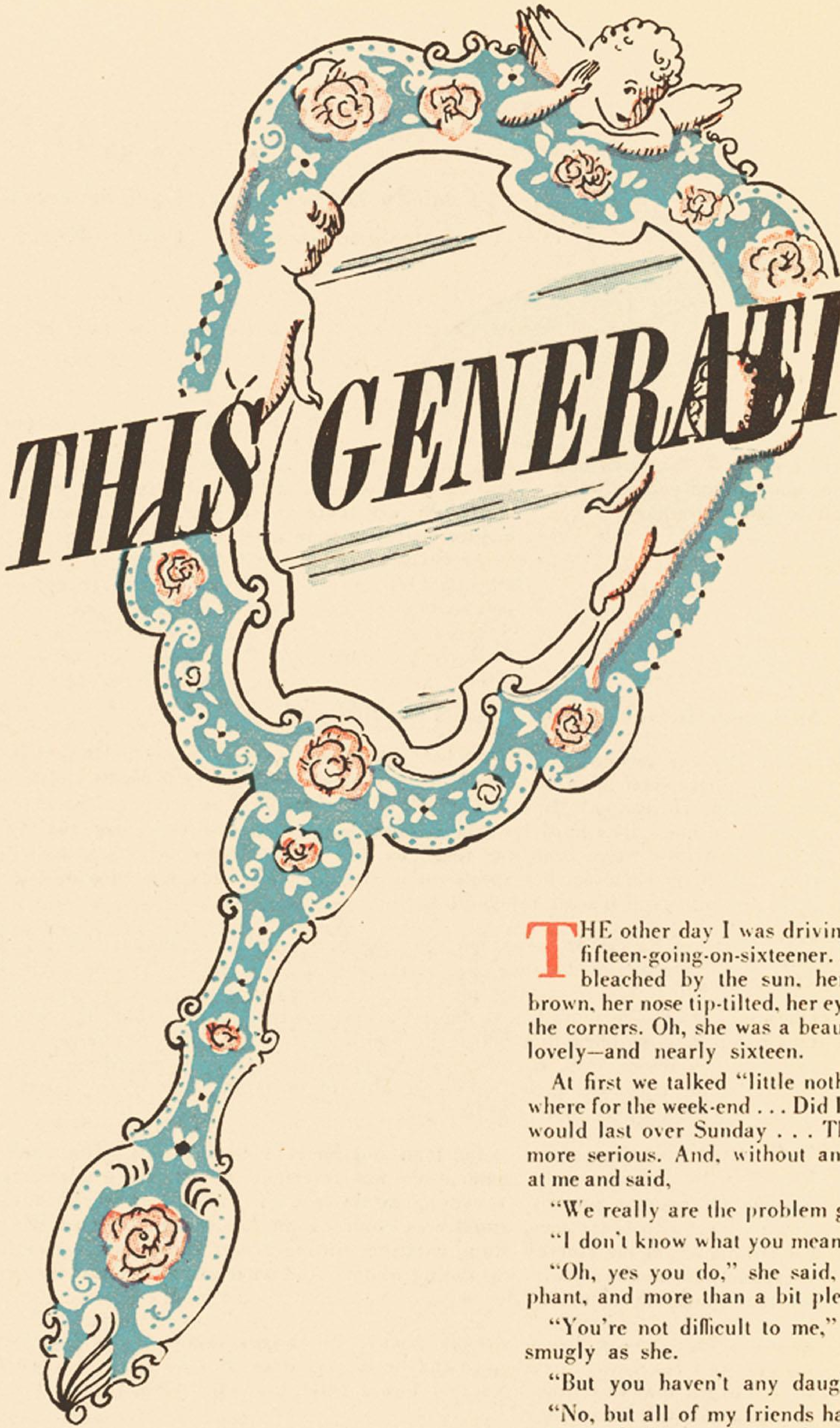
Sonny said, "You're dated already Vicky, I'll wager that." Of course, Betts I always wait for Rusty to ask me, and he always does. But he takes his own time, so I thought that this time I'd worry him a little, and said, "No, I haven't a date. Are you asking to take me?"

I was just kidding, Betts. Natch, I expected Rusty to assert his right and say, "Vicky, you're my girl. You're going with me!" But I hadn't counted on Darlene. And what does she do but up and say in positively dulcet tones, "Rusty, if you haven't a date how'd you like to go with me? — (*Continued on page 48*)

THIS GENERATION

BY THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

**Wild? Lost? Problem? . . . or all three?
Read what this famed author has to say about
you and your times—you'll enjoy it!**



THE other day I was driving in the country with a fifteen-going-on-sixteener. Her hair was long and bleached by the sun, her skin was warm and brown, her nose tip-tilted, her eyes slightly turned up at the corners. Oh, she was a beauty, all right! Slim and lovely—and nearly sixteen.

At first we talked "little nothings". Who was going where for the week-end . . . Did I think the good weather would last over Sunday . . . Then we got just a trifle more serious. And, without any warning, she smiled at me and said,

"We really are the problem generation, aren't we?"

"I don't know what you mean," I replied—surprised.

"Oh, yes you do," she said, looking almost triumphant, and more than a bit pleased. "We're difficult."

"You're not difficult to me," I countered almost as smugly as she.

"But you haven't any daughters!"

"No, but all of my friends have—if they haven't got sons. And they—and you—have built up this pretty myth about your being difficult. They like it—it robs them of a lot of responsibility. You like it—it allows you to get away with things—if you want to get away with things."

"But we aren't the way you were—at our age!"

"That's what you think!" I said. "To be sure, there are a few changes, but not enough for you to worry about—but plenty for you to take adventage if you know how."

She seemed really interested. So I sprung a few of my pet theories. I may be wrong—an awful lot of folks seem to disagree with me—but that hasn't bothered me, so far. You may be interested in hearing some of them.

In the first place, you're a lot better off physically. You're taller, largely because the food you eat is better—and nutrition has become a household necessity instead of a word in a medical journal. All you have to do to find out how superior you are, in a physical way, is to visit any of the museums where costumes are shown. This was brought most forcibly to my attention the other day when I went for a visit to the Museum of The City of New York. There, arranged in tableaux, were groups of wax figures clad in clothes from Colonial days up to our present time. And all of the older generations, as represented in replica, were unbelievably small. I asked the curator of the museum about it.

"The custumes are all authentic," he told me. "The wax figures were made to fit the costumes. Those people really were that size."

So—you've evolved from little into big folks. You're straight and tall and, for the most part, slender. And your grandmothers and great-grandmothers were shorter—and much, much dumpier, too.

What else has happened? Well, you've grown more independent. But, as you must give credit for your added inches to the care and food your parents gave you, you must thank them for your independence, too. Maybe they haven't, consciously, wanted you to be on your own, but they've done a lot to help you. Mothers, for the most part, do not sit at the fireside and sew a fine seam while they wait for you to come home from school. Many are working — to support you. Others have outside interests—often connected with civic welfare—which, indirectly, is for your good, too. So — you're left largely to your own resources—and it's fine for you. Not one of you would be willing to step back into the restricted life of the last or one-before-the-last generation.

You're wilder? That's what folks say—and point to long lists of statistics to prove it. They may be right, but not from where I sit. I don't mean that you're all angels. In fact, there are far too many juvenile delinquents. But there were juvenile delinquents in the past generations, too. You don't need much to have fun—at your age. I know that. Some cold cokes and other soft drinks on ice, maybe cookies and candy, and a Victrola or a Radio for dancing—and you're all set. Friday night parties can be simple—but there ought to be Friday night parties. Perhaps jitterbug and jazz has blotted out the one-step, and the rumba has taken preference over the waltz—but they add up to the same thing. Next generation will think that "He Lies Stone Dead in the Market" and "Cement Mixer" are pretty silly songs, if it comes to that.

The younger generation is silly! I hear that all of the time. Not to me! All I have to do is to look back on my own girlhood—and remember the stories that my mother told me about HER girlhood to realize that youth always looks foolish to most folks who have lost it. The next time your mother gets impatient at saddle shoes and loose sweaters, remind her of the days HER mother was annoyed with French heels which made her practically totter as she walked, and at sweaters that were much too tight for her. Those old, high-heeled shoes were the subject of many an article. They ruined girls' feet, the experts said. And grandma ruined her figure, according to all reports, by tight lacing.

So, today's girls rave over Sinatra. Only the most foolish of them carry autographs. The rest worship at a safe distance. Well, ask your mother about John Barrymore, who, in his day, made many a heart skip more than one beat. The great Valentino also had girls swooning over him during his lifetime—and continuing to swoon even after he passed away. Grandma had her Matinée Idols too—and don't you forget it. The group of girls waiting at the stage door were in heart, if not in clothes, a replica of today's autograph hounds. The Flapper was just as silly as the Bobby-Soxer. The next generation will just add a new type of teenage annoyers. Only YOU'LL be the ones to be annoyed.

You use too much make-up. I've heard that before, too. Well, some of you do. Every now and then I pass a girl and can hardly restrain myself from taking a handkerchief and wiping off her face. Not because she's made up—but because she's

(*Continued on page 47*)

PULL DOWN
U.S MAIL
LETTERS

OUT OF THE MALEBOX

By Eleanor Hiteshew

You **can be the blight on the party . . . or you can keep those invitations coming your way . . .**

EVERY now and then, when it's been raining for three straight days, we go in for a brief period of brooding. And one of the things we find ourselves glooming over are people who aren't asked to parties. The reasons they're not asked mystify them, of course. Being extremely partial to fun ourself, we can see it's pretty crushing for a gal to look forward to a party-packed vacation and then wind up spending a depressing number of nights with nothing to do but wash her hair or mend stockings. Especially when she knows everybody in her gang is having a fine time at somebody's house just a few blocks away.

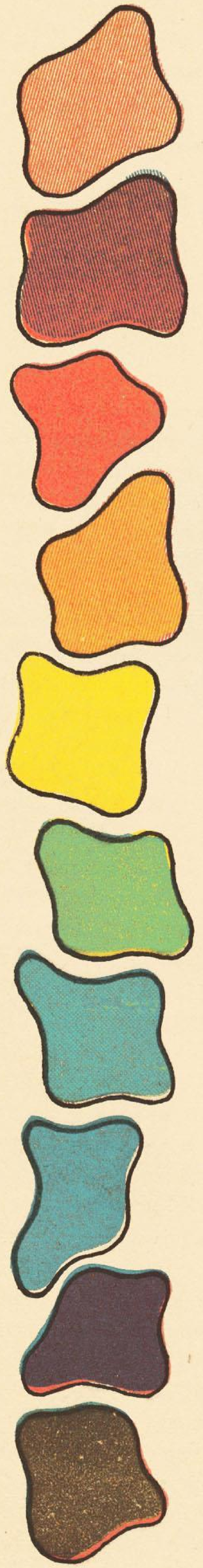
So anyway, we always dig up a lot of information every time we sit down and rifle through your letters, and we find that people who bumble through life minus invitations fall into a few, old, standard types. They pull the same stunts just once too often, and are gradually, but positively, tossed off the guest lists all around town

Sample . . . There's the chick who always likes an extra invitation kicking around. She says yes, she would adore coming to your party, but to her, your party is just her ace in the hole. If at the last minute something turns up which she considers slightly more fascinating, she calls up with some vague excuse she's dished up, and what does she care if her hostess is left with a lop-sided guest list, which is infuriating to say the least. Both the boys and the gals agree that you can't juggle around invitations and get away with it for very long. If you come down with mumps or Aunt Min comes to town, any hostess will be sympathetic. Less sturdy reasons fall very flat and don't think anybody is being fooled.

Then there's the type, usually female, who does turn up but tries to take over. She's been present for about half an hour and starts in re-arranging the evening. She thinks it would be marvelous if everybody hauled off and went over to her house, because she has some new records or her living room has more room for dancing. The hostess doesn't care if this Spotlight Stealer has Frank Sinatra sitting on top of the piano. It's the hostess' party — she's made plans, and she wants to keep it that way. If this sweet lass is always in such a fever to have everybody go over to her house, why doesn't she give a bona fide party herself—with everyone invited.

The boys come in for a slight roasting when it comes to the fellow who arrives looking like a fugitive from a five-mile hike. The least any boy can do is slick himself up slightly for the occasion, because you can definitely carry this I'm-the-rugged-type too far. A girl spends half the day being busy with pre-party chores and the rest of the day prettying herself up, and she is not amused when the boy she's asked to be her date drifts in wearing a tired old sweater.

However, life being what it is and extra boys being in brisk demand, it appears that it's the girls who come in for the most criticism. Girls have nothing nice to say about coy chickadees. They're always going in for suggestions like switching partners on the dance floor. Or they manage to sit next to somebody else's date on the way to the party. Whatever little procedures she goes in for on this order may be all very innocent, but (*Continued on page* 90)



LET YOUR COLOR BE YOUR GUIDE

BY FABER BIRREN

RADAR'S a steel detector—color a "you" detector. Here are a few try-it-out-and-see-for-yourself notes, no character analysis—by color. Magic? Your foot. For these facts have been dropped out of thousands of personality studies and records of color preferences. We're not saying we can read you like a book but we may get a few pages right. Who knows but that you'll get the lowdown on your friends, too?

Do you like RED best of all? If you do, you're a lively young soul, and walk in courage. You are vigorous—the ready, willing and able gal, with a yen for sports. You lean toward being positive in what you say, although closer examination reveals a fickleness where gentlemen are concerned. In your eagerness for excitement, you break many hearts to win new ones. People who know and understand you realize you're a very human person after all, and more readily forgive your faults than you theirs. You reds are the happy owners of that thing called "feminine intuition", quick at judging people, following your heart, not your head. Hang a "Beware" sign on your emotions, because you're the person who often gets into trouble without intending harm.

If you picked MAROON over red, odds have it that you're a vital person with a golden heart, and in perfect innocence, you demand much of others. People are sure to like you, and you them. This same is likely to make some of them jealous. You've a halo and a matching angelic smile to give with confessions of your sins.

If you like PINK, the carpeted road of life is the one you're traveling on. Were you the idol of doting parents, and relatives when a babe in arms? Did those who loved you keep you in stiffly starched dresses and hold you from the sordid details of the world? Your preference of pink should make you a "yesser" to those queries.

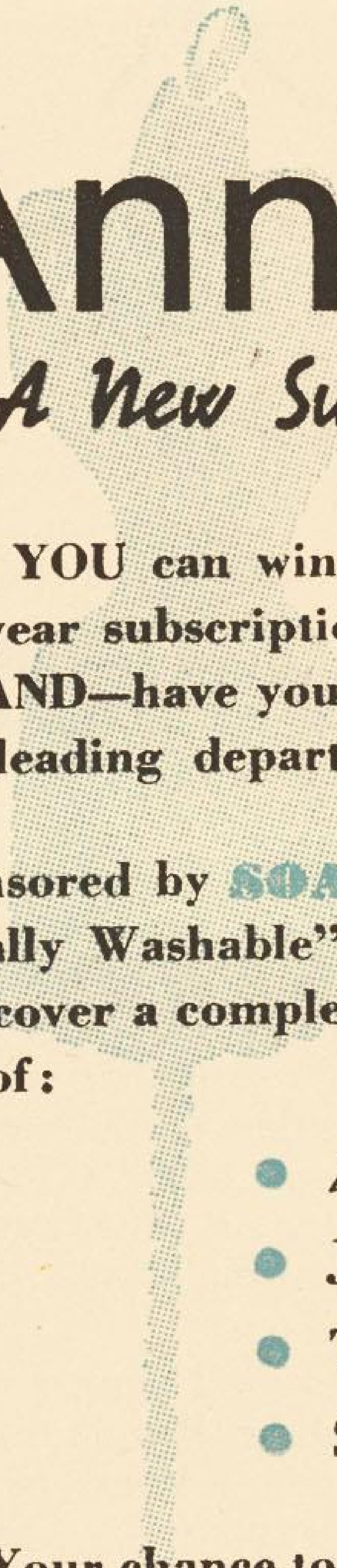
Your good taste runs in friends and clothes and paves the way to a very gracious social manner. While you've a shoulder for those less fortunate than yourself to cry on you have no desire to hobnob with anyone outside your own genteel class. You adore affection, but are frightened by it at times. This is natural, as people are drawn to your charms, and you have quite a time keeping them at arm's length.

Choose ORANGE, and you're a "hail fellow, well met"—much to be envied. Your taste runs to cheerful friends and good foods. It runs to these, but does not keep you from being just as much at ease among sinners as saints. In fact your life is devoted to this variety in friendships. Be careful when putting your best foot forward. People may say behind your back that your friend of the moment is your best—think about that. You don't walk alone. You want life to be warm and mellow. You make the ideal spinster, perhaps because you're apt to know much about many people, little about few.

YELLOW is often picked by you high-minded people with big ideas—ideas that aren't always as bad as they are big. You have a well-controlled temper, yet the temper is there nonetheless, and you're quite capable of putting Mary in her place if the spirit moves you. People at first meeting, may not think you the most friendly soul breathing the morning air, but those who really know you respect your profound character. Outwardly, you resist flattery, while your heart yearns for it. All this, because you are like the lady in the tower, (mentally)—alone. You distinguish yourself by being one of few good secret keepers, and a faithful friend.

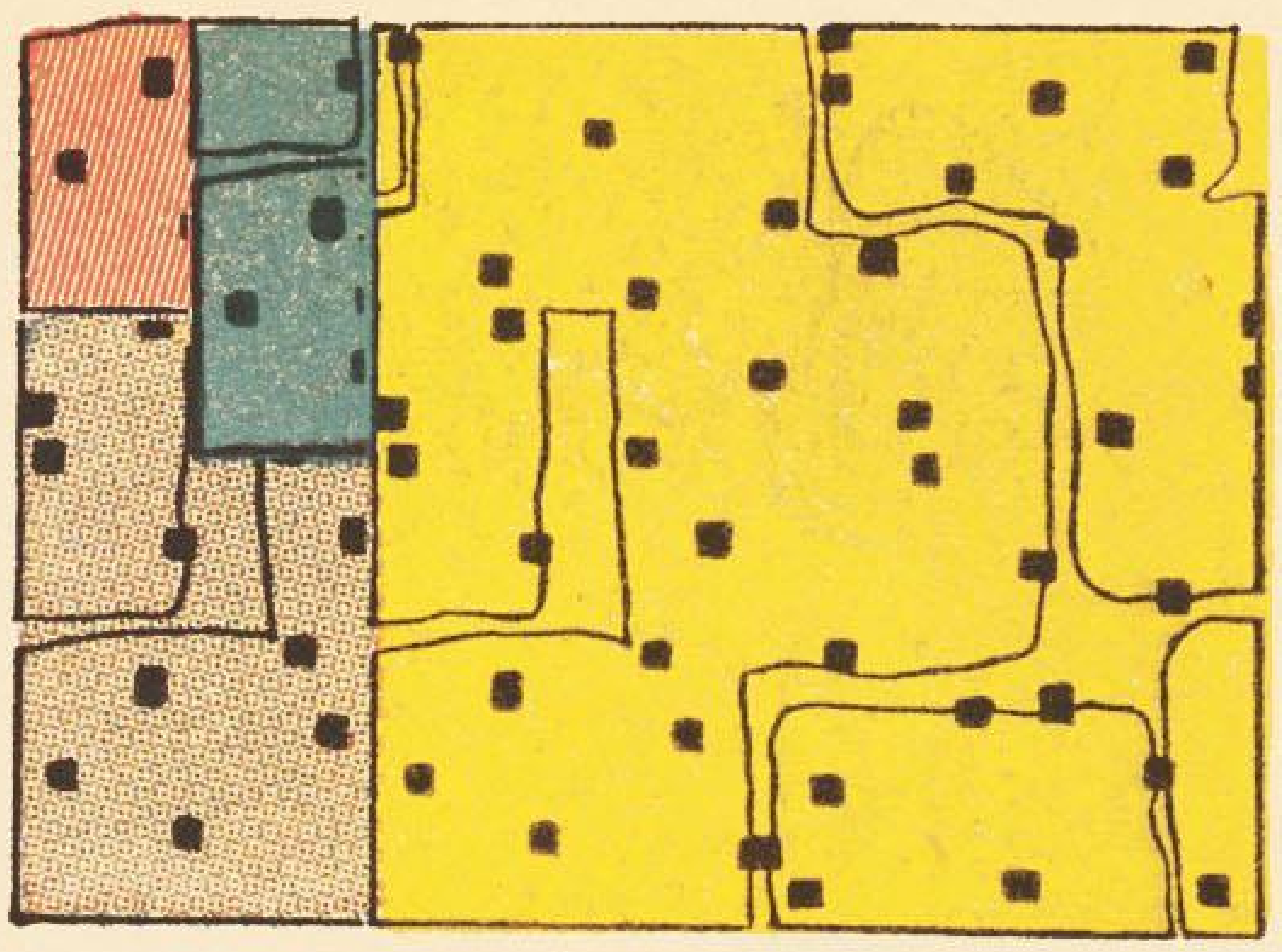
GREEN, nature's color is preferred by those who are

(*Continued on page 50*)



Announcing

A New Summer Styling Contest

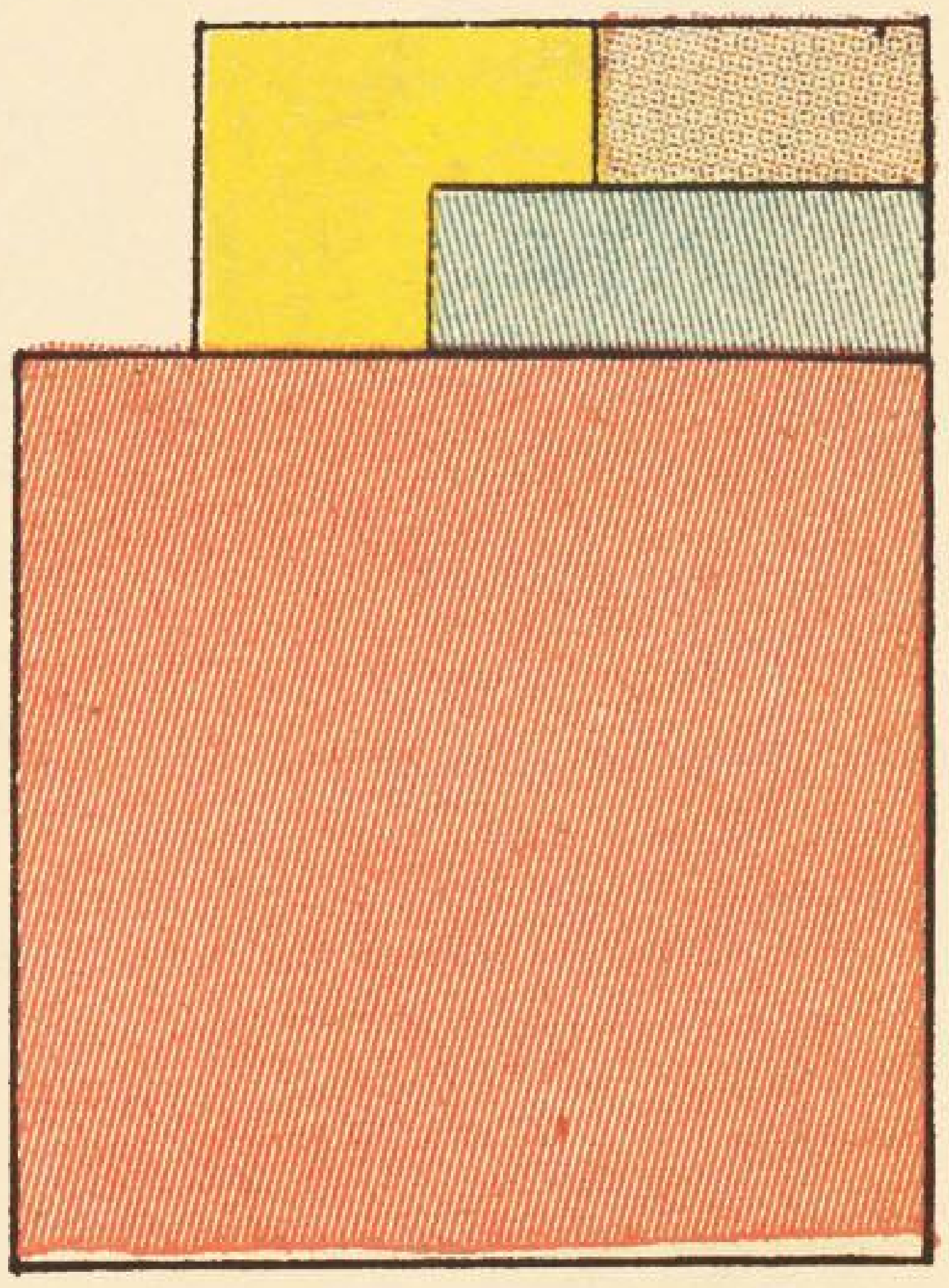


Now YOU can win: a complete washable wardrobe . . . a two-year subscription to MISS AMERICA Magazine . . . AND—have your photograph shown in the windows of ten leading department stores throughout the country!

Sponsored by SOAP 'N' WATER* Fabrics, "Unconditionally Washable" and MISS AMERICA, the designs will cover a complete washable summer ensemble, consisting of:

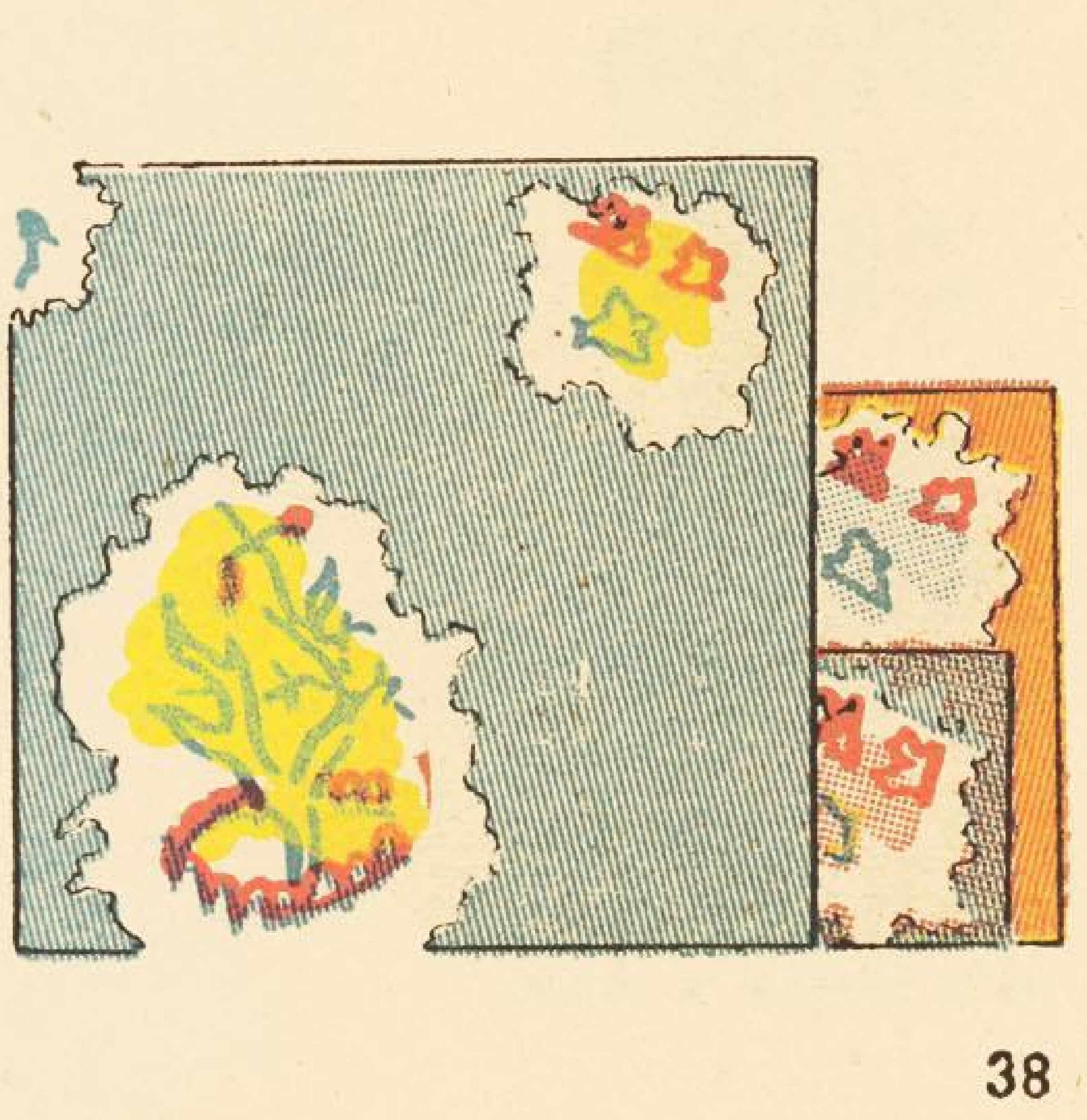
- **A blouse**
- **Jumper or skirt**
- **Three-piece playsuit**
- **Short date dress**

. . . Your chance to create an entire teen wardrobe, just the way *you'd* like to find it in the stores—and besides, you may be one of the FOUR LUCKY WINNERS!



So sharpen your pencils (and wits)—and become your own teen stylist! The rules are simple-as-Simon . . . Just submit your design for any one or even all four of the items on an 8″ x 10″ paper or board. Each design you submit for any of the articles must be on a separate sheet, with your name, address, age (and school if attending any) clearly printed in the lower right-hand corner. They're to be mailed not later than November 15, 1946, to be eligible to win.

Judges will be a panel of leading manufacturers' representatives, the press, a prominent movie star and the sponsors, SOAP 'N' WATER* FABRICS and MISS AMERICA. All entries become the property of the sponsors and cannot be returned! In case of a tie, winners will receive duplicate awards.



Submit your design to:
SOAP 'N' WATER* Fabrics
36 White St., New York 13, N. Y.
Att.: Miss Marion Collins.

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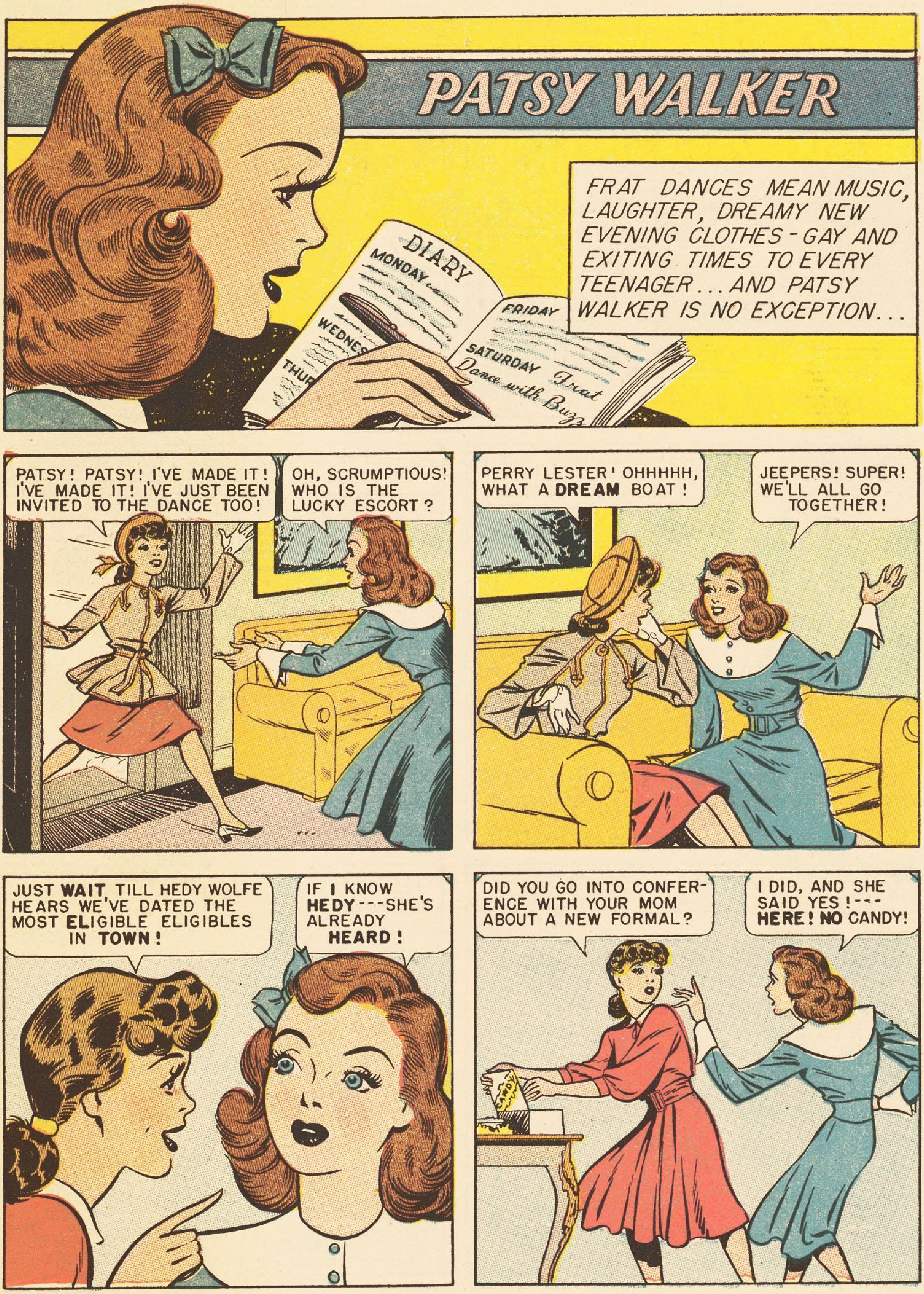
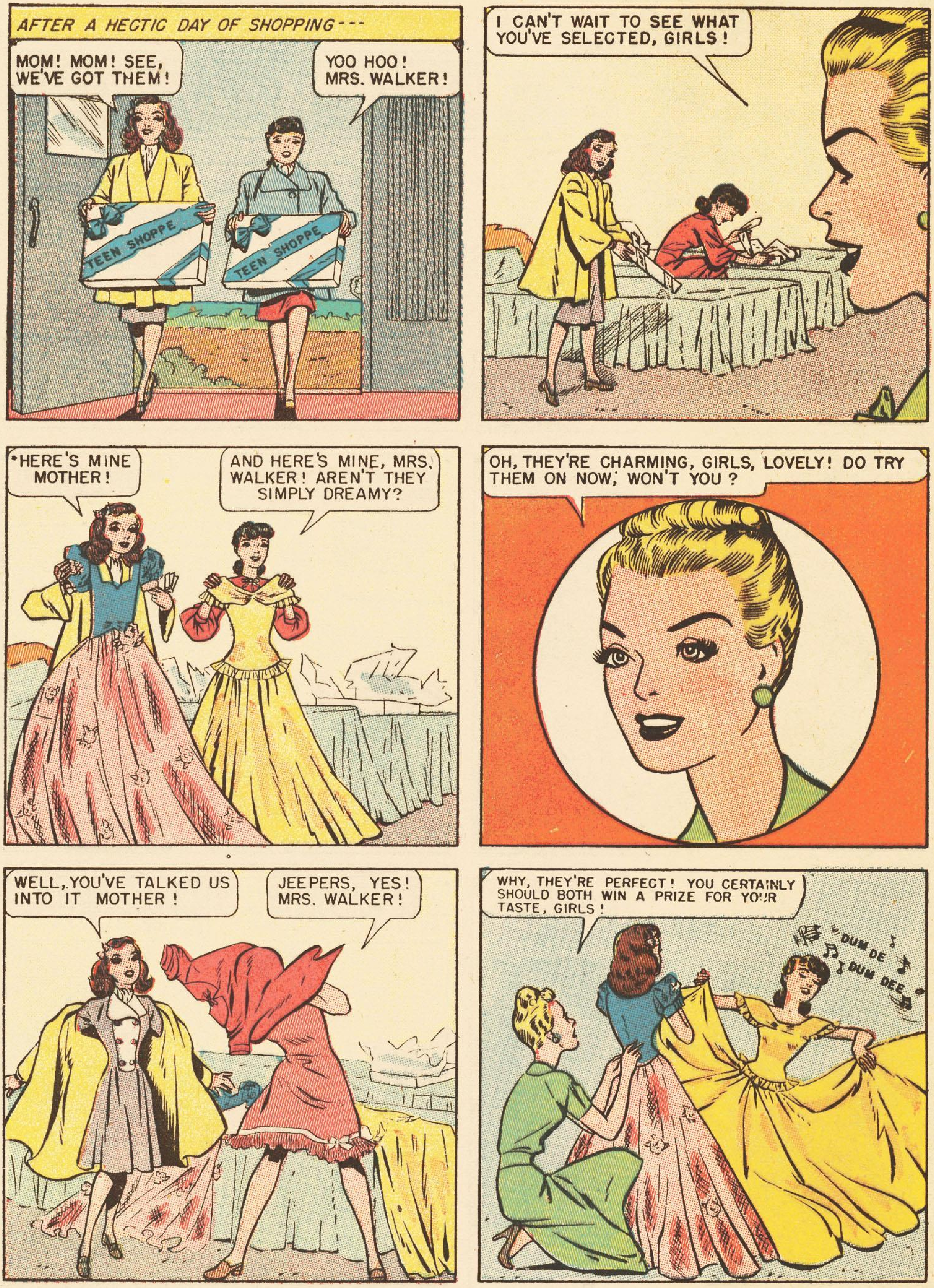
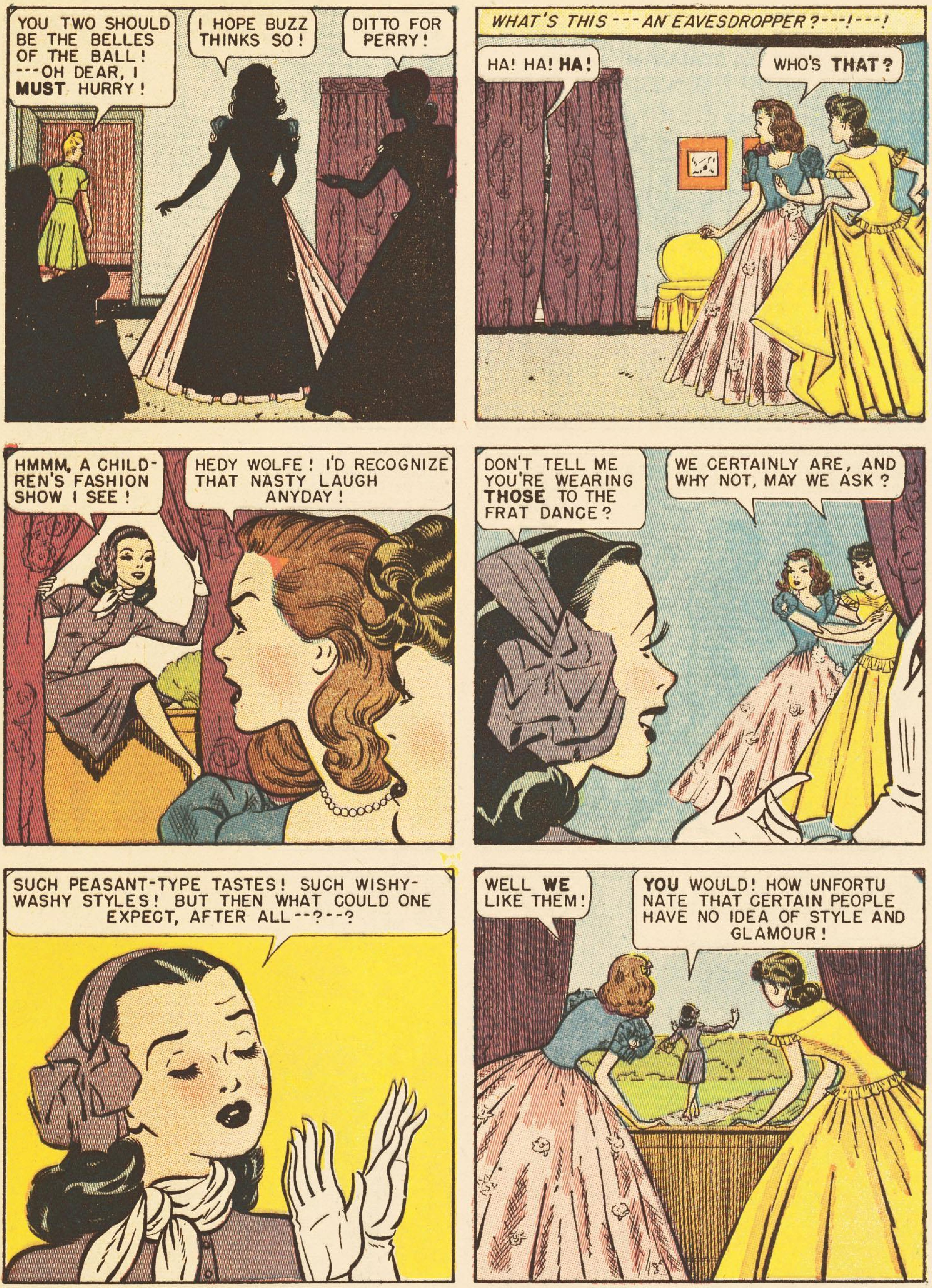
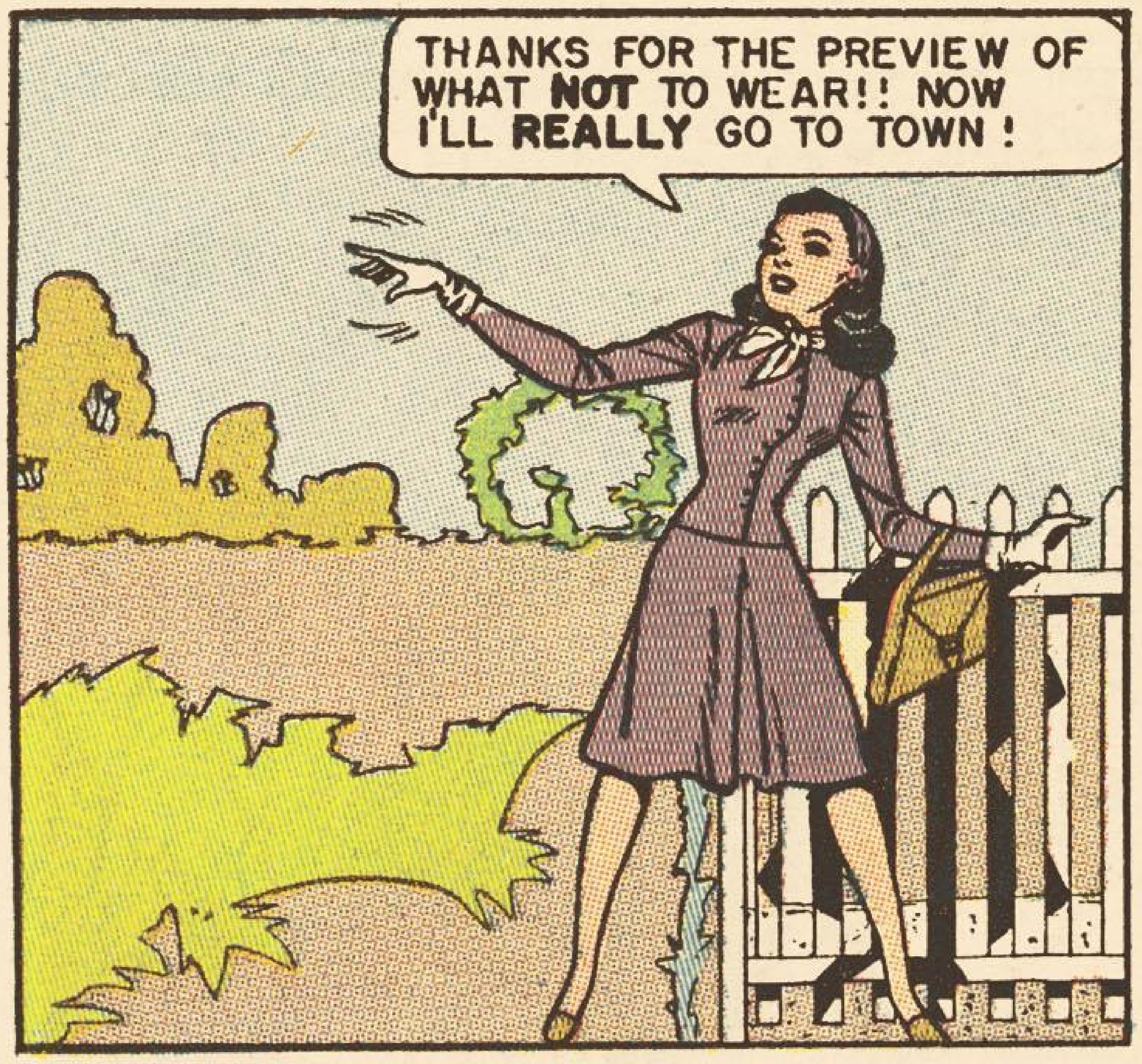
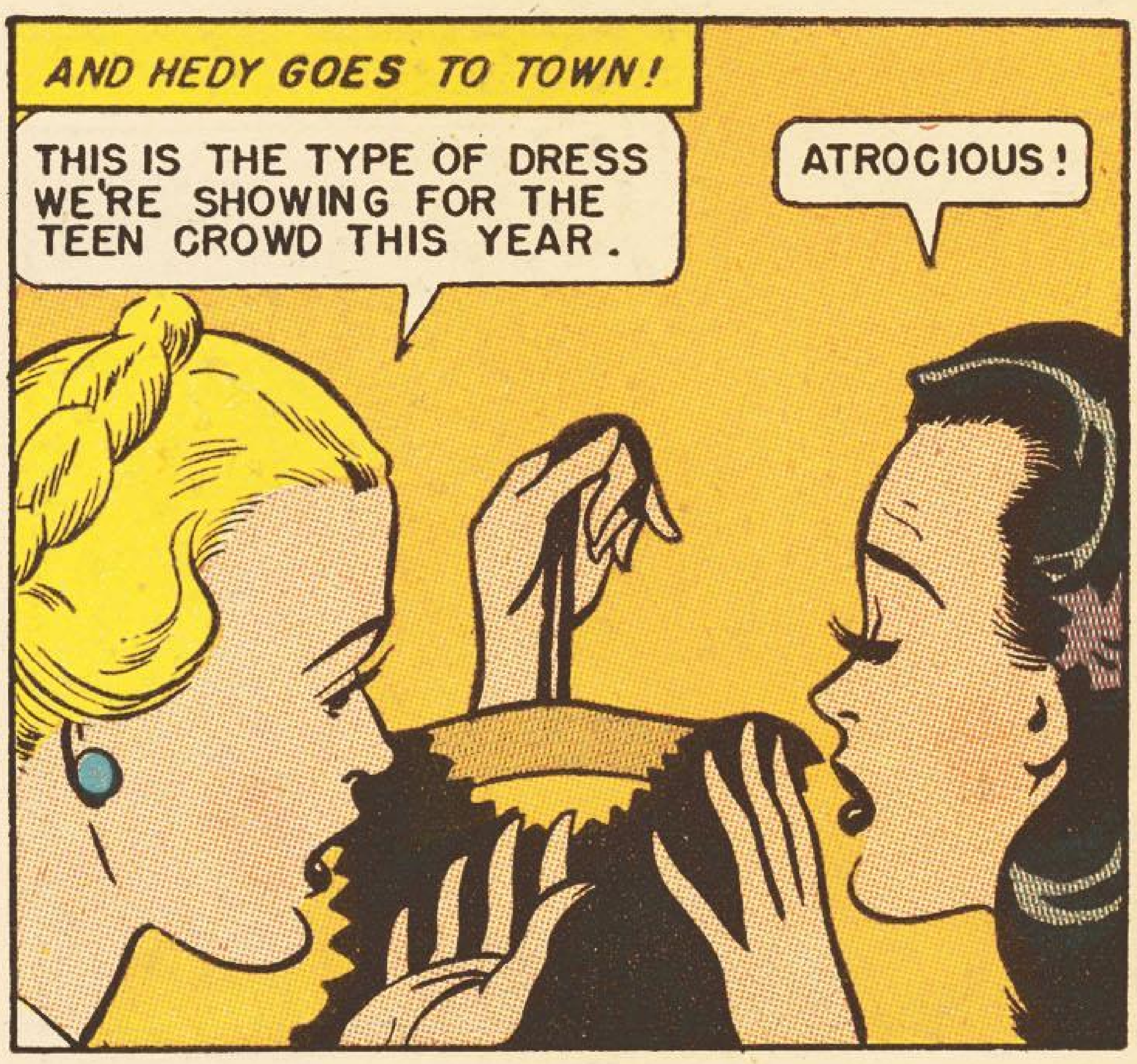
*Reg. U. S. Pat. W.

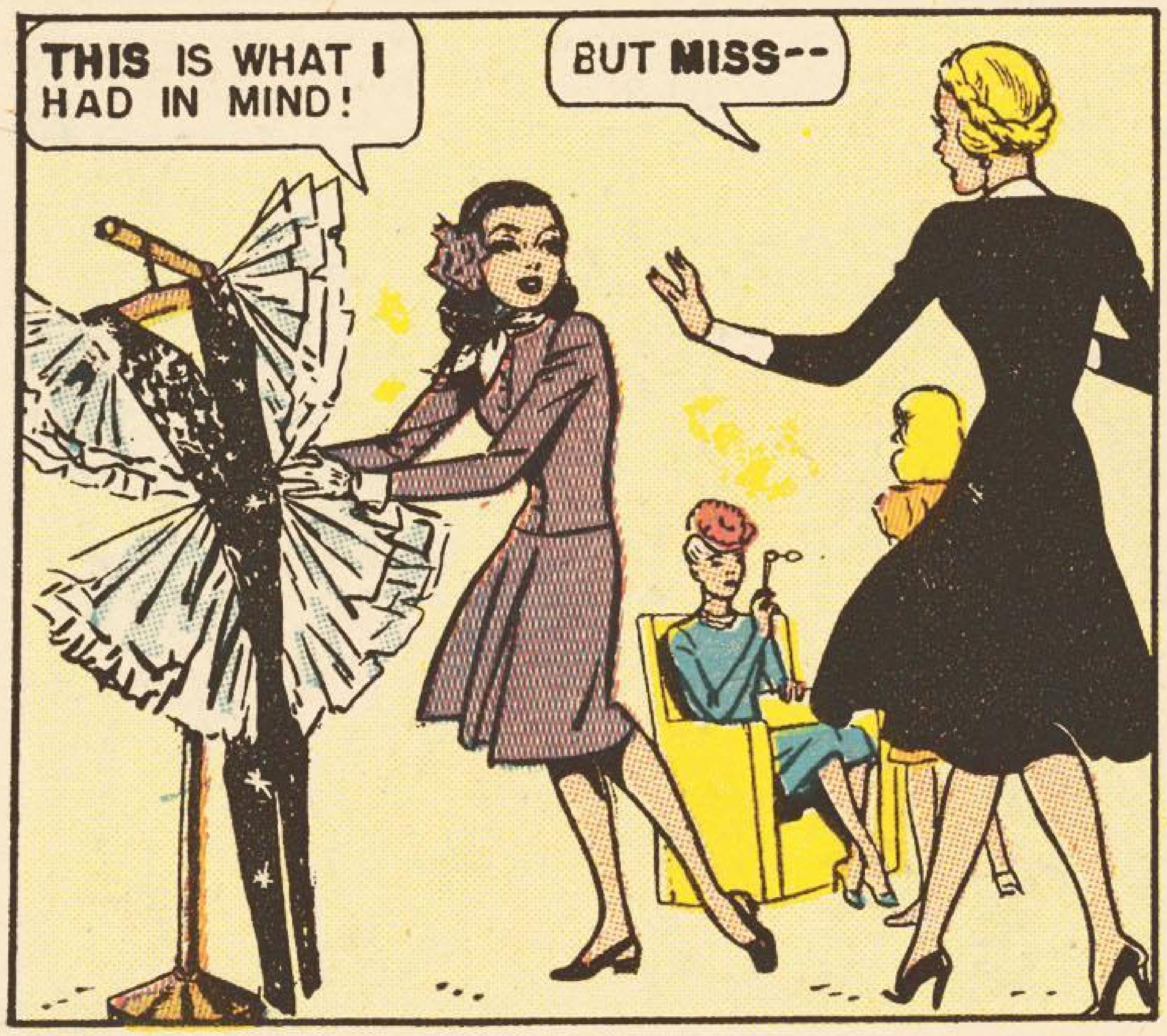

PATSY WALKER
FRAT DANCES MEAN MUSIC, LAUGHTER, DREAMY NEW EVENING CLOTHES - GAY AND EXITING TIMES TO EVERY TEENAGER ... AND PATSY WALKER IS NO EXCEPTION ...
DIARY
MONDAY
WEDNES
THUR
FRIDAY
SATURDAY Frat Dance with Buzz
PATSY! PATSY! I'VE MADE IT! I'VE MADE IT! I'VE JUST BEEN INVITED TO THE DANCE TOO!
OH, SCRUMPTIOUS! WHO IS THE LUCKY ESCORT?
PERRY LESTER! OHHHHH, WHAT A **DREAM** BOAT!
JEEPERS! SUPER! WE'LL ALL GO TOGETHER!
JUST **WAIT** TILL HEDY WOLFE HEARS WE'VE DATED THE MOST **EL**IGIBLE ELIGIBLES IN **TOWN**!
IF **I** KNOW **HEDY**---SHE'S ALREADY **HEARD**!
DID YOU GO INTO CONFERENCE WITH YOUR MOM ABOUT A NEW FORMAL?
I DID, AND SHE SAID YES!--- **HERE! NO** CANDY!
CANDY

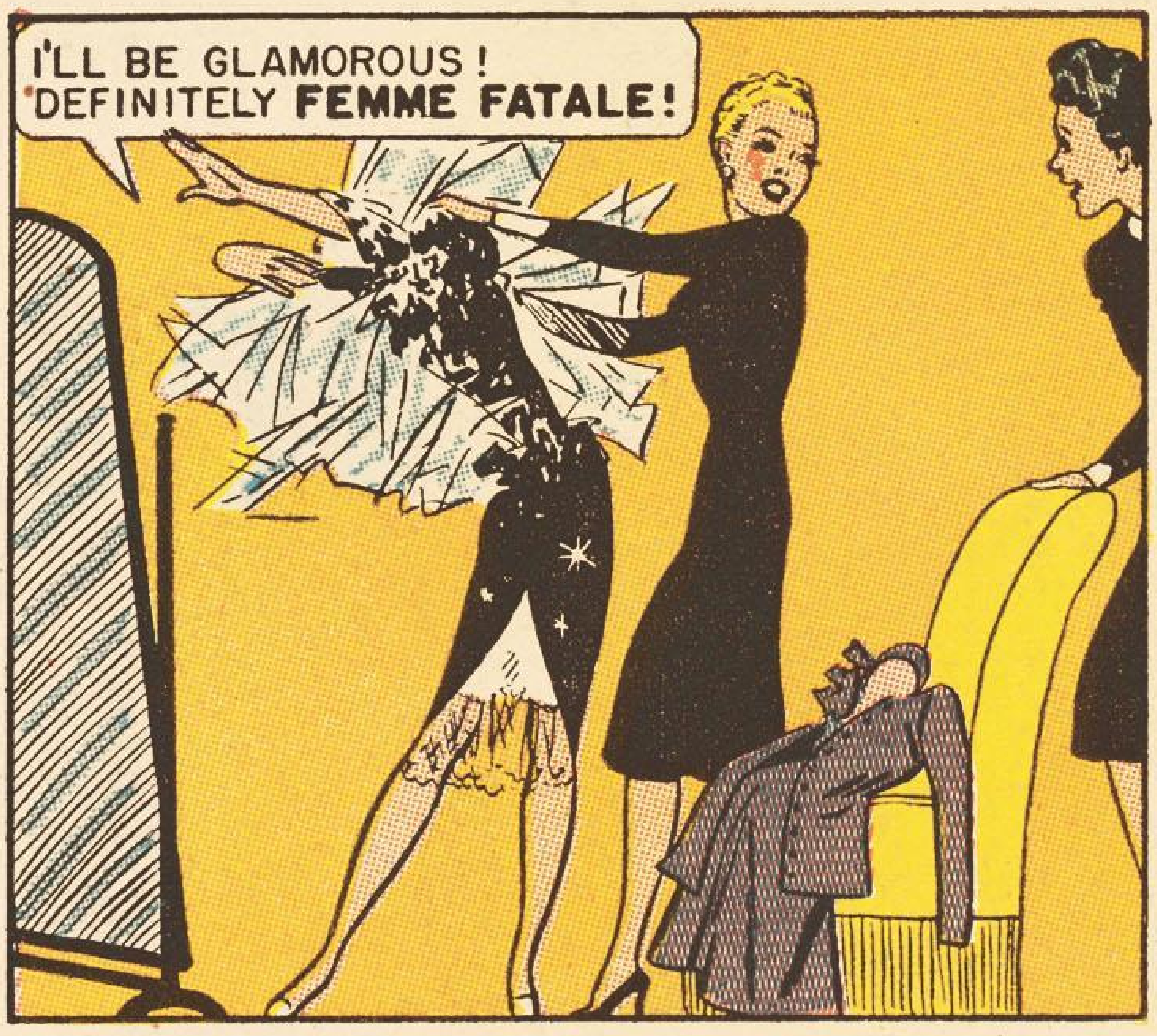

AFTER A HECTIC DAY OF SHOPPING---
MOM! MOM! SEE, WE'VE GOT THEM!
YOO HOO! MRS. WALKER!
TEEN SHOPPE
TEEN SHOPPE
I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE WHAT YOU'VE SELECTED, GIRLS!
HERE'S MINE MOTHER!
AND HERE'S MINE, MRS, WALKER! AREN'T THEY SIMPLY DREAMY?
OH, THEY'RE CHARMING, GIRLS, LOVELY! DO TRY THEM ON NOW, WON'T YOU?
WELL, YOU'VE TALKED US INTO IT MOTHER!
JEEPERS, YES! MRS. WALKER!
WHY, THEY'RE PERFECT! YOU CERTAINLY SHOULD BOTH WIN A PRIZE FOR YOUR TASTE, GIRLS!
DUM DE DUM DEE

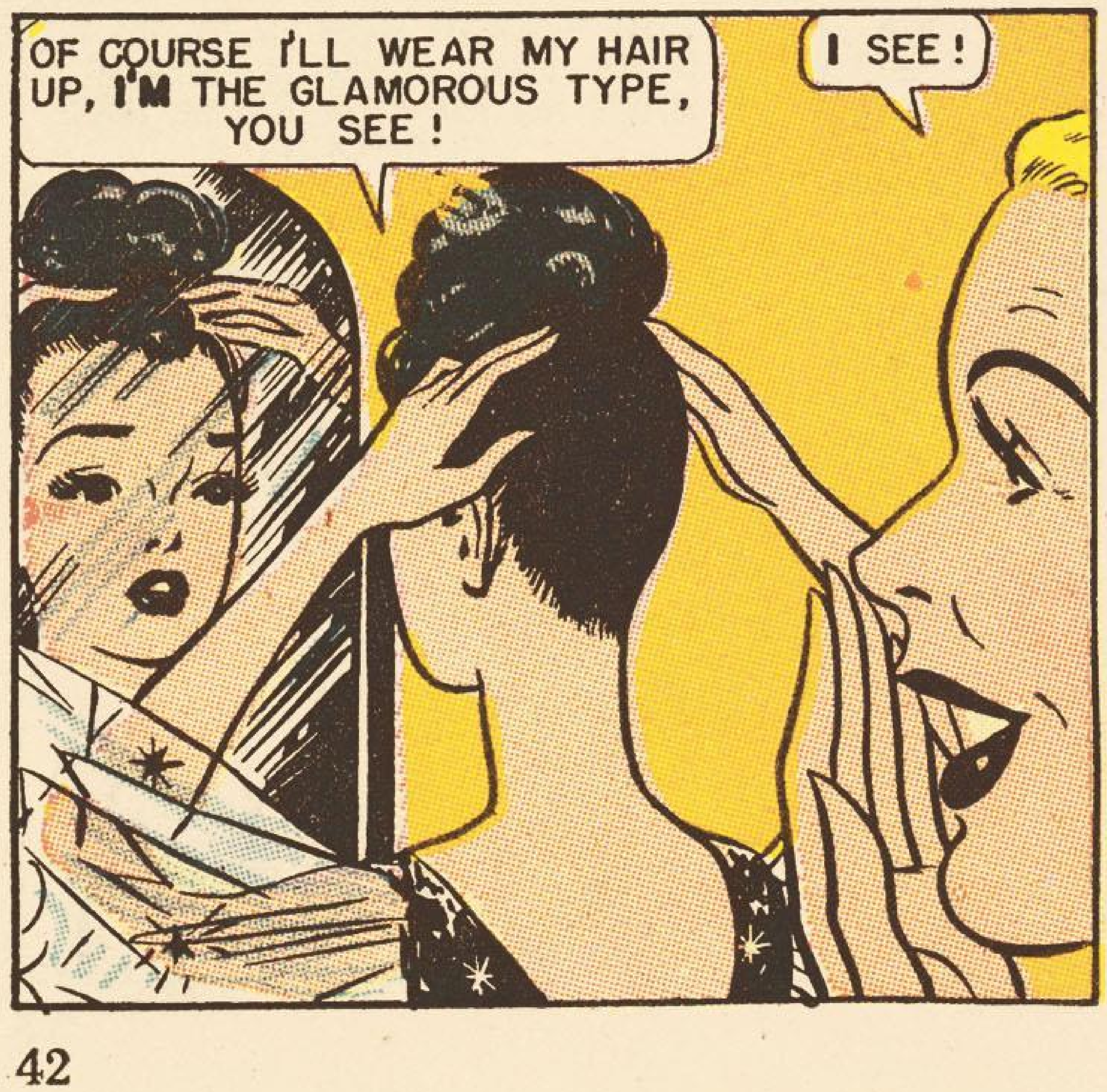

YOU TWO SHOULD BE THE BELLES OF THE BALL! ---OH DEAR, I **MUST** HURRY!
I HOPE BUZZ THINKS SO!
DITTO FOR PERRY!
WHAT'S THIS---AN EAVESDROPPER?---!---!
HA! HA! **HA!**
WHO'S **THAT?**
HMMM, A CHILDREN'S FASHION SHOW I SEE!
HEDY WOLFE! I'D RECOGNIZE THAT NASTY LAUGH ANYDAY!
DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE WEARING **THOSE** TO THE FRAT DANCE?
WE CERTAINLY ARE, AND WHY NOT, MAY WE ASK?
SUCH PEASANT-TYPE TASTES! SUCH WISHY-WASHY STYLES! BUT THEN WHAT COULD ONE EXPECT, AFTER ALL--?--?
WELL **WE** LIKE THEM!
YOU WOULD! HOW UNFORTUNATE THAT CERTAIN PEOPLE HAVE NO IDEA OF STYLE AND GLAMOUR!

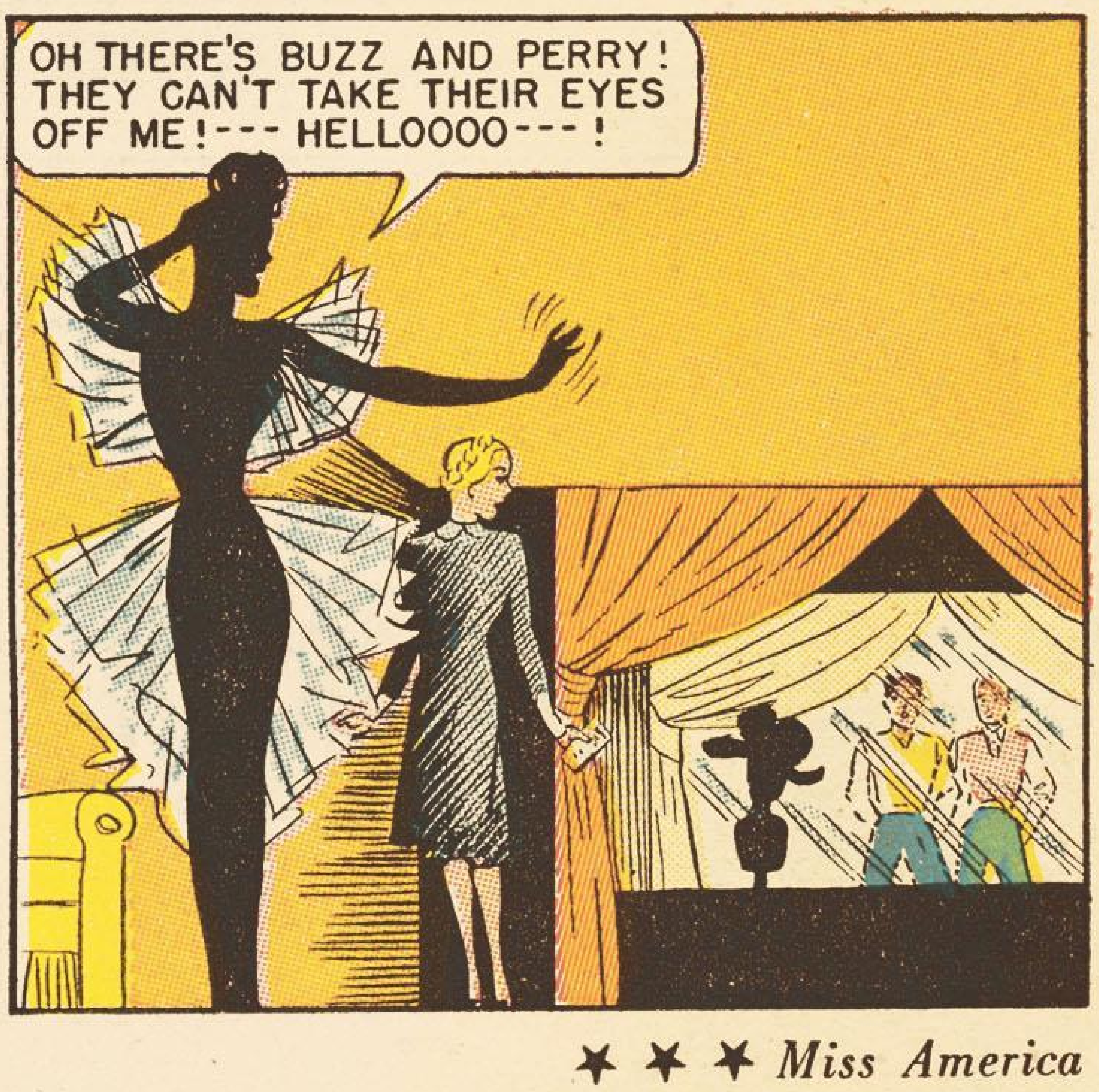

THANKS FOR THE PREVIEW OF WHAT **NOT** TO WEAR!! NOW I'LL **REALLY** GO TO TOWN !

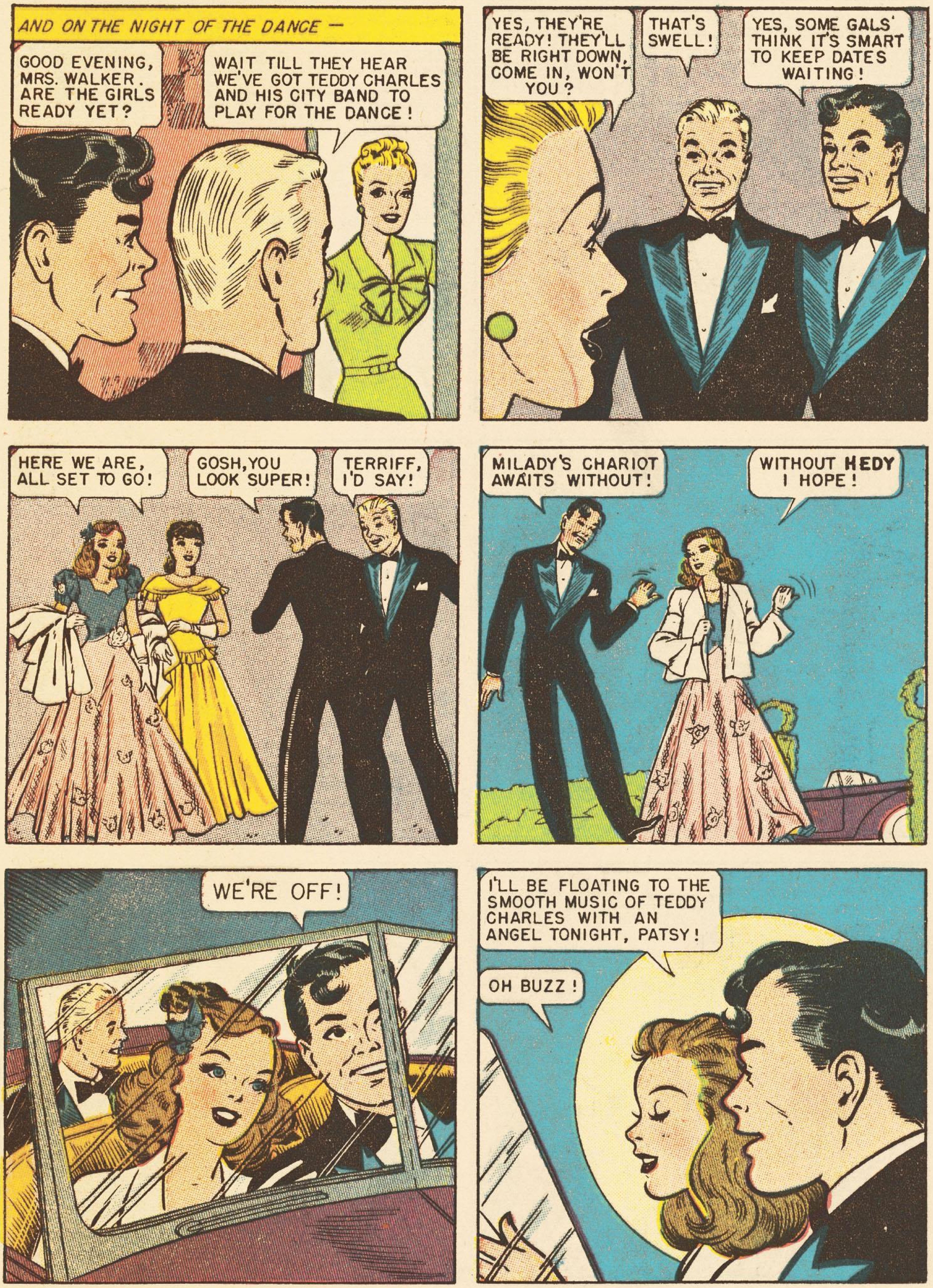

AND HEDY **GOES** TO TOWN!
THIS IS THE TYPE OF DRESS WE'RE SHOWING FOR THE TEEN CROWD THIS YEAR .
ATROCIOUS !

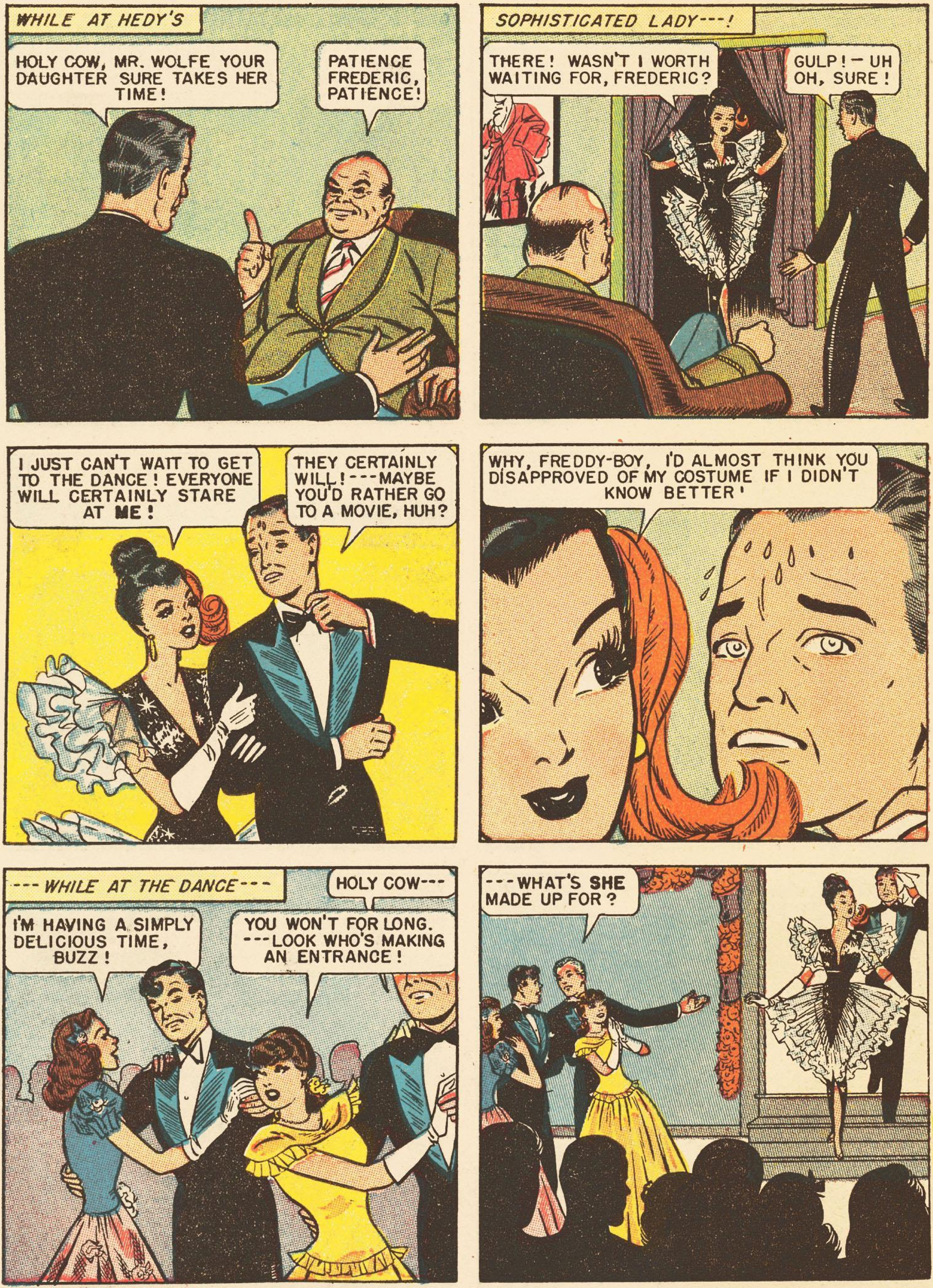

THIS IS WHAT **I** HAD IN MIND !
BUT **MISS**--

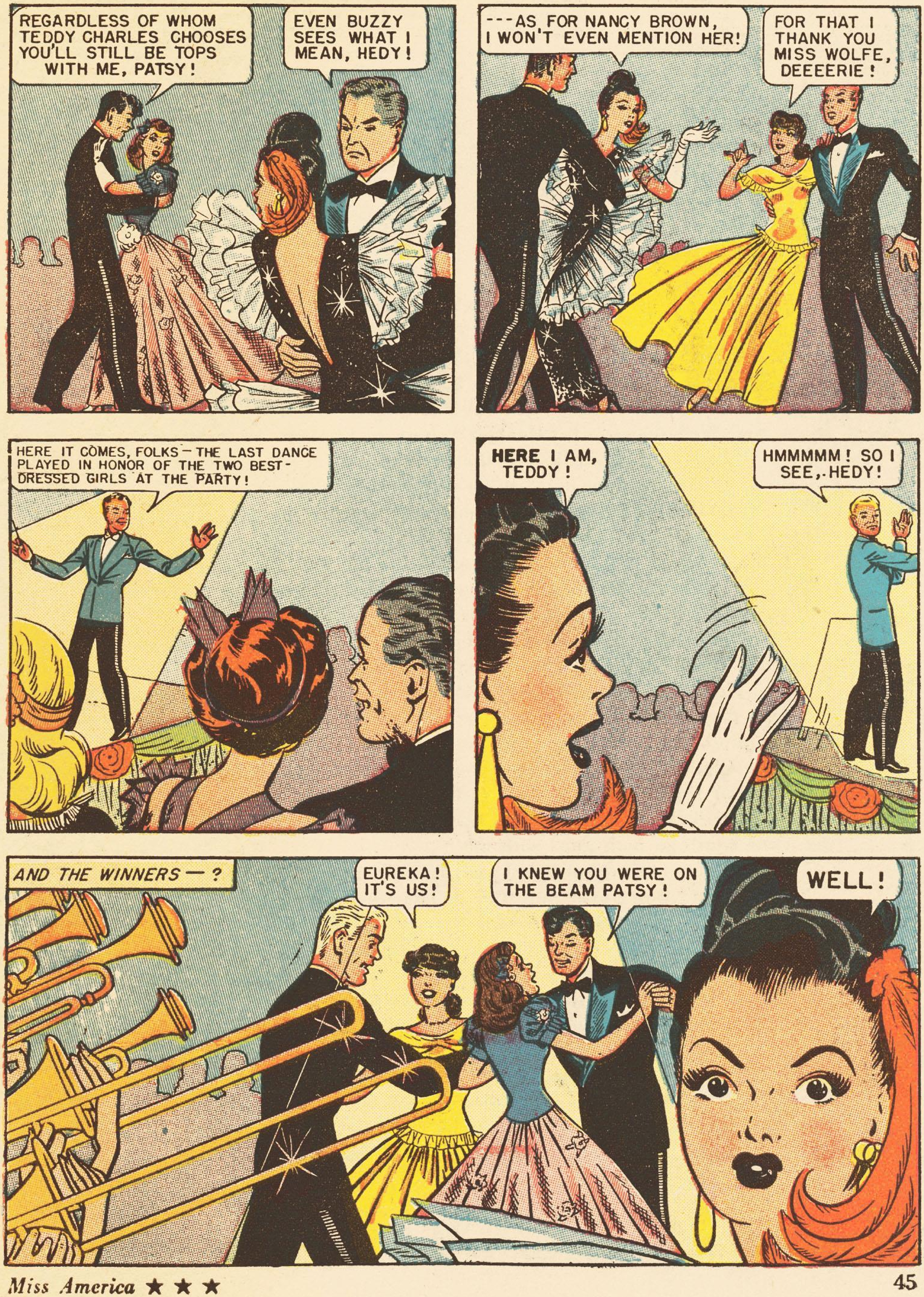

I'LL BE GLAMOROUS ! DEFINITELY **FEMME FATALE!**


OF COURSE I'LL WEAR MY HAIR UP, **I'M** THE GLAMOROUS TYPE, YOU SEE !
I SEE !

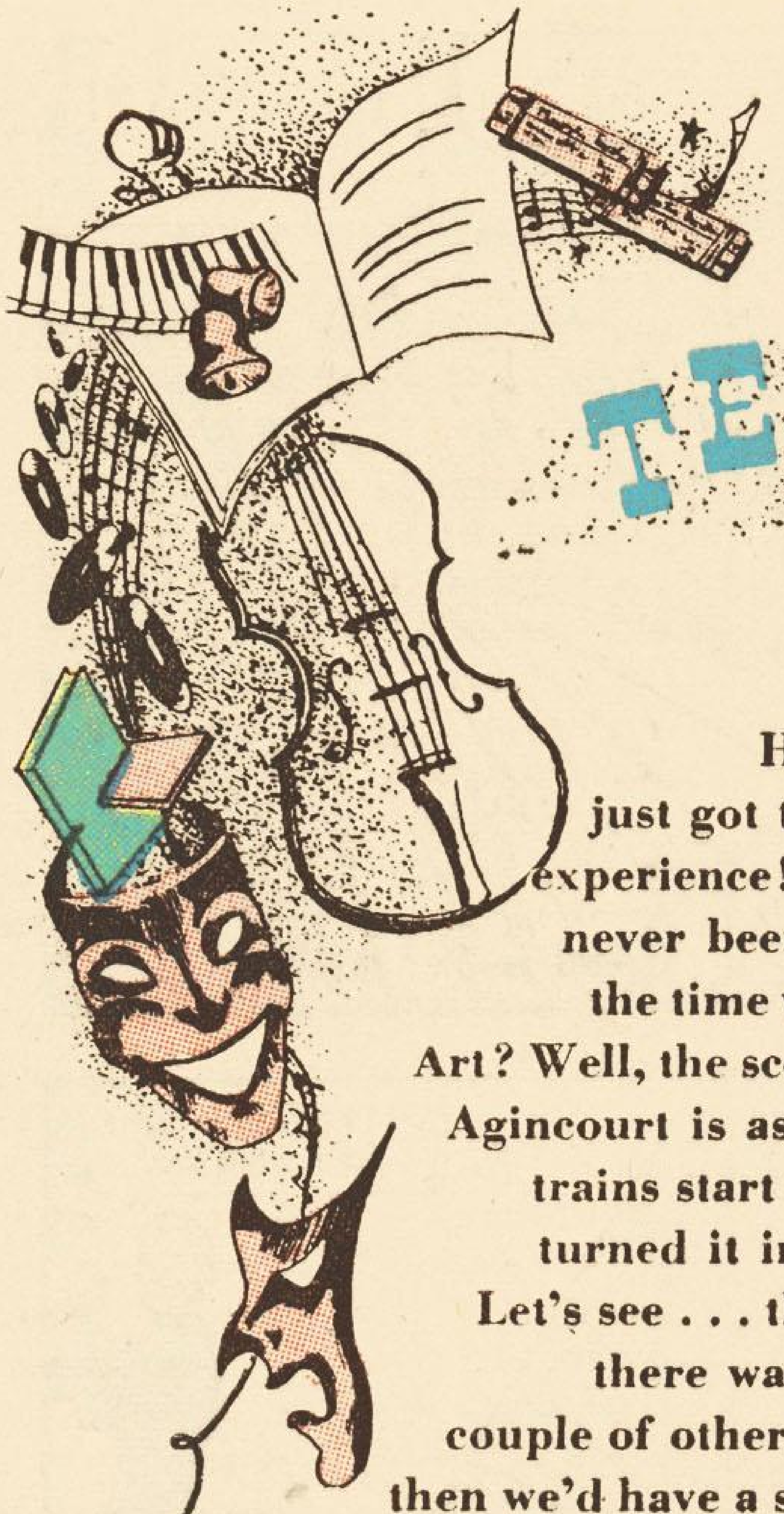

OH THERE'S BUZZ AND PERRY! THEY CAN'T TAKE THEIR EYES OFF ME!--- HELLOOOO--- !


AND ON THE NIGHT OF THE DANCE —
GOOD EVENING, MRS. WALKER. ARE THE GIRLS READY YET?
WAIT TILL THEY HEAR WE'VE GOT TEDDY CHARLES AND HIS CITY BAND TO PLAY FOR THE DANCE!
YES, THEY'RE READY! THEY'LL BE RIGHT DOWN, COME IN, WON'T YOU?
THAT'S SWELL!
YES, SOME GALS' THINK IT'S SMART TO KEEP DATES WAITING!
HERE WE ARE, ALL SET TO GO!
GOSH, YOU LOOK SUPER!
TERRIFF, I'D SAY!
MILADY'S CHARIOT AWAITS WITHOUT!
WITHOUT **HEDY** I HOPE!
WE'RE OFF!
I'LL BE FLOATING TO THE SMOOTH MUSIC OF TEDDY CHARLES WITH AN ANGEL TONIGHT, PATSY!
OH BUZZ!


WHILE AT HEDY'S
HOLY COW, MR. WOLFE YOUR DAUGHTER SURE TAKES HER TIME!
PATIENCE FREDERIC, PATIENCE!
SOPHISTICATED LADY---!
THERE! WASN'T I WORTH WAITING FOR, FREDERIC?
GULP! — UH OH, SURE!
I JUST CAN'T WAIT TO GET TO THE DANCE! EVERYONE WILL CERTAINLY STARE AT ME!
THEY CERTAINLY WILL! --- MAYBE YOU'D RATHER GO TO A MOVIE, HUH?
WHY, FREDDY-BOY, I'D ALMOST THINK YOU DISAPPROVED OF MY COSTUME IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER'
--- WHILE AT THE DANCE ---
HOLY COW---
I'M HAVING A SIMPLY DELICIOUS TIME, BUZZ!
YOU WON'T FOR LONG. --- LOOK WHO'S MAKING AN ENTRANCE!
--- WHAT'S SHE MADE UP FOR?


REGARDLESS OF WHOM TEDDY CHARLES CHOOSES YOU'LL STILL BE TOPS WITH ME, PATSY!
EVEN BUZZY SEES WHAT I MEAN, HEDY!
---AS FOR NANCY BROWN, I WON'T EVEN MENTION HER!
FOR THAT I THANK YOU MISS WOLFE, DEEEERIE!
HERE IT COMES, FOLKS — THE LAST DANCE PLAYED IN HONOR OF THE TWO BEST-DRESSED GIRLS AT THE PARTY!
HERE I AM, TEDDY!
HMMMMM! SO I SEE, HEDY!
AND THE WINNERS — ?
EUREKA! IT'S US!
I KNEW YOU WERE ON THE BEAM PATSY!
WELL!

TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

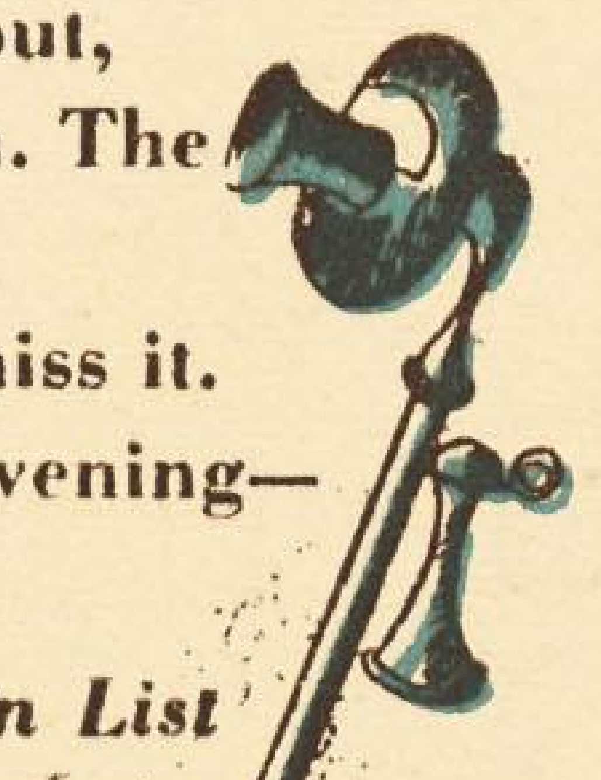


Hi, Rickie! How's the girl? *Listen*, there's a picture you've just got to see—"Henry V." I saw it last night, and, Rick, it's a terrific experience! The acting, the color, the excitement—well, there's never been anything like it. I know you're going to love it! Remember the time we saw "The Covered Wagon" over at the Museum of Modern Art? Well, the scene in "Henry V" where the French knights charge at Agincourt is as thrilling as the scene in the old silent where the wagon trains start for the west. By the way, Lenore's party was wonderful. She turned it into a square dance with some of those new record albums. Let's see . . . there was the Decca job, "Laurence Loy's Country Dances," and there was a disc album of "Ralph Page, The Singing Caller," and a couple of others. We city mice got out of breath from time to time and then we'd have a sit-down and listen to those Asch albums of Burl Ives' folk songs. Remember him in "Smoky?" How was your weekend with Ellie? Nice, huh? I was really reminded of you two when I saw "Home, Sweet Homicide" on my last movie date. (You can stop guessing—it was Pete who took me). Anyway, Peggy Ann Garner and Barbara Whiting brought you very much to mind. Yes, it was a good picture—and stop fishing for compliments. Incidentally, who're you moving out of your house, your family or your record collection? If you're still Andy Russell's faithful friend, you'll want to get his "Who Do You Love, I Hope"—Capitol made it. Those Irving Berlin Songs from "Annie Get Your Gun" go both guns with me.

Tommy gave you the new King Cole Trio album for your birthday, didn't he? *Nice* guy! Don't wear out "I'm In The Mood For Love" before I get over to hear it. That one makes me feel all caramel-y inside.

Guess what? I've been reading some good books lately—and recommend same. You'd like Edward McSorley's "Our Own Kind." It's tragic and funny and really Irish. (By the way, how is that Johnny Kelly?) Oh—the prom, eh? Congratulations! There's a book your friends should know about, "One God: The Ways We Worship Him," by Florence Mary Fitch. The writing's fine and as for the pictures . . . the loveliest photos of all religious traditions! It's something special—for everybody. Don't miss it. Honey, your family just might want to use the phone sometime this evening—the mean things. Have a real good time at that Prom. 'Bye now . . .

By Joan List



THIS GENERATION

(*Continued from page* 35)

been so stupid about it. There's no reason in the world why you can't use a bit of lipstick—providing you use one that makes your lips look soft instead of ridiculous. Remember, older women make up in order to look young and attractive. You don't need anything to make you look young and attractive. For goodness sake, enjoy your youth while you've got it—and make a fetish of naturalness! You'll look much better that way. Bathe a lot. Keep your hair shining. Use a bit of lipstick. And call it a day at that. Not because I'm against make-up,—I'm not. I use a lot of it. But I need it—at my age. You don't. And, if it's any help to you, I had luncheon with Ingrid Bergman not long ago. She wore a tailored suit. Her hair was soft and slightly waved—and lipstick was the only artificial aid relied upon.

"I never use anything else on the street," she said, "And very little more on the screen. I use a lot of soap and water, and a little cold cream to keep my skin from getting dry. I don't use powder because I don't need it. Many girls in Hollywood make up far too much. What happens? They look years older than they really are and lose their individuality. They don't get ahead just years because their personality is lost."

Boy-struck ? Of course you are! I became boy-conscious at thirteen and first love — at sixteen — struck me pretty hard. Even from this distance, it seems pretty serious. I'm mighty glad, now, however, that I didn't let it affect me too much. I'd have missed out on more lasting and more mature affection, later on. But just ask your mother about her own school-girl "crushes", if she doesn't seem sympathetic to your particular raves.

Ambitious? I hope you are. Many teenagers are going over big in the arts, these days. Even if you can't equal their performances, you can get a lot of satisfaction from their successes. There's Patrice Munsel, an opera star at New York's Metropolitan Opera House and radio singer, still in her teens. Skippy Homeier was featured in *Tomorrow The World* and so was Joyce Van Patten. Her brother, Dick is already a stage veteran at seventeen. He played the son of Melvyn Douglas and Elissa Landi in *Tapestry In Grey* when he was six. This winter he played with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in *O'Mistress Mine*—and was not overshadowed by either of them which is something! Elizabeth Taylor not only stars in such pictures as *National Velvet*, but now she has written a book, too. Roddy McDowall is still so young that one profession suffices—but he has a mighty good time when he isn't acting for the movies, producing his own features (theoretically, of course), casting and even budgeting his productions and he's doing all right.

There are dozens of other young success stories, as you know. But it isn't necessary for you to become a child wonder in your teens. Perhaps it's just as well if you don't. Nevertheless, that shouldn't keep you from being ambitious — and beginning now to prepare for what you want to do some day. In the meantime, have loads of fun, go in for all sports and games—even get-together with your friends and plan some new ones.

Your parents have done and are doing their share. Now it's up to you. Take your place in your community—and become a leader. Your own crowd is a pretty good sample of the variety of people you'll meet later on. Have a good time, but take a little time out to dream about the future, and don't worry about being misunderstood—maybe you're not as much misunderstood as you think you are. Remember, your parents had their dreams, too, no matter how grown-up and middle-aged they seem now. So, here's one last bit of advice—why not treat your parents as if they were understanding and sympathetic human beings who are trying hard to do the right thing by you?

---

hello, girls

Thanksgiving is a wonderful warm "gather together" time. A time to settle back in your chair, after the big turkey dinner and really *enjoy* your family.

Take mother — and not for granted, the way most of us do, until that one Sunday in May. The most amazing thing about her is the way she *knows* things. The way she can tell from a glance at your face, that you're not feeling well, or something went wrong at school, or that you and Johnny aren't on speaking terms. Yes, a gal's best friend *is*—her mother.

As for your other parent—he's "father"—when it comes to money matters and real serious talk; "Dad" on greeting cards, letters and introductions; "pop" when you're batting a few over the fence with him; "daddy" when you're not well and need a big, comforting shoulder to weep upon —he's a great guy, yessir!

About the younger generation — the brothers, older or otherwise — just pests, you say? Joshing about your clothes, and your hairdo and your starry-eyed crushes . . . But let us not forget that those sharp, frank notes of criticism about your dress and manners are strictly top-drawer stuff. They know how they like their dates to act, and they're passing the valuable information on to you. Boys are scared to death of sentiment, however, so they're apt to be gruff in their appraisals. But blessed is the teenager who *has* a pest of a brother. And doubly blessed is she who has two!

If you happen to have a sister, too—you really are in luck! She's a true friend in need, a "buddy-buddy." She'll fuss with your hair, and give you the very devil when you step out of line—and love you like everything, always.

Yes, they're quite wonderful, that big, happy family of yours. So, in this year of peace and this holiday of plenty, let us include them as another very special blessing.

Jean Goodman

DEAR BETTY ANN

From page 33

since Vicky's going with Sonny!"

Sonny being gentlemanly said, "It's a date Vicky. I'll take your fair ladyship to yon Ball." Betts, my heart simply died, but really died. I looked at Rusty. He was looking at me with a grin that said, "I hope this teaches you a lesson, Miss Flirtatious," and then he said, "Darlene, I shall be honored to escort you to the ball. Perhaps we can all go together."

Darlene grabbed at Rusty's acceptance. What girl wouldn't? And (sigh) I'll be with Sonny, who is so awfully old when you get him in our crowd. Of course, he's fun to smile at and everything, but older men should be kept separate and not be mixed up in your school life.

After Sonny and Darlene went into their house, I gave Rusty one look. I was mad — or angry — as our English teacher Miss Dickens says . . . but I think I was more mad than angry. I wouldn't have minded half so much Rusty teaching me a lesson, but not with Darlene, of all girls.

And to think this was the night that the moon was full, when I had planned to give my two-piece silver heart to Rusty for keeps. That doesn't constitute an engagement, but it's the next best. For (sigh) Rusty's still the best looking boy at Hollywood High.

I bought my two-piece silver heart dog tag at Catalina Island during summer vacation, and I had been building up courage to give it to him. I had planned something equally appropriate to say, but I was so angry I couldn't say anything, just thrust it out and said, "Here's a half of what I was going to give you to wear on your watch chain or your I.D. bracelet."

Betts, Rusty took it, and he said, "Vicky, I'll wear it, and thank you for letting me be the boy in your life." Or words to that effect. Just like that. And suddenly I wasn't angry at him anymore. Rusty's the quiet, powerful type, I've decided, who doesn't get jealous and he's so cute, a girl's got to expect there'll always be another girl around to grab him.

Rusty said, "No more tricks. You should have waited for me to ask you to the Harvest Hop. I had planned to, you know."

We'll keep our respective dates, Betts, as a foursome, because it's the only honest and honorable thing to do, but Rusty and I are absolutely for each other. We're having an "Angel Hop," with a celestial cloud, harp and wings award to the prettiest girl at the dance. And then a Nylon Hop, and there'll be lots of number drawing, voting, and prizes.

Lester Hunt's working to see that I win something, to draw attention to his campaign to make me a movie star. Do you think I'm really enough of a Lauren Bacall (when I'm in my Lauren Bacall mood) to be a movie star?

Right now I'm more interested in keeping Rusty interested than I am in my career. His date with Darlene at the hop will tell who has the more fatal fascination—Darlene, or me in my Bacall mood. Until then,

Your faithful and devoted friend,
Vicky
Victoria Allen Dunford.

Twas the night before christmas

Miss America

and everybody was sound asleep, everybody that is except one teenager. She crept downstairs and she waited—and she waited—and THEN—down the chimney, snowflakes and ashes mingled in his beard, came the good Saint himself. "What's this?" he cried. "Somebody awake? That's strictly against the rules!"

"Oh *please*," implored our teenager, "I just wanted to tell you what I wanted for Christmas—and if I don't get it, I'll be *so* miserable!"

"All I want," said the tenager, "Is to be smoother looking, to know what to wear and when; how to be a really good hostess; how to line up some super dates; and have more fun—"

"STOP!" exclaimed Santa Claus. Tears came to our teenager's eyes. "You mean," she said, "that you can't—" But Santa was rummaging in his pack. "Poise . . . popularity . . . patter . . . prettiness . . ." he was muttering. "Hah! *Here* it is! "Here's your subscription to MISS AMERICA Magazine. Merry Christmas to you!"

A lovely, Christmas-y gift card, bearing your name, will be sent to those lucky friends to whom you give the teenager's most precious present, a subscription to MISS AMERICA Magazine!

I am enclosing $1.00 for 1 year / $1.50 for 2 years (cross out one)
for a subscription to Miss America Magazine.
NAME..AGE..............
ADDRESS..
CITY....................................STATE..................
MISS AMERICA MAGAZINE
Subscription Dept.
350 Fifth Ave., Dept. Q, New York 1, N. Y.

Halloween GOBLIN GAMBOL
SHE PUTS MAGIC ON HER LIPS WITH FLORESS. THE NEW FLUORESCENT LIPSTICK— AND BOOM! SHE SEEMS TO RADIATE BEWITCHMENT!

Send for generous
$1.00 size in beautiful
Gold Metal Swivel Case

It's Wonderful! It's Different! Charge your lips with glistening color drama, ignite every costume with this new fluorescent lipstick miracle containing shimmery Florium. See Hi-lights by day . . . at night, a glow like burning embers. Unrivalled smoothness and indelibility *plus* a non-chap emollient give you for the first time *radiated* color . . . imperishable lip magic all in one! It's so new—try it now.

Send for your trial sizes

Now have matching lips and nails with the new Floress Nail Lacquer

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CHECK SHADES

- **Pink** ☐
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Send me two trial sizes (a full month's supply) of fabulous FLORESS, the fluorescent lipstick, in shades checked at left. I enclose 25c in coin to cover all charges, including tax. Check here ☐ if you wish all 6 shades for 50c.

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Check here for
REGULAR $1 SIZE in beautiful all metal brass swivel case.
☐ I enclose $1.20 tax included. ☐ Send C.O.D. $1.20 Plus Postage.

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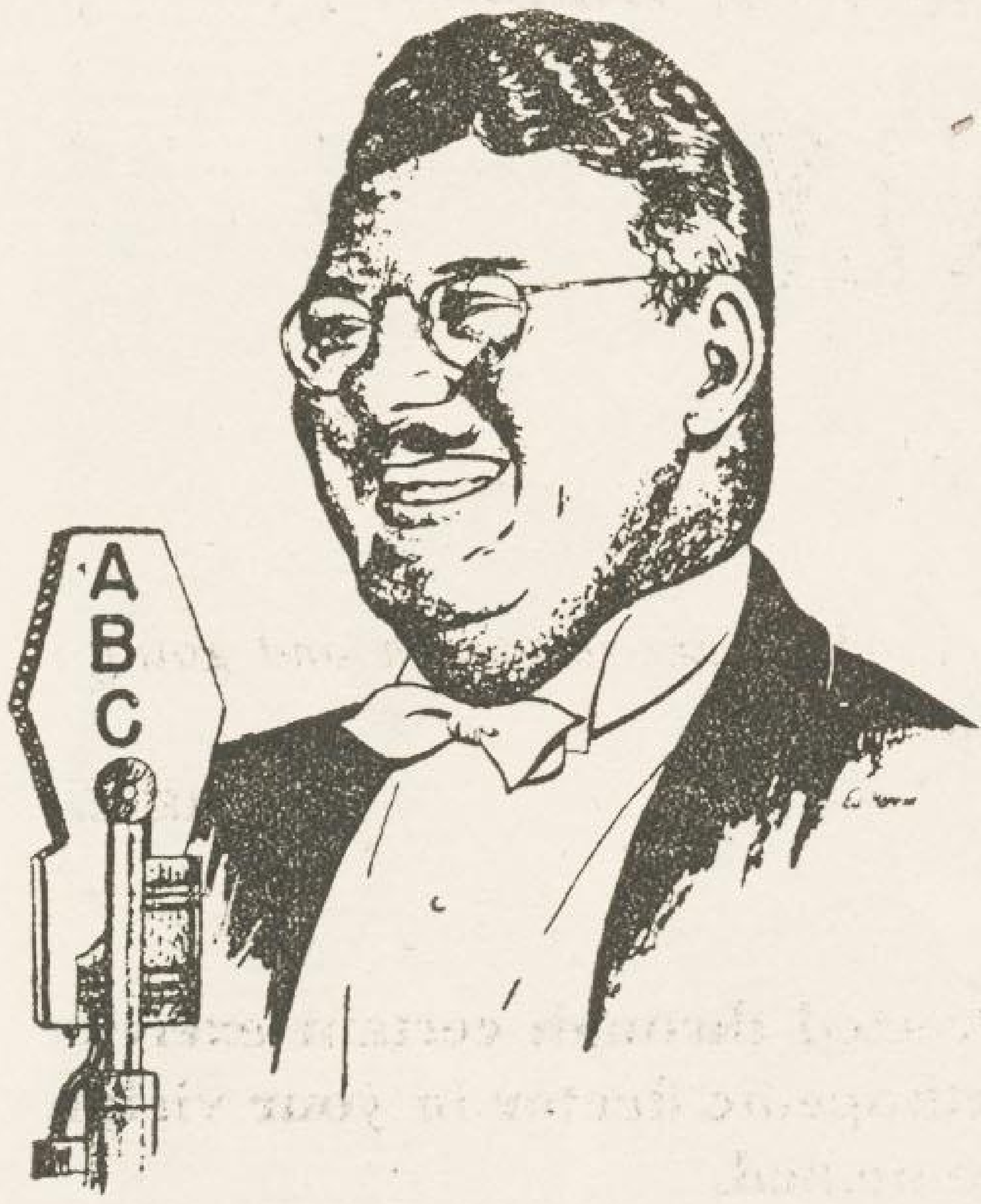
*In Canada: Large Size is $1.35—C.O.D.'s Accepted

Professor Quiz



The Original, Genial Quizmaster Solves Your Thanksgiving Questions.

Q. Who was the first president to issue a proclamation setting aside the 4th Thursday in November as Thanksgiving Day?

A. *Abraham Lincoln. 1864.*

Q. Who ordered the first Thanksgiving Day? How long did it last? What guests arrived?

A. *Governor William Bradford. Three days. Chief Massasoit and 90 braves.*

Q. What people have a Thanksgiving known as the Swing Festival? What makes it conspicuous?

A. *The Siamese. In this festival the much-quoted sacred "white elephant" takes a conspicuous part.*

Q. What day in England and Scotland corresponds with Thanksgiving?

A. *In England, it's "English Harvest Home." In Scotland, it's "Mell Supper."*

Q. Cranberry time is here again. What is the best way to select firm, full, ripe berries?

A. *By bouncing them. Best cranberries bounce high.*

Q. What ancient people were among the first to observe a special Thanksgiving Day?

A. *The Israelites observed faithfully their "Feast of Tabernacles."*

Q. When does Canada celebrate its Thanksgiving Day?

A. *The date is now fixed as Monday of the week in which November 11th occurs proclaimed by the Governor-general.*

What's Your Hobby?

From page 32

sent at New Year's, Easter, etc., as well as the Yuletide ones—although the latter are usually the prettiest. Scissor off all reading matter from the cards, leaving only the 'picture part'. Then, on scrapbook pages, see how artistically you can arrange the various scenes. This is a hobby that will pay double dividends if you send the completed books on to hospitals. Convalescents will enjoy your work even more than you!

For hobbyists with an artistic flair, clay modeling is a natural. Modeling sets, complete with clay and the instruments to help you work it, are quite inexpensive. The fun part of this is that you can model from almost anything you choose—pictures, inanimate objects or real life subjects! Say you've modeled your little brother's head (a marvelous way, incidentally, for keeping unruly little brothers still) and it is good. In that event, the whole family will want your art to remain not only on view—but to remain in shape. All right. Have the head baked in a slow oven and it will be protected from both age and elements.

A whole scad of movie stars have dolls as a hobby. Jane Withers became a collector when just a chick, and when the little daughters of Evelyn Venable and Cameraman-Director Hal Mohr were born, they inherited a gorgeous collection from their mother. If getting a doll from "all nations" seems too ambitious, try accumulating as many different types as possible. Or dolls of every different size—from those much smaller than your hand to life-size beauties. And of course, to top things off, you really should splurge and have a doll made that looks just like you (there's a firm doing this).

Speaking of youngsters is a reminder of one of the most hilarious hobbies of all. Collect pictures of your friends as babies! Paste them in a "Guess Who" book (with the names listed somewhere in back, for heaven's sake) . . . or you could make a Then and Now job of it, with a current photo stuck alongside each infant one.

Jeeps, the list of suggestions is endless. Just pick out whatever appeals to you and get busy. In other words, help yourself to a hobby—and let your hobby help you!

Let Your Color Be Your Guide

From page 37

sure to be pretty regular in most ways. Because your mind is clear, and full of varied interests, you're an agreeable, friendly person. You like to hang around with the happy set, and be in the know where the local dirt is concerned. Although you respect money you delight in the things money can buy.

A few will choose BLUE-GREEN. If you are one, you lead a well-ordered life, are sensitive, and have pretty pat notions about things.

You are good at managing your own affairs, and turn from asking advice or help. You are generous though not in the market for rewards; yet you're emotionally a bit cold, which makes you not the easiest person on earth to get along with. You are sweet and charming in your manner (when you push yourself to it). Your taste in clothes is excellent.

BLUE is the color that goes with level heads. You are sensitive to others, sensitive to yourself.

You stop and look to see how far "down" is before jumping. You're irked by your inability to let yourself go. You let situations get you into a snit without real cause.

Those with a passion for PURPLE fall into two type groups . . . very deep people, and those who want you to think so. Choose purple and you're no doubt a mystery to yourself as well as to others. Such people are generally happy with themselves, sometimes to the point of conceit, and nearly always capable of great things.

Technically, the color is made of blue and red, and, technically, so are you; not as bold as red, not as straight-laced as blue.

Choose BROWN, and you're as earthy as it is. Substantial, dependable, steady, you walk a neat corner around things showy or gaudy.

You lean toward good wholesome foods, well tailored clothes, and real friends. Your sense of responsibility belies your age, makes you the kind people lend money to.

Your problem may be those males—or a parent—or yourself. Let Laraine help you solve the trouble . . .

FOR GIRLS ONLY

By Laraine Day

DEAR LARAINE:

I would like to know if bowlegs can be cured. I am seventeen and going to high school. Please answer in MISS AMERICA.

IRENE.

Dear Irene:

Some types of bowlegs can be corrected through certain exercises or surgery. Please consult the best orthopedic doctor in your vicinity and find out if your trouble can be remedied.

In the meantime, you can make bowlegs seem straighter by using leg make-up. Try a darker shade on the inner side of your leg, and a lighter shade on the outside. Smooth the two shades together down the front and back, so your legs won't look streaked. There are also certain types of hosiery which are shaded the same way. But try the doctor first. And let me know what he says, will you?

LARAINE.

DEAR LARAINE:

My only trouble is boys. To put it bluntly, they just don't like me. I first realized this when my best friend, Evelyn, and I went to our first big dance. She was invited right away by a nice boy, but I wasn't asked until she persuaded another boy, who wasn't popular either, to take me. My partner danced with me some because he felt he had to. Evelyn's boy-friend danced with me because she asked him to. I did like all the etiquette books say and went to the powder room when stuck. It hurts because now Evelyn keeps saying what a wonderful time she had and how she danced every dance. If something doesn't happen soon I'm afraid my beautiful friendship with Evelyn might be broken. Love,

MARTY.

Dear Marty:

The way I feel about your friend, Evelyn, is that the sooner the friendship is broken, the better. Any kind, sympathetic friend would not keep rubbing it in that she was popular while you were not.

I know it is no fun to be a wallflower. You say boys don't like you. If this is the case, remember that honey catches more flies than vinegar. The "I think you're wonderful!" technique has worked ever since time began. Let him know you think he is smart. When you're dancing, have a few standbys to bolster his ego. Such things as, "Are you ever *smooth!*" or "Aren't you clever!" always help.

Above all, learn to be a really wonderful dancer. Learn all the new steps. The homeliest girl in the world will be popular at a dance if she is the best dancer present and has the ability to make the *other* person seem clever and gay. If you are able to do this, you won't ever be "stuck" again.

LARAINE.

Poised Hands Make For a Graceful You . . .

HANDS AT EASE

By Eleanor Frank

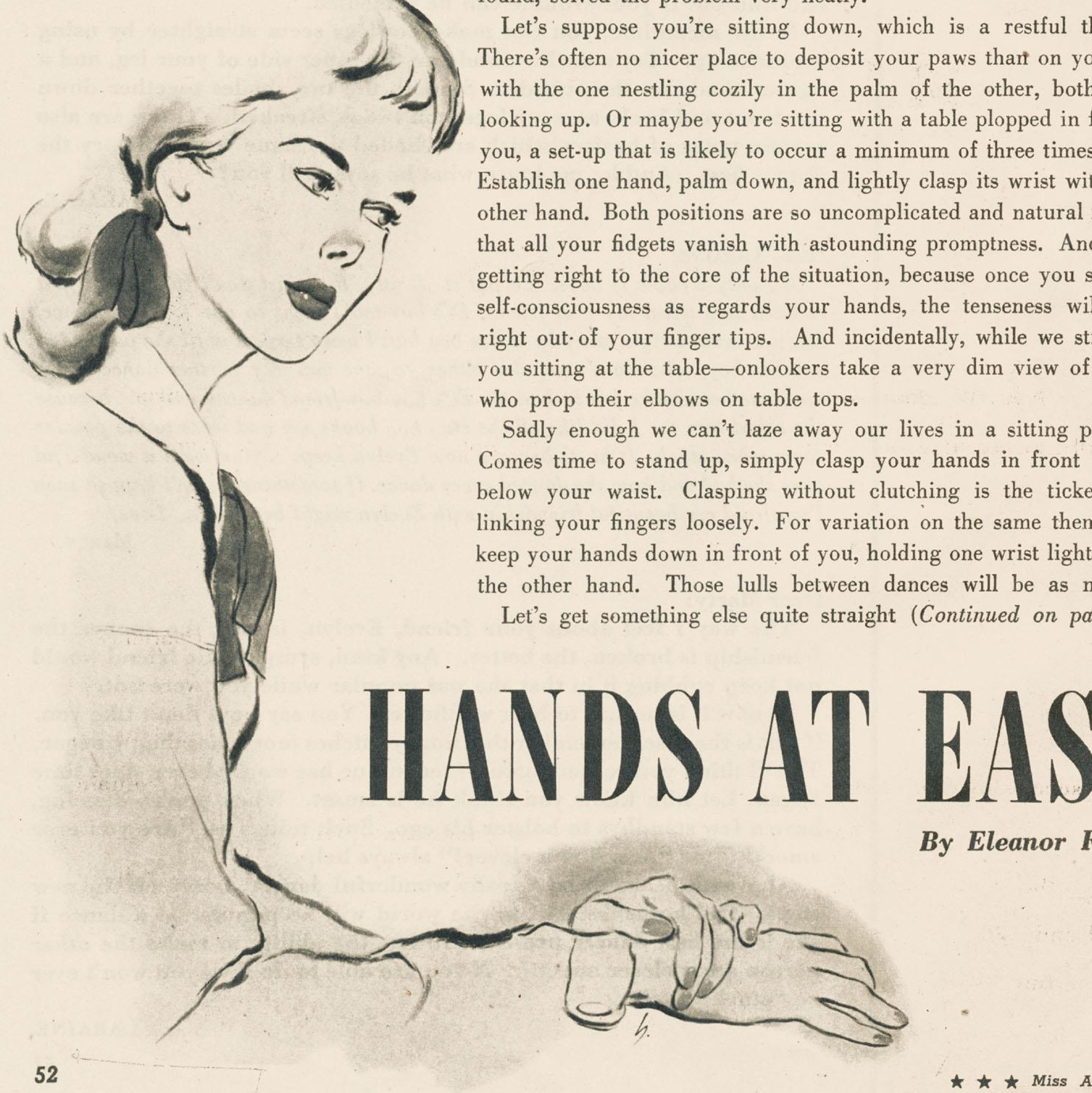
TWITCHING fingers, nervously twining and untwining your arms, doodling, crumbling bread and wriggling bracelets are a few of the dodges in dealing with the enigma of what to do with your hands. They are definitely not successful solutions; and on you, they don't look well at all. There are a couple of people who can wave their hands around wildly for purposes of punctuating conversation and manage to look quite fetching. We're not one of them, and most likely you're not either, so let's work on the theory that hands look loveliest when settled in a poised position and left to themselves.

As for us, we went through a fearsome period when how to distribute our hands had us completely baffled. We'd stand up, and they'd dangle down, looking uneasy. So we'd sit down, and where to put them remained as mysterious as ever. If this sounds like you, read on, because we're about to dish up a few pointers which, we found, solved the problem very neatly.

Let's suppose you're sitting down, which is a restful thought. There's often no nicer place to deposit your paws than on your lap, with the one nestling cozily in the palm of the other, both wrists looking up. Or maybe you're sitting with a table plopped in front of you, a set-up that is likely to occur a minimum of three times a day. Establish one hand, palm down, and lightly clasp its wrist with your other hand. Both positions are so uncomplicated and natural feeling, that all your fidgets vanish with astounding promptness. And that's getting right to the core of the situation, because once you shed all self-consciousness as regards your hands, the tenseness will filter right out of your finger tips. And incidentally, while we still have you sitting at the table—onlookers take a very dim view of people who prop their elbows on table tops.

Sadly enough we can't laze away our lives in a sitting position. Comes time to stand up, simply clasp your hands in front of you, below your waist. Clasping without clutching is the ticket—just linking your fingers loosely. For variation on the same theme, still keep your hands down in front of you, holding one wrist lightly with the other hand. Those lulls between dances will be as nothing.

Let's get something else quite straight (*Continued on page 74*)



A woman's "crowning glory"—
Even the Puritan woman went
to great lengths to achieve an
attractive and unique hairstyle
. . . (as you can see)

MAKE IT PERMANENT

By Nancy Lake

HOW about some curls? A whole saucy headful or a few, placed strategically to accent a new hair-do. Styles come and go but the male plea has ever been, "Curlylocks, Curlylocks, wilt thou be mine?" "Yes," you say, "but my hair is as straight as a string and hard to manage, and a good permanent costs a lot." Now all this may be absolutely true—except for the last. You can buy your permanent complete in a box—for pin money—if you are willing to expend a little time and patience to administer it yourself. These packaged permanents contain the same ingredients that go into expensive *salon* Cold Waves, at half strength for your safety, with full directions for successful use. Select your Cold Wave makings with care. Your kit should contain at least one bottle of waving solution, and papers and plenty of curlers and the maker should guarantee on the package that his product has been carefully tested and approved. Too, the directions should be really clear so read them through before you buy. Then select a Saturday, say, and devote it to your hair. Why not have the gang in for bridge or a gab session? You can help wave each other, set the (*Continued on page* 69)

CONCERT FOR KAREN

BY LOIS BELL

THE afternoon sun was bright with laughter and even the drab old road showed patches of gay color. Karen's feet barely touched the sidewalk. It seemed as if she were floating in air, air filled with Brahms and Beethoven, and her heart was doing little somersaults. The money she had saved bit by bit for so long had been enough. She had her ticket to the symphony concert on Friday night!

Once before, years ago, a symphony orchestra had come to Lakeville. All her life she would remember the glory of that evening, the wonderful music that filled the world with more than melody and rhythm. When the concert was over she had felt as if her heart and mind had been bathed in the music—and somehow purified. It was like church. That moment she decided she would be a musician.

She was on her way to Professor Bauer now. Formerly concertmaster of the symphony, he was devoting his waning strength to a very few fortunate pupils. He wouldn't let her talk until the end of the lesson—he never did. But the minute she could, she would tell him about the ticket. He would be pleased—because she would at last, see and hear his old friend, Louis Radel, the present concertmaster. He would be pleased, too, to learn that her seat was in the front row where she could watch the technique of the violinists.

"Good work," said the professor, beaming affectionate approval from under his shaggy white brows. "Something makes Karen very happy today."

(Continued on page 64)

Karen's decision was noble—and difficult to carry through. Little did she know how it would turn out!

Don Bockell

HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNGER SET

Want to know what's cooking—on Ross Hunter's stove? Or other Hollywood data? Here are the answers!

By May Mann

Hello! Pert Virginia Weidler is with beau Leonard Sues—he's leading a newly-formed orchestra.

PEGGY CUMMINS stepped out of her car at Romanoff's into a bevy of fans. It was very interesting to observe Peggy's reaction, for this was her first encounter with autograph hunters, and Peggy was all alone. For a split second the fans hesitated, and so did Peggy. Then Peggy smiled, began signing her name and answering questions—and Peggy was "in." The mutual response was gratifying, and appreciated by both Peggy and the delighted boys and girls who crowded around her.

Peggy was slated to play the title role in "Forever Amber," but she was too young and immature for it. Peggy is pretty and about the size of a minute. Her hair is pale amber and wonderfully long. When the head-waiter walked out to rescue her, Peggy demurred, "Please don't bother. I'm having a wonderful time." And later when she came out in the company and the protective custody of Mike Romanoff, she sat in her car and signed autographs for an hour. "I'm truly so grateful to all of you," she smiled. The fans are for Peggy 100 percent and keep calling up to say so.

Van Johnson still rates high, for he's always regular. But when he stopped for the traffic light at Sunset and Vine, and I saw ten girls rush over and pile in his car, oblivious to the fact that the heavy traffic had resumed and was buzzing all around them, my heart stood still. I expected dented fenders, if not a casualty with the nearest exit an emergency hospital ambulance! But somehow Van managed to pull over to the curb and discharge his gay cargo. "Some driver," said the cop. "You mean, some boy," chorused the girls.

Ross Hunter cooked another dinner, assisted by his pal Jack Mapes, a studio set-designer. Was it ever something! The boys shopped everywhere for a full day to get goodies—35 pounds of turkey, and pineapple for molded fruit salad. Helping to eat some were peppy Adele Mara, who was excited about her trip next day to Catalina Island with Audrey Trotter, the MGM star; Sandra Rogers, who told our fortunes; and Richard Byron, home from the New York stage. His last movie was "Faces in the Fog." Ross stars in "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi," now in production, and his next two are "Repeat Performance" and "Sheila"—he's a busy lad.

Susanna Foster's getting weekly letters from Turhan Bey, who's still overseas in the service. Susanna's going to Europe to study voice for that debut at the Met, and she isn't making movies now.

Gail Russell telephoned. She had just completed "The Angel and the Outlaw," and we were in the midst of a really chummy conversation when the telephone began clicking—probably with a call from Guy Madison. They are still going steady, and will be bridesmaid and either best man or head usher in Diana Lynn's wedding party, when Diana marries Henry Willson this fall. Guy is interested in archery and is fast becoming one of the best archers in the country, along with Errol Flynn and Howard Hill.

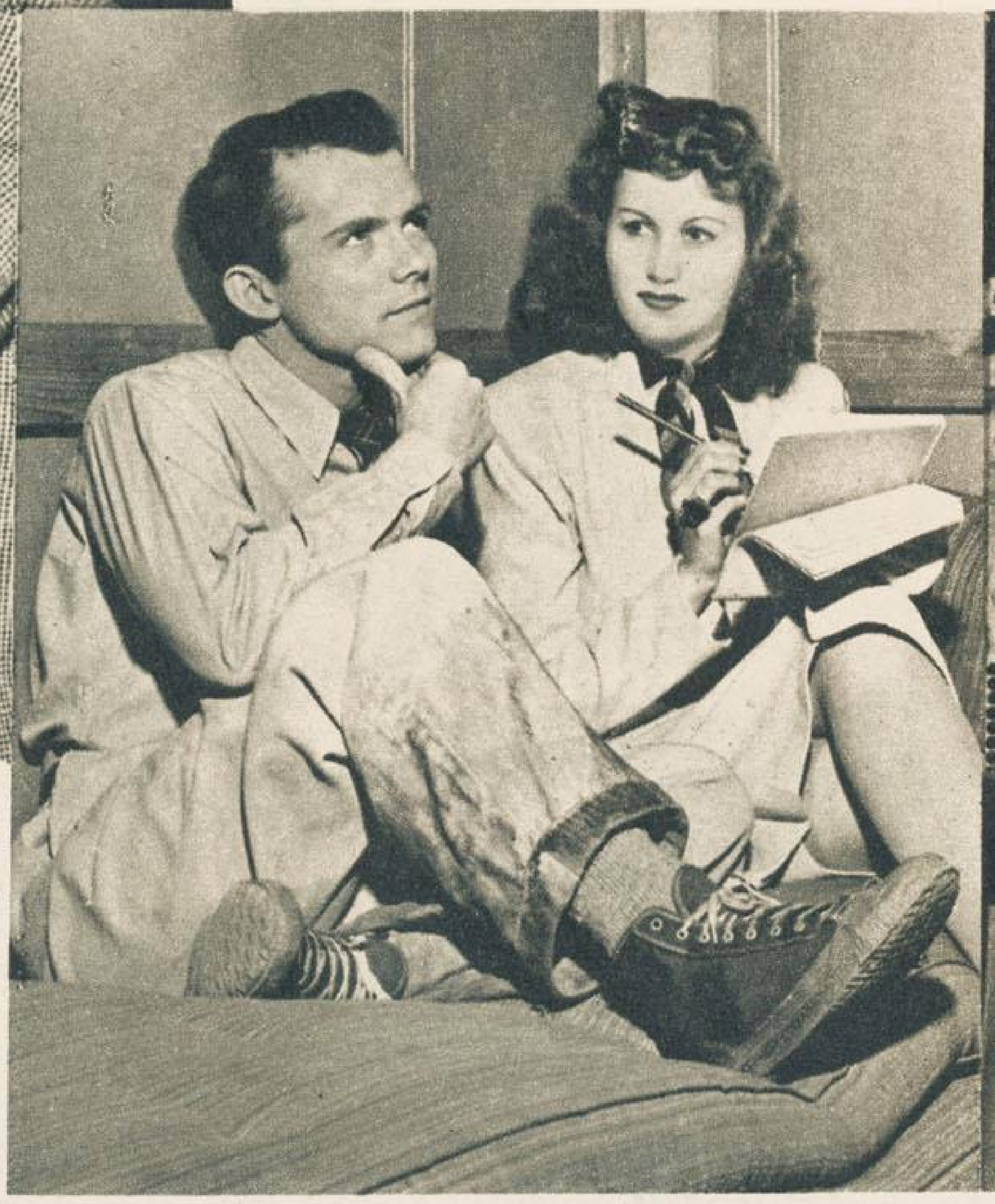
There's little professional jealousy in Hollywood among top male stars. Witness the fast friendship existing between Peter Lawford, Bob Walker, Van Johnson, and Frank Sinatra—and again with singers Johnny Johnston, Andy Russell, Dick Haymes, and Sinatra. They are frequent foursomes, trios, and duos around Hollywood—taking in the fights, the ball games, and dinner together.

Sitting with Kurt Kreuger at Cobina Wright Senior's party, I learned that he was very excited about his recent personal appearance tours. "I didn't know that the fans would recognize me," he said, "but it was wonderful. I even had my tie and a coat-button torn off. It was really a thrill," he exulted.

Eleanore Parker has been selected by Warner Bros. as their brightest star bet for the year. She has some emphatic ideas about what film fans want to know about film players. "As a motion picture fan myself," she says, "I think the public reads too much about what actors do with their time away from the screen. I'm sure they're interested in romantic interests and vital statistics. But I'll be darned if I think it makes a player glamorous to read that they know how to make 116 different kinds of carrot salads, or that they drink goat's milk because they're allergic to the other kind. I don't do these things, but if I did, I certainly wouldn't want any fans to find out about it."

Is Eleanore right? Or do you like to read about the lives of the stars? *That's Hollywood!*

An eye for an eye and a smile for a smile. Exchanging same here are Marilyn Maxwell and Ross Hunter.



Lon McCallister thinking that last one over; as our May quizzes him on the set of "No Trespassing."

Without Trigger, but looking "cowboy" even while night-clubbing, Roy Rogers signs for fan at Ciro's.

California cool? Maybe, 'cause Ann Blyth and John Compton are warming up at an outdoor party.

"THANKSGIVING 1621"

by DANIELLE MORTIMER

A great tradition—pull back the curtain on the original scene

AH, you have said it a million times, "November was made for Thanksgiving"—and ah, you were wrong a million times. Of course everyone knows the history book accounts of the origin of Thanksgiving and the lives of the Pilgrims, but there's a wealth of little known and really fascinating facts that might help keep the conversational ball rolling at your Thanksgiving dinner and give the family some solid food for thought.

For instance, if you invited a Plymouth girl to your turkey dinner, she'd be a month early. Any Pilgrim lassie knew that Thanksgiving was celebrated in October, right after the crops were harvested. No question about it.

From Maine to California, Thanksgiving Day is observed as a national holiday. What you're doing in your home town is repeated in every village and city throughout the country . . . white meat is sliced in the Vermont snow and drum sticks are gnawed in the Florida sun; but until President Lincoln so decreed it, it was purely a New England holiday. Now you enjoy Thanksgiving even if the closest you've come to Connecticut is Kalamazoo.

If the day tires you, and at bed-time you sigh with relief that now you'll return to a normal diet—call yourself a sissy. The first Thanksgiving in October, 1621, was a three-day, three-night affair. No twenty-four-hour revelers, those hardy Pilgrim Fathers. And you certainly can't blame them because they'd put in a mighty busy first year. When at last the corn crop was ready, the elders had a good notion that they were here to stay, and a real party was planned. Approximately sixty founding fathers (and mothers) were at Plymouth for the initial shindig. And, while they wished to invite their families, the nearest relatives were three thousand miles away. A "fast" ship could make it in forty days.

So, scouting around for likely guests, the settlers finally decided to tender an invitation to old Massasoit, a friendly Indian chief who lived in the surrounding woods. Thus the guest problem was solved.

It's interesting to note that at this time Plymouth was a thriving *street* with eleven frame houses—each built of rough-cut lumber—not logs, as is often imagined. The log cabin, a Scandinavian innovation, did not arrive on our shores 'til many years later. Oil paper took the place of windows . . . a market or store was unheard of . . . and food for the feast was not shopped—it was hunted.

Several groups were sent out to bring back the bird—and its trimmings. They returned with enough water fowl, both ducks and geese, to supply the town for a week. There is no actual proof that turkey was among the birds present. The nearby woods abounded with those fleet-footed wild gobblers, but artillery in the seventeenth century was very crude and to bag a turkey would have been a remarkable feat.

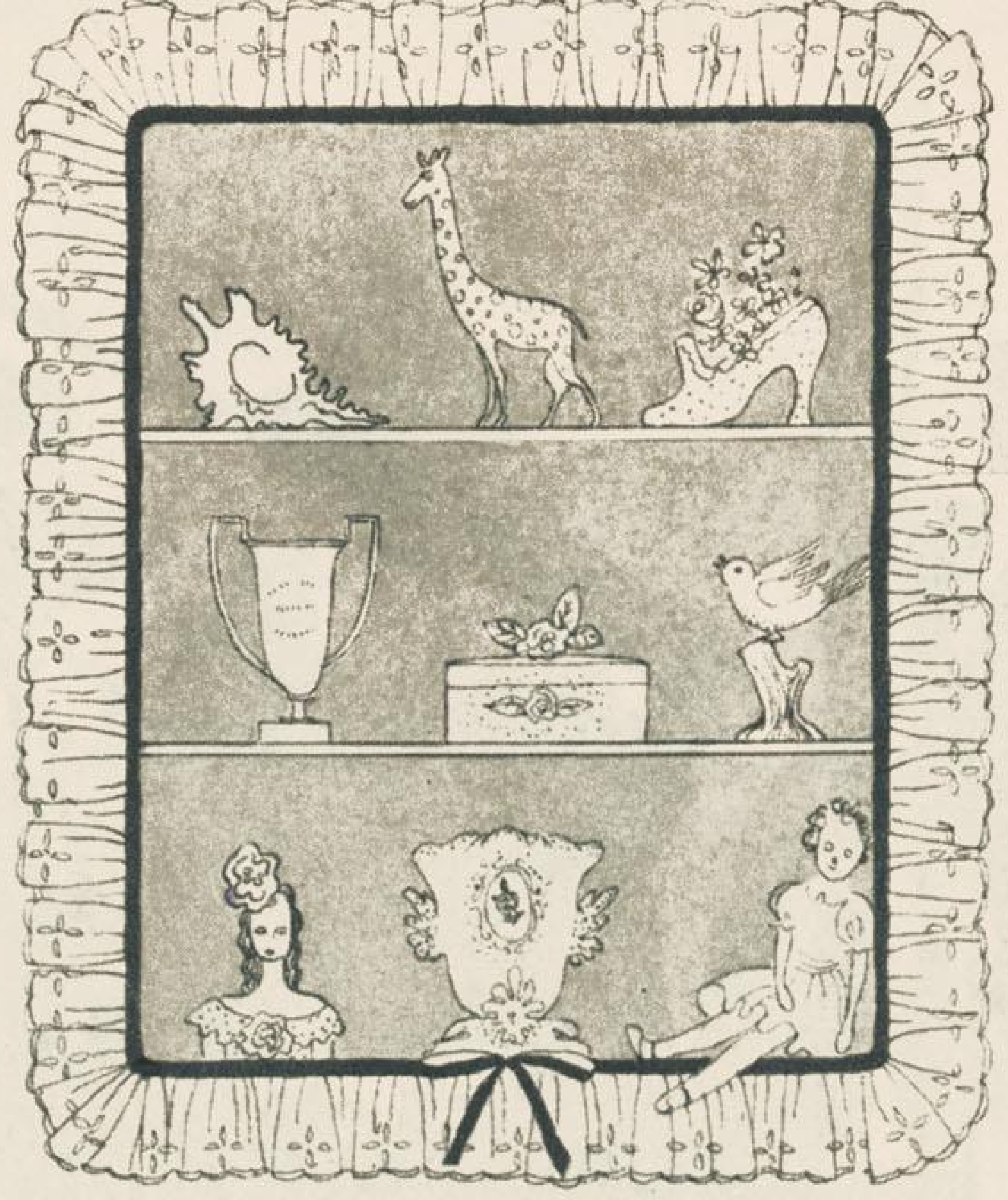
The "marketing" done, the first big day finally dawned. Amid much hustle and bustle, the women and girls prepared the feast. When Massasoit arrived, he had a surprise with him. Trailing the Indian leader were ninety of his hungriest braves. If that happened in your house you'd pick up your phone and call the grocer. Not so the Pilgrims. Calling Chief Massasoit to one side, they explained that while the uninvited were welcome, if they wished to dine they'd best fade into the woods and do some quick shopping. This they did, adding five deer to the (*Continued on page* 69)

PERSONAL TOUCH

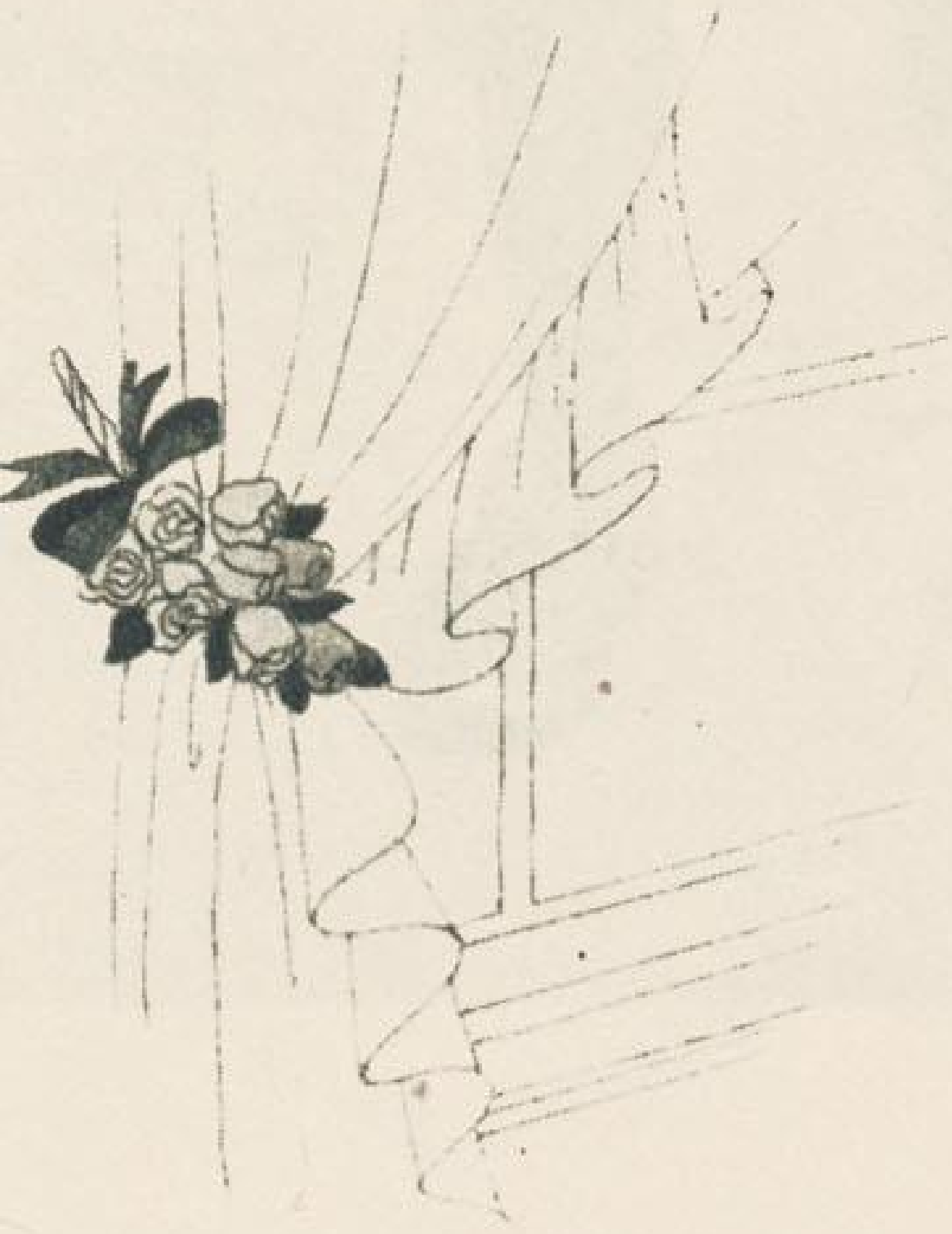
BY ANN ALLISON

Do decorate—and have lots of fun!

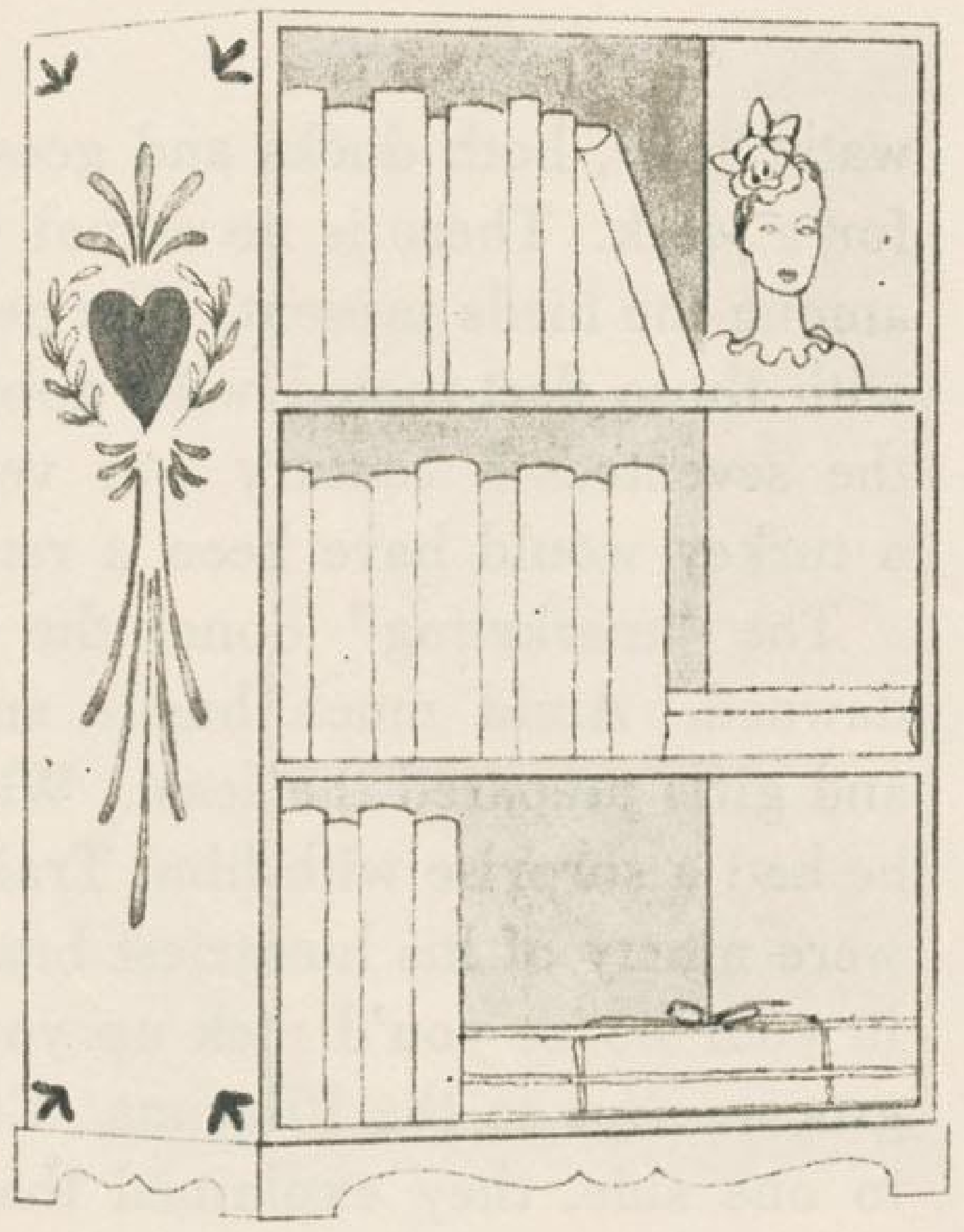
A room is just like the girl who lives in it. Prettiness is fine, but it's not enough. A room, like its owner, must have personality, too. Use your interests as the decorating note. Have you a hobby? Then set up a gay display of your doings in one nook. If you like to draw, try hanging examples on the wall. You'll be surprised how much more professional your work looks when neatly framed. If you're a tennis, basketball, or skating fan, let your pictures say so. Or the friendly look of beloved books might be the keynote of your room. Perhaps a brightly-painted cabinet might be featured in a "Record Corner". The idea is to let your room tell the story of the places you've been, the things you like, the person you are. We've assembled a baker's half-dozen of inspirations to kindle your imagination and make you reach for the hammer, the needle, the paint pot . . .



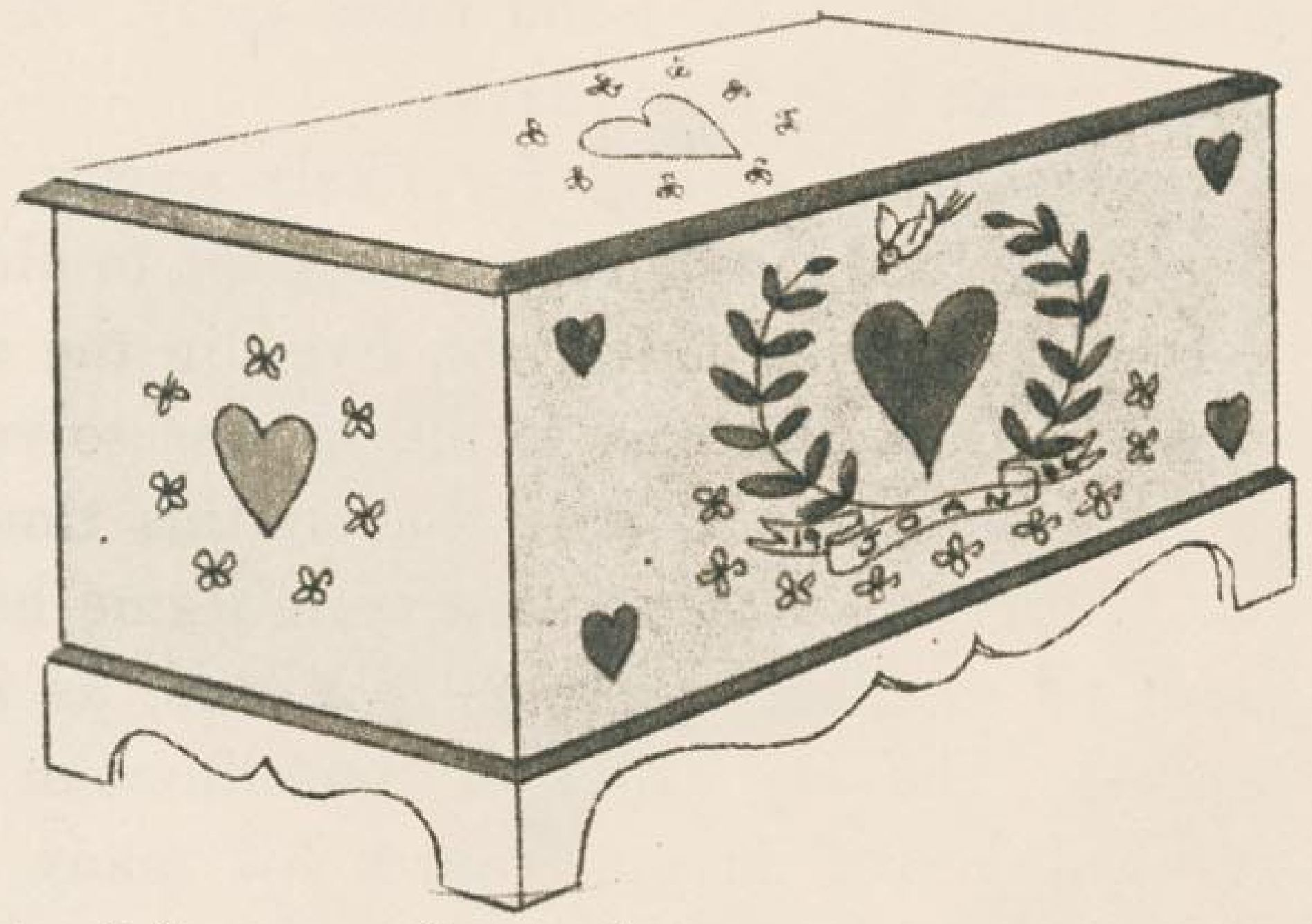
1. Thanks for the memories—souvenirs and bric-a-brac lined up in a sweetly ruffled shadow box and hung on the wall. Well-loved objects keep happy associations in such a setting.



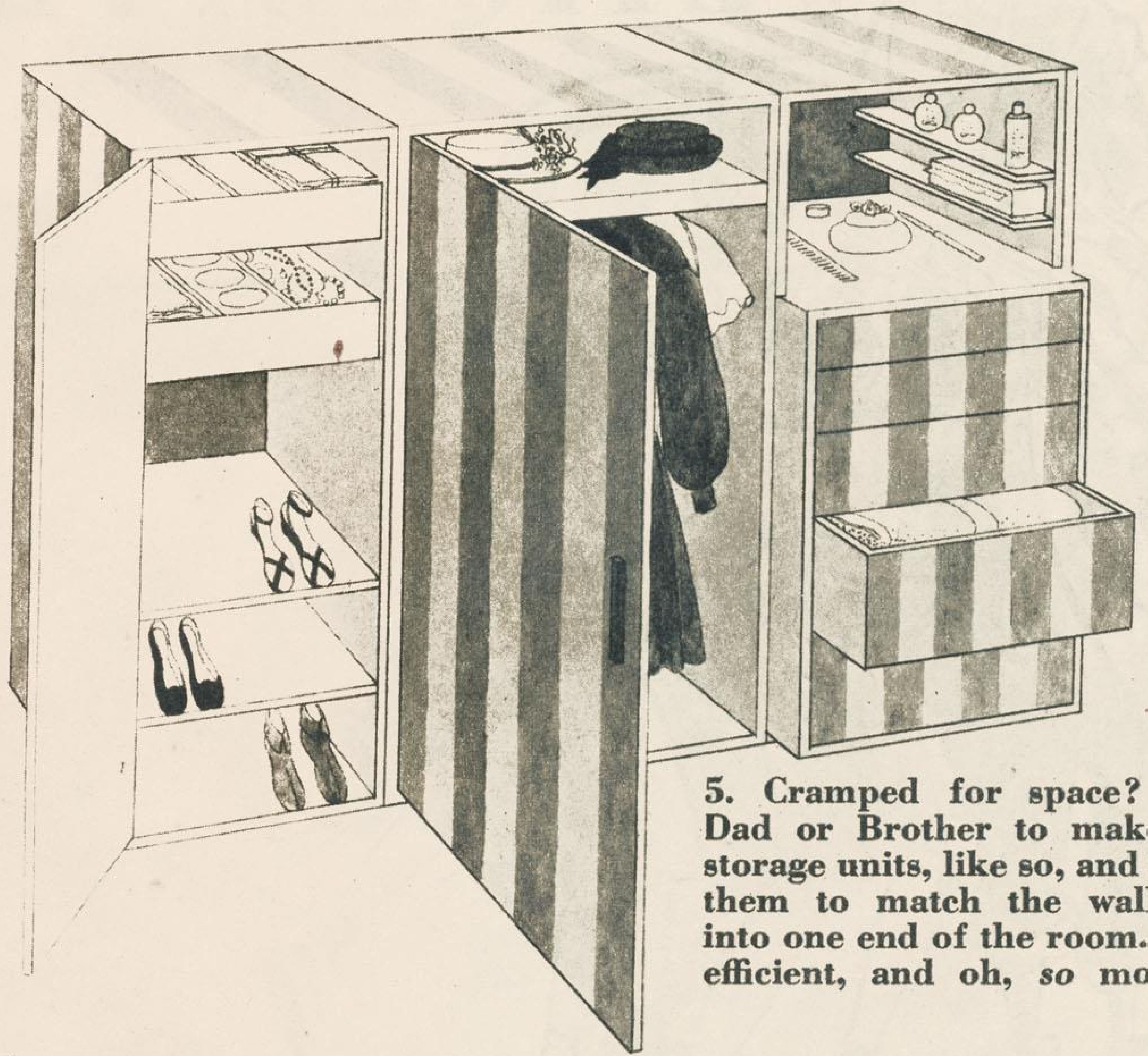
2. Bow-kays of posies to loop back gauzy draperies are a dream-girl touch that could bear repeating on old-fashioned bed curtains or the skirt of a young belle's vanity table.



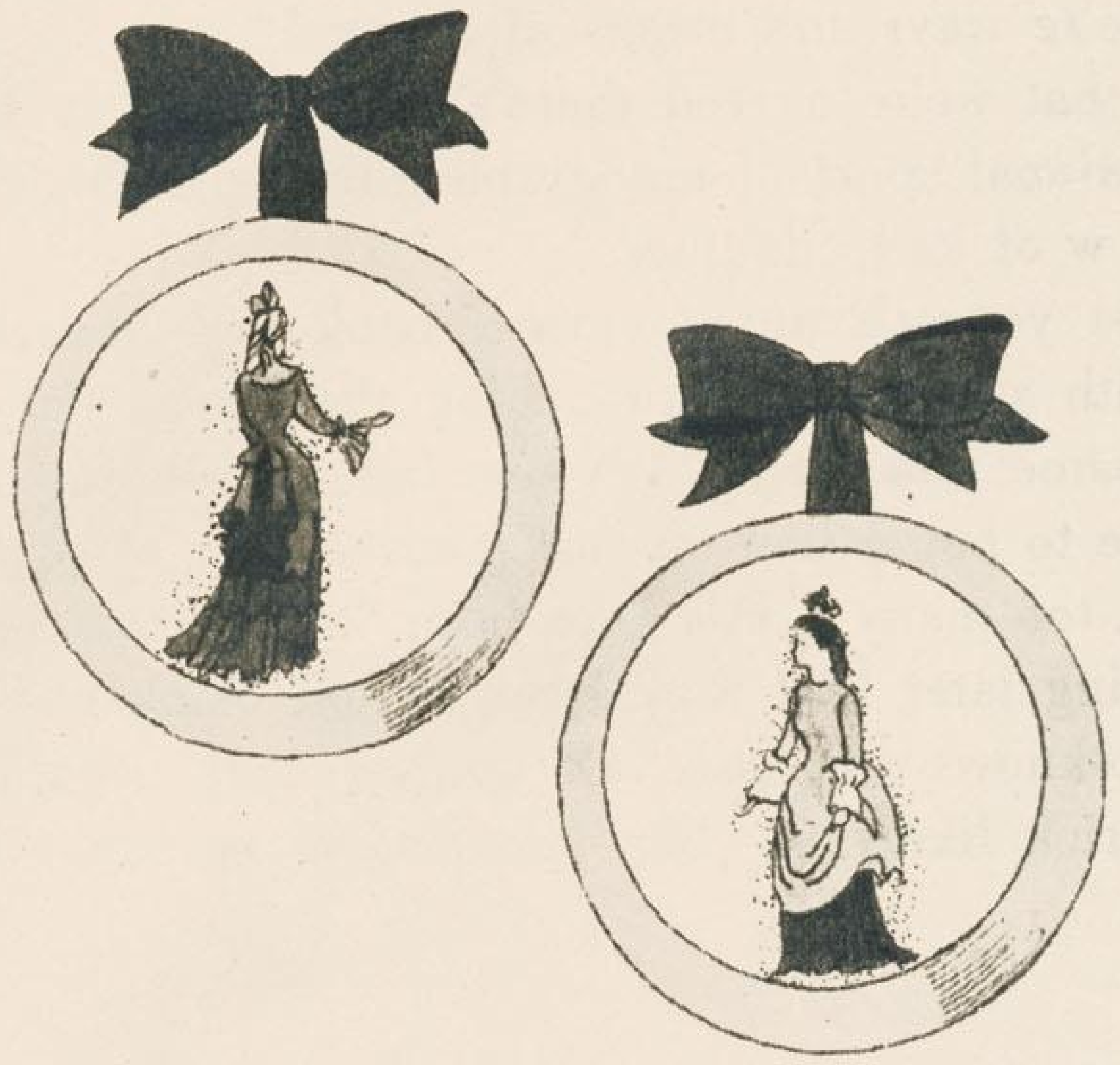
3. Booklovers, give that favorite companion of yours a handsome home. Paint and adorn your bookcase to harmonize with the room and show pride in your library.



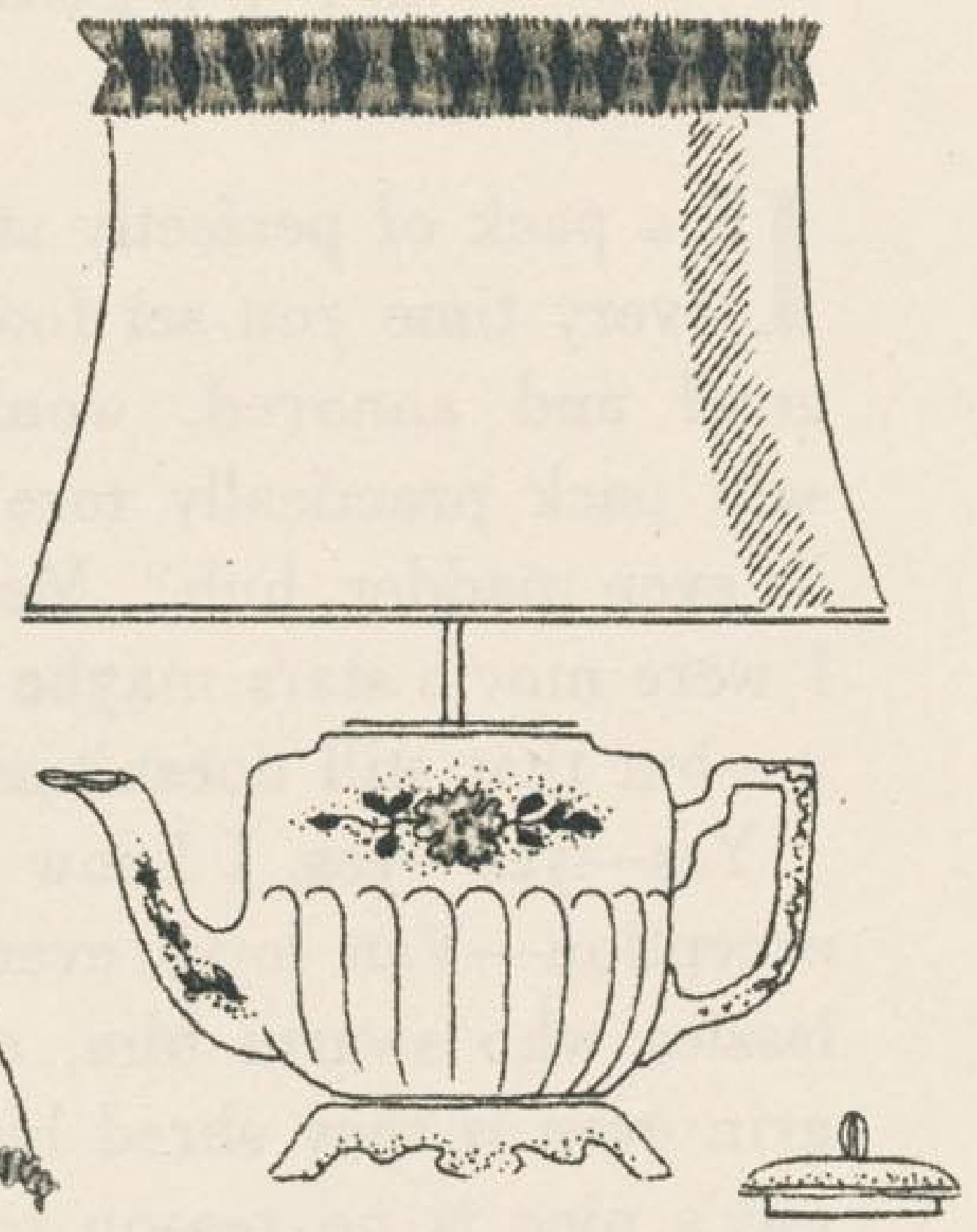
4. Your old toy chest is a storage aid, a style asset, if painted and adorned with your own free-hand brushwork in favorite *motifs*. Or, if you're timid, try some decals instead.

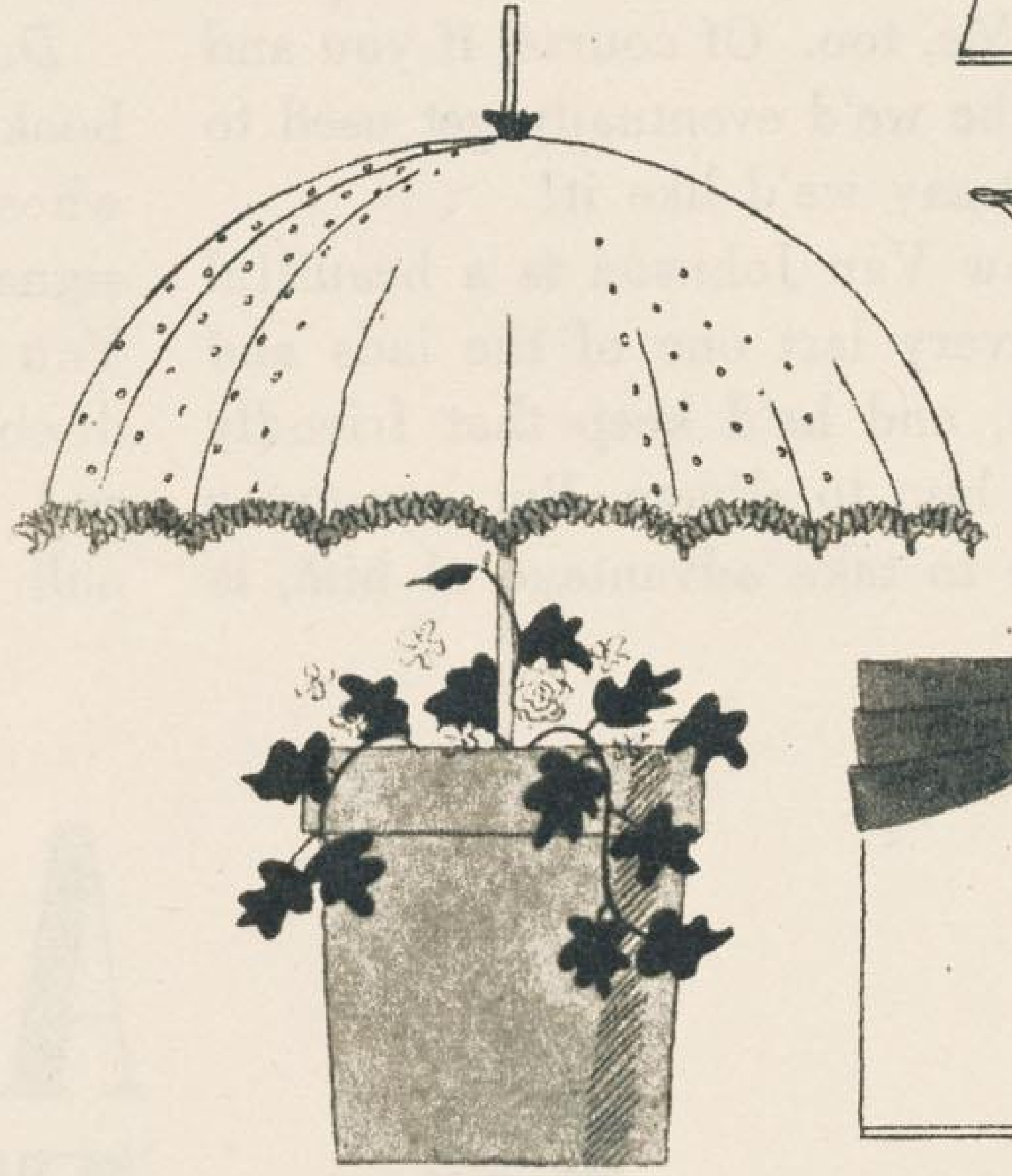


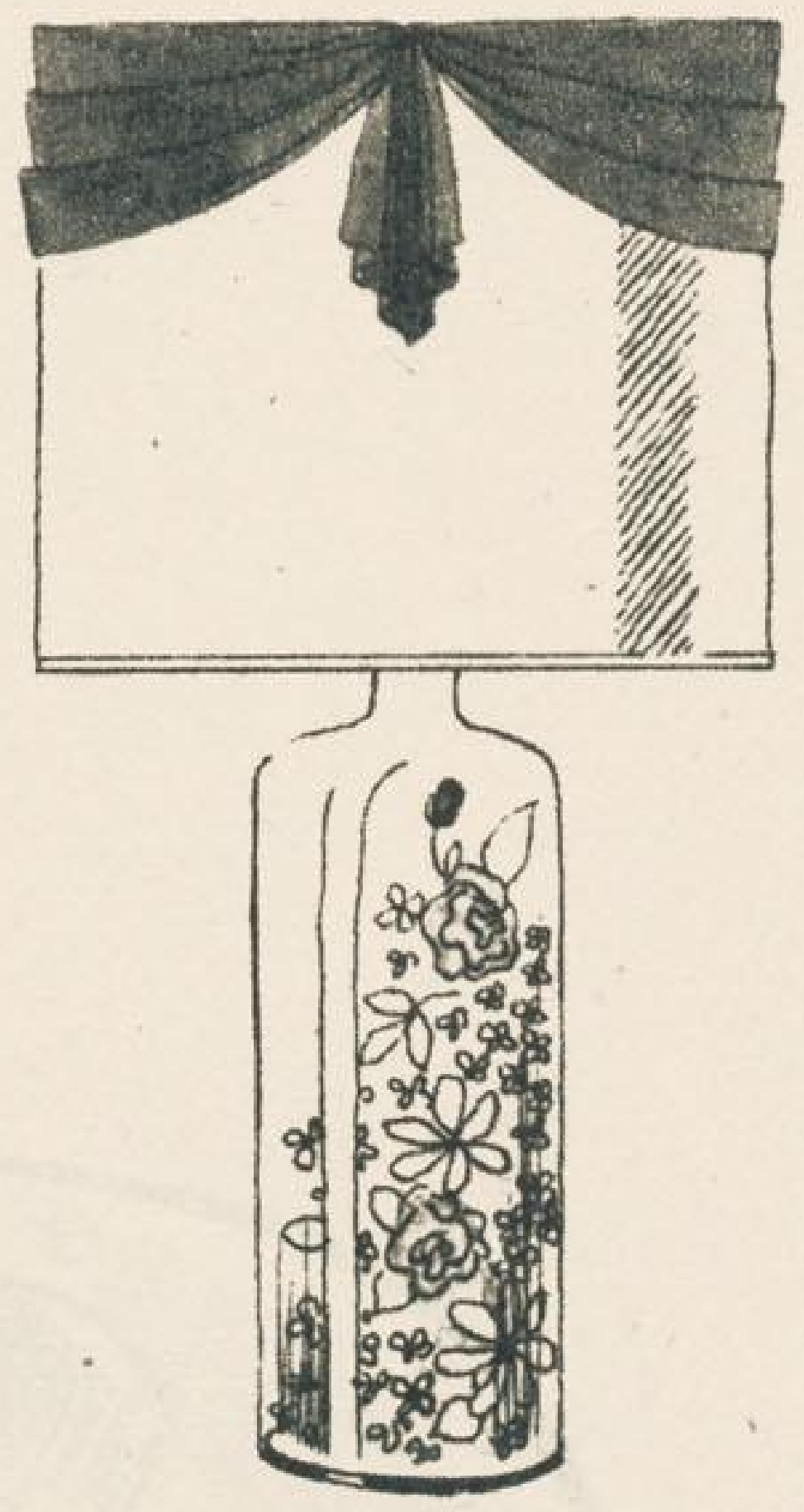
5. Cramped for space? Get Dad or Brother to make you storage units, like so, and paper them to match the wall. Fit into one end of the room. Neat, efficient, and oh, *so* modern!



6. Lowly pie-tins hang high and handsome! Paint or burnish them brightly and apply period costume cut-outs, then shellac. Use in groups or couples for nineteenth century charm.







7. Fill a bottle with false flowers. Hunt up that heirloom lustre teapot. Make an artificial garden in a big pot, top with a parasol. And then wire them all for lamp delights.

AUTOGRAPH ETIQUETTE

Are you an autograph-pet or pest? Learn to get signatures plus a smile

By Virginia Chumley

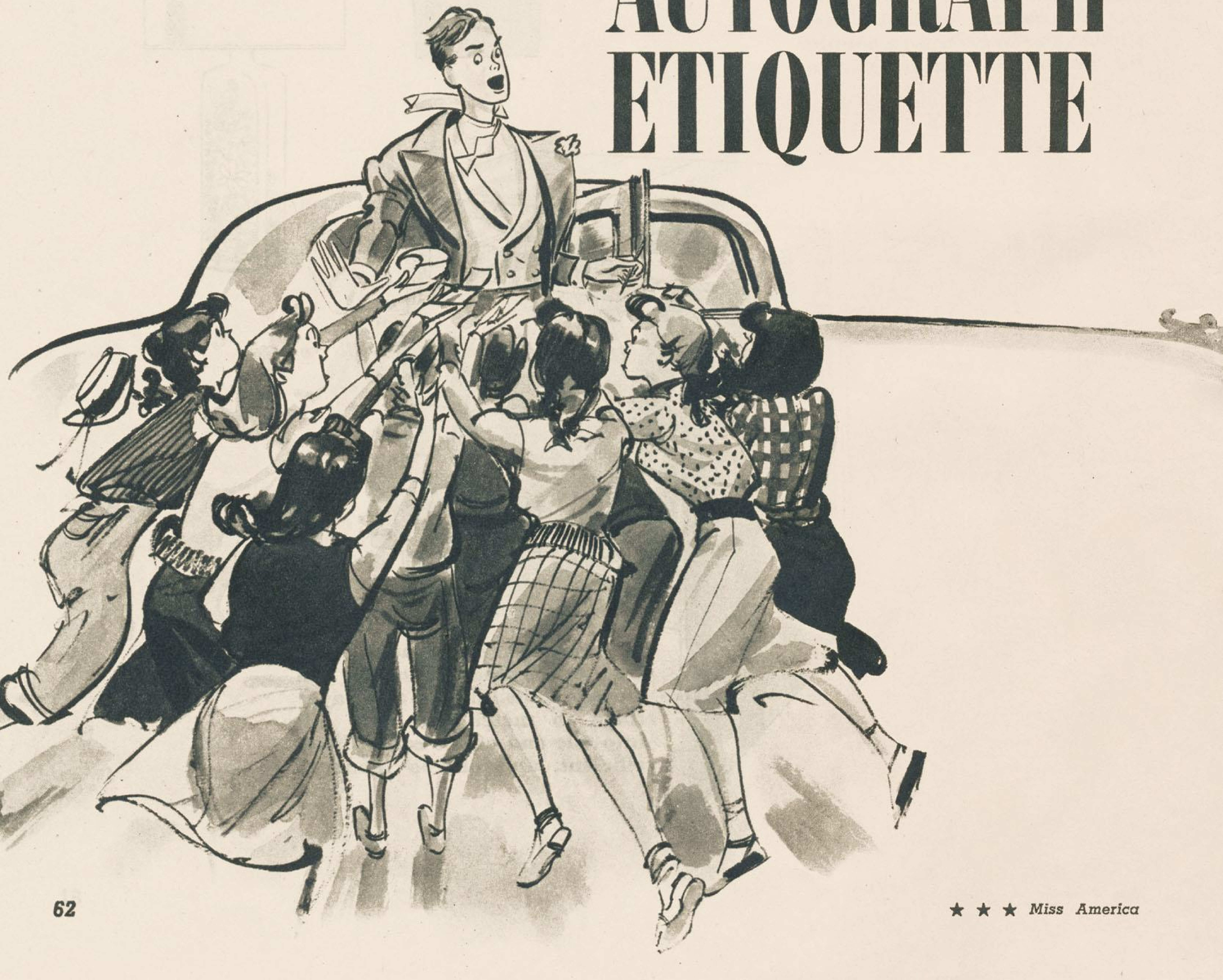
IF a pack of perfectly strange people rushed at you every time you set foot out of the door, you'd be good and annoyed, wouldn't you? And if aforesaid pack practically tore the clothes off you, you'd be even madder, huh? Me, too. Of course, if you and I were movie stars maybe we'd eventually get used to it—but that still doesn't say we'd like it!

Yes—yes—yes, I know Van Johnson is a beautiful exception—Van loves every last one of the lads and lassies who swarm him, and he'd keep that friendly grin even if they shred him to slivers. But because a guy's nice is no reason to take advantage of him, is it? Besides, all celebrities aren't quite as cordial.

"It's his way," says one glamour gal, giving her side of it. "Nothing thrills me more than to have someone ask for my autograph. And the more someones who ask, the better—because when people don't want it any more, then I'll know I'm no good. But the point is—there're ways and means of asking!"

Now that we're agreed there's an etiquette to this great national sport of autograph hunting, let's delve into a few of its techniques.

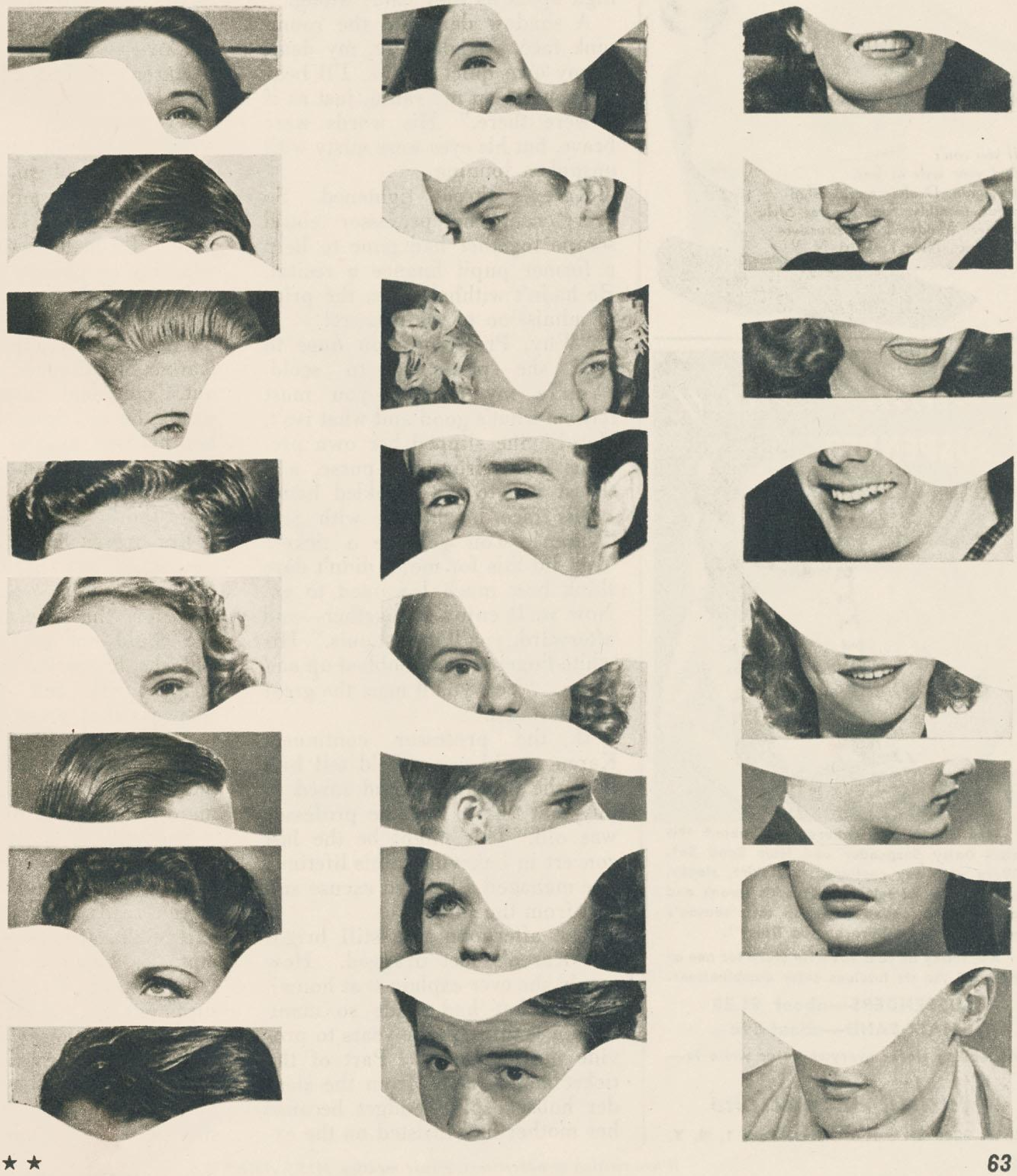
Do get yourself an autograph book and have the book with you when approaching the Great Person whose name you want. It's not fair to ask for the signature to be written on just a casual slip of paper. You see, too many G.P.'s have been "stung" this way, discovering later that they have signed blank checks and who-knows-what-else. Of course, YOU wouldn't pull a trick like that—but (*Continued on page* 70)



HOLLYWOOD CUT UPS

By Chester Whitehorn

YOU may not believe this, but the assorted features you see below are eight of your favorite teenaged stars. Each row across is a person—and if you're really movie-wise, you'll be able to examine closely and identify each star. Four right is good; six or more is excellent. Check your answers with a scissors. *Cut out the pieces carefully and match them up.* For correct answers, see page 72.



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CONCERT FOR KAREN

From page 55

"It's the concert," she answered. "I'm sitting up front." No need to describe her struggle to save money for a front-row seat.

"Wonderful! Now you watch Louis. He will be sitting here."

She knew, but she let him draw the diagram. It brought back a treasured page on his own life.

"Watch Louis' fingers," he continued. "Watch the way he holds the violin, the head, hand, everything. You can learn much. Louis is a great musician."

"Where are you sitting, Professor Bauer?" Close to her, she hoped, so he could point out the high spots as they came along.

A shadow darkened the round pink face. "Right here, my dear, in my own quiet studio. I'll hear the concert on my radio, just as if I were there." His words were brave, but his eyes were misty with unspoken longing.

Karen's throat tightened. So every cent the professor could scrape together had gone to help a former pupil finance a recital. He hadn't withheld even the price of admission to the concert!

"Why, Professor, you *have* to go," she pretended to scold. "You're my teacher—you must tell me what's good and what isn't. Here!" She slipped her own precious ticket from her purse, and thrust it into his wrinkled hand.

His face brightened with joy. "Karen! You got me a ticket! You did this for me! I didn't dare think how much I wanted to go. Now we'll enjoy it together—and afterward, you'll meet Louis." His white-fingered head bobbed up and down. "Yes, you'll meet the great Louis Radel."

If the professor continued, Karen would cry. She'd tell him how she'd scrimped and saved to buy that ticket. But the professor was old. This might be the last concert in Lakeville in his lifetime. She managed a hurried excuse and fled from the studio.

The afternoon was still bright but Karen's feet dragged. How would she ever explain it at home? Her mother had made so many sacrifices through the years to provide music lessons. Part of the ticket money came from the slender housekeeping budget because her mother had insisted on the expensive front seat. Had she given away something that partly belonged to her mother? If she had a second chance, would she do it again? Karen thought it over soberly and knew that she would.

Her way lay past the Chamber of Commerce where, two hours earlier, she'd bought her ticket. She paused, then slowly climbed the steps.

"Hello, Karen," Mr. Alden, the president, greeted her. "What's the matter—lose your ticket?" He hated the careless ways of young people nowadays.

"Mr. Alden, do you need any ushers for the concert?" Karen asked, her voice quivering.

"No—we have too many now!"

Karen shuffled blindly toward the door, complete dejection in every movement.

"Wait, Karen," called Mr. Alden. "Perhaps I can use you at the head of the balcony stairs." He tried to hide his kindness with a joke. "I'd better be nice to you—you may be playing there yourself before very long."

Those words had an oddly prophetic quality that electrified Karen. She thanked him, and ran out, confident that everything would be all right. And Friday, her beloved teacher would sit in the front row and watch his old friend. Karen would hear the music from the balcony.

But Karen had forgotten that the stage was hidden from the balcony-stairs by a partition. Waiting for the concert to begin, she could not see the orchestra. But she heard the audience chattering. She felt the hush of suspense that greeted the conductor. When the flood-gates of harmony opened, her disappointment was drowned in the golden majesty of the "Eroica."

Suddenly a hand touched her shoulder. An usher dropped a note in her lap and disappeared. Karen read: "See me at back of hall right after concert. Important. G. Alden."

Important, he said. She was supposed to meet Professor Bauer, but this message meant she'd have to see Mr. Alden first.

As the sweet sadness of the Tchaikovsky finale whispered into silence, Karen found Mr. Alden waiting for her in the corridor.

"Karen, why didn't you tell me what you'd done!" he said. "Professor Bauer refused a complimentary ticket I offered him. But I didn't realize you'd given him yours. Come with me."

He pushed her through a little door, up some steps, and into a room crowded with musicians.

"Karen, come meet the maestro," called the professor from across the room. Radel's arm lay across his shoulders, and his face was radiant. "Karen gave me her ticket, Louis, so I could come to watch you play. Did you see his fingers, Karen?"

"She couldn't see from the balcony," interrupted Mr. Alden. "She wanted to help, and I didn't know—I didn't realize—"

"Karen! You did that—for me!" The professor paused. "Louis, are you too tired to do an old friend a favor?"

Louis Radel patted the frail shoulder. "Never, for you!" He slipped his violin under his chin. His bow swept music from the quivering strings.

Karen, wide-eyed, moved her fingers as if she too felt strings beneath them. He played a second number. Then he startled her. "I've played for you. Now you play for me," he said, offering her his violin. As Karen shyly drew back, he added: "It's a genuine Stradivarius."

"A Strad!" Karen's awe increased. "Oh! I couldn't—"

"And why not?" The professor's voice was strong and commanding. "Play the *Ave Maria.*"

She placed the Stradivarius under her chin. For one terrible moment the room swayed about her. Then her bow touched the strings—there was nothing but violin, the *Ave Maria,* and herself.

When she finished, the room was still, too still. Then "Bravo!" broke the silence. She had won the cheers of the great Symphony Orchestra!

"You are a musician, Karen," Louis Radel said softly. "A *real* musician. My old friend must prepare you for a concert—soon. I shall come to hear you play."

Karen's trance was broken by Mr. Alden. "Yes, a concert—right here," he said. "And this time, young lady, I'll take care of giving out the front seats!"

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Are you in the know?

When you don't know the routine, would you—

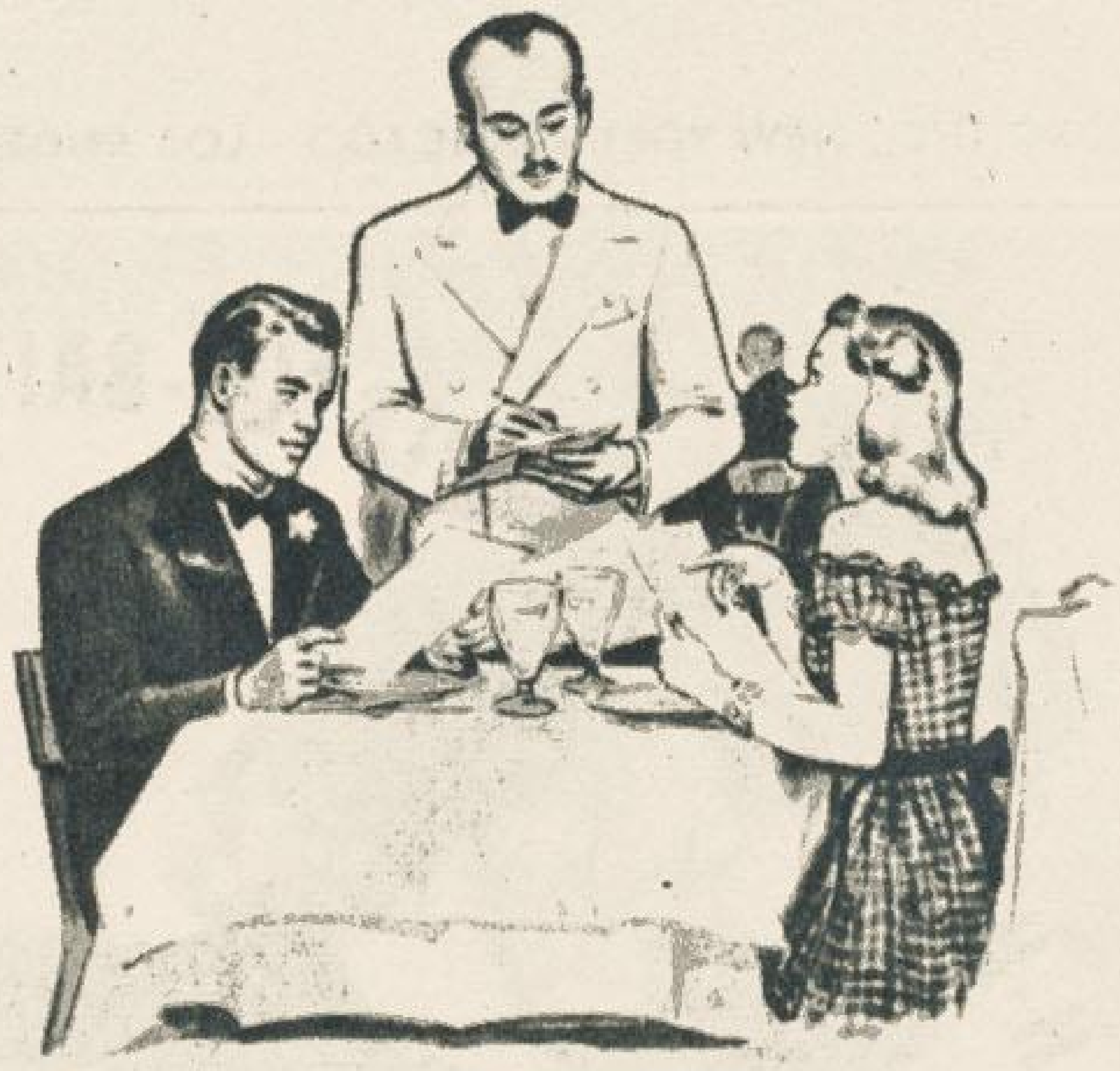
☐ *Try it anyway*
☐ *Say your feet hurt*
☐ *'Fess up frankly*

Why lumber through a rumba—or spoil a jitt-bug's "shine?" If you aren't hep to the step, say so. 'Fess up frankly. Droons rush in where smoothies fear to tread. But at "certain" times, there's one fear a smooth girl can forget (with Kotex): the fear of telltale outlines. That's because Kotex has *flat tapered ends* that *prevent* revealing outlines. And you can dance the hours away in *comfort*, for Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*.

For camouflaging freckles, do you—

☐ *Take the cake*
☐ *Apply lemon juice*
☐ *Wear a dotted veil*

Freckle-heckled? To camouflage the summer's sun spots—take the cake (*makeup*, that is) and apply with wet sponge. Blot surplus with a Kleenex tissue; blend well with fingertips while damp. Then let dry—and you've got 'em covered! It's easy, when you know how. Like keeping dainty on problem days. You'll know how to stay dainty, charming, when you let Kotex help. Each Kotex napkin contains a *deodorant*—locked inside so it can't shake out!



How would you give your order?

☐ *To the waiter*
☐ *To your escort*
☐ *Let your date choose your dinner*

If you're a menu mumbler—speak up, sis! Choose what appeals to you (without blitzing his allowance), then tell it to your escort; he'll pass it on to the waiter. Be sure of how to order and be safe from embarrassment. That's one for your memory book. It's something to remember, too, when choosing sanitary protection. Choose Kotex, because Kotex has an exclusive *safety center* that gives you *plus* protection, keeps you *extra* safe—and confident!

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

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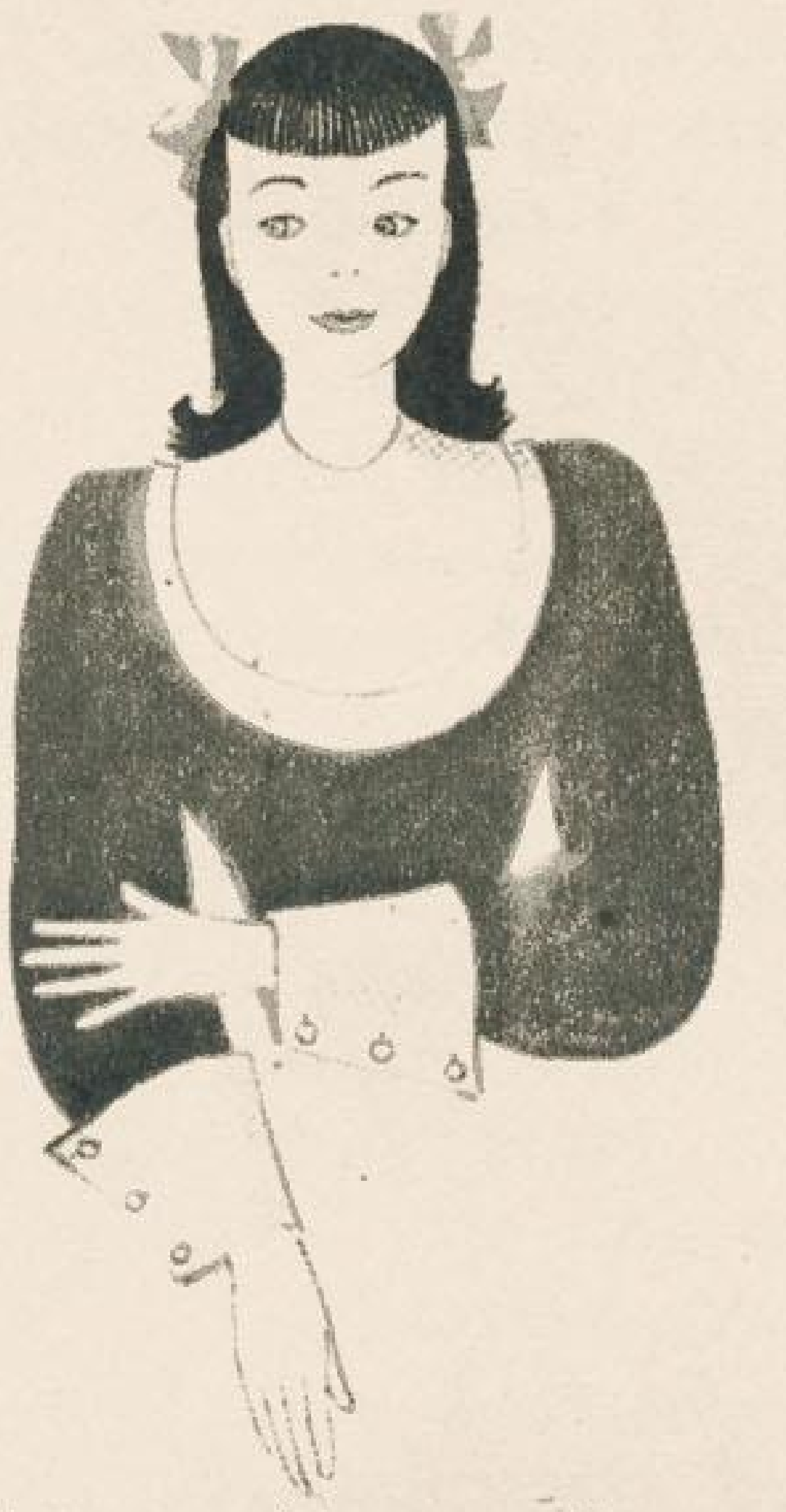
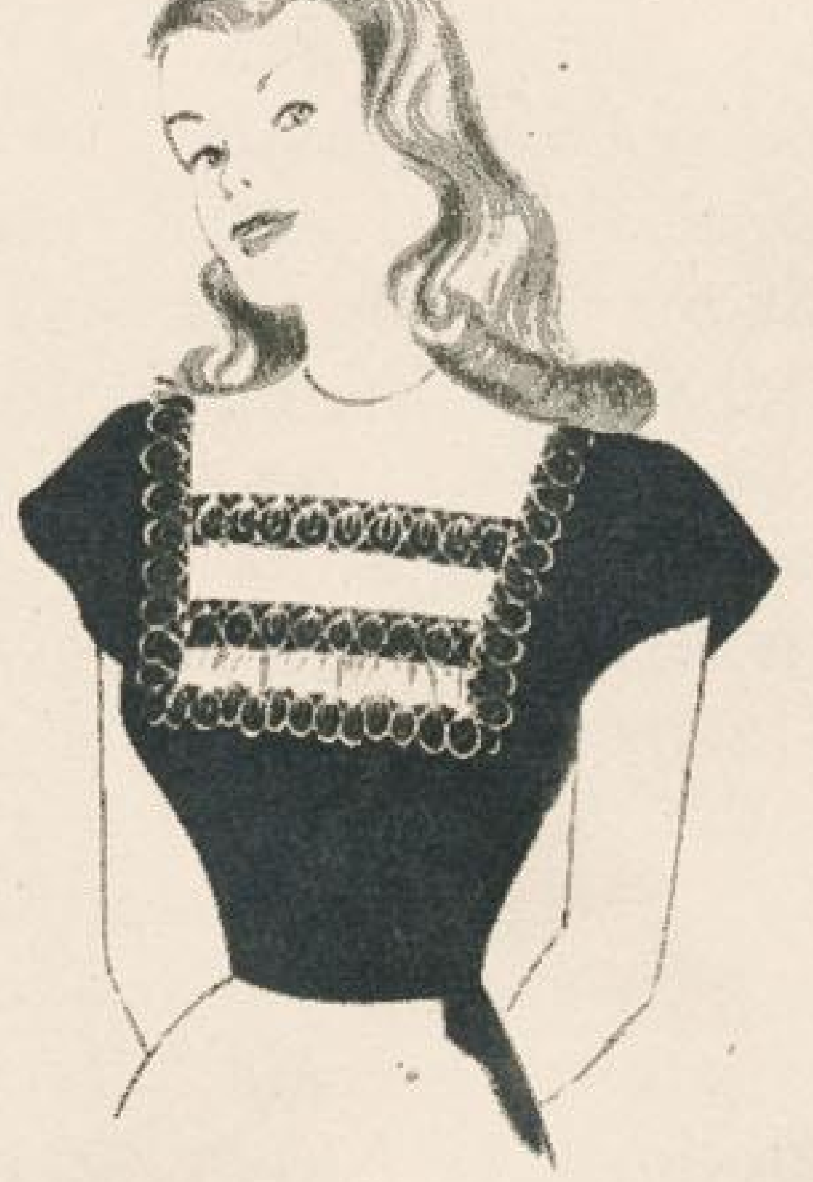
*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A DEODORANT IN EVERY KOTEX NAPKIN AT NO EXTRA COST

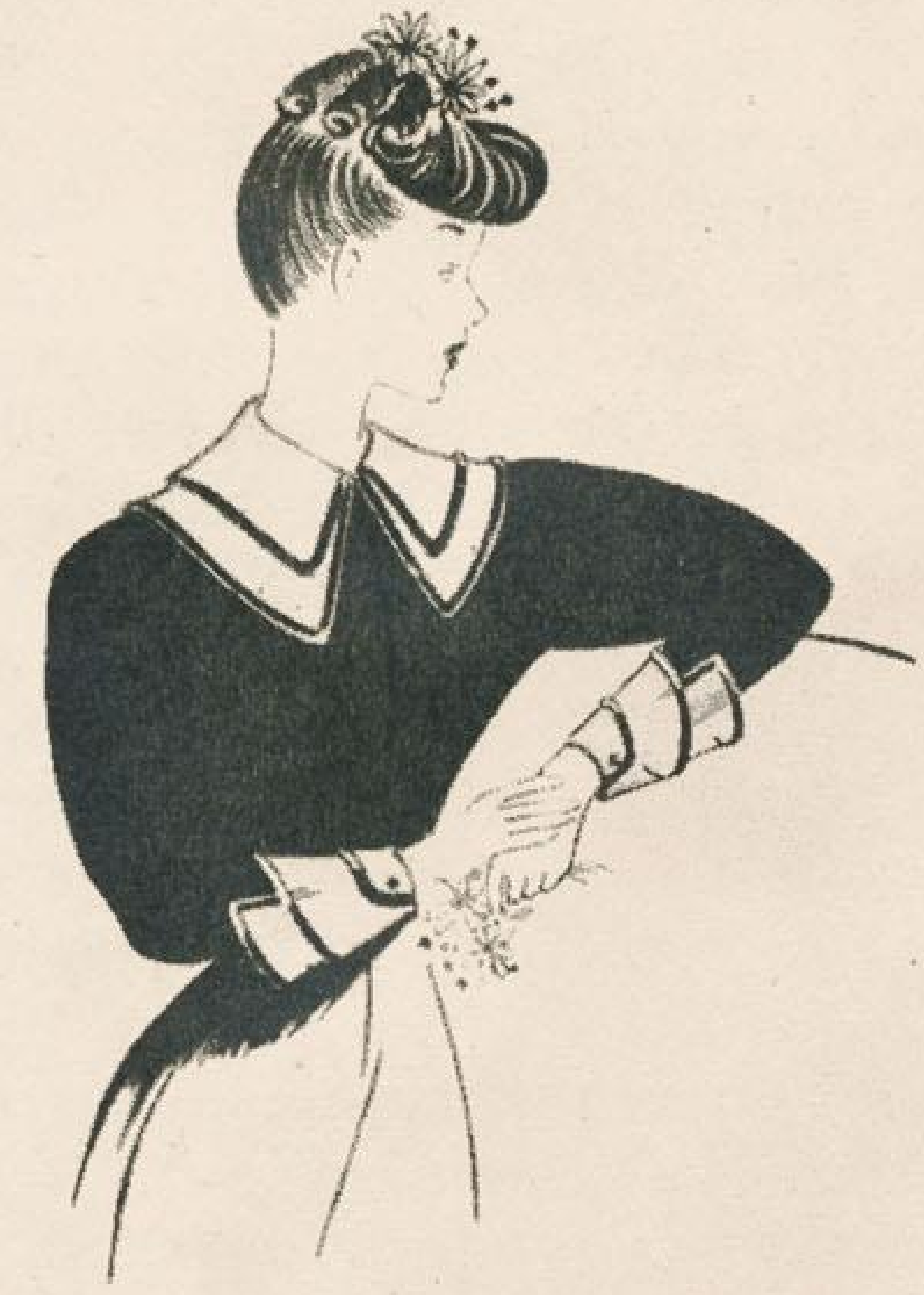
Bibs'n'Tuckers



1. White collar girl, in Puritan inspired collar and cuffs of Birdseye pique. About $5.



2. Sheer rayon for sheer dress-up charm in a square bib, prettily looped and frilled. About $3.



3. Rosy moments in pink sheer collar and cuff set, edged in tarnish-proof gold. About $6.

Karyl Lee designs at Mandel Bros., Chicago; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; Bloomingdale, N. Y.

DATE WITH A SENIOR

From page 27

Just as explosively Carol answered back. "But I'm going to get this poodle to a hospital, game or *no* game." For a long chill moment the most sensational of all the seniors surveyed her. Then, stepping on the starter, he was gone in a gust of indistinguishable adjectives. "Just a dream man!" groaned Carol. "A *bad* dream man." Gripping the whimpering little bone of contention in her arms, she started home.

"There, there, Fleebites, somebody probably loves you," she panted as she dropped her ragged bundle into a laundry-basket in her own kitchen. She touched the dog's license-tag gingerly, and read a telephone number on it. As she put in her call, she thought how awful everything was. Suit spoiled, game missed, Saturday ruined! Anyway, she'd told off that stuffed potato of a senior-date. Give her juniors, freshmen —even Johnnie *any* day of the week from now on.

When a pleasant baritone voice finally answered her call, she explained briefly, "This is Carol King on Cherry Lane. Did you lose a small, white poodle?"

"Why yes! Did you find one? What's she look like?"

Carol was brutally frank. "Lots of tangled feathers. Growls all the time. Has one very wonderful eye."

"*One* wonderful eye! Look again, Miss King. I'm sure there's another under the doormat she uses for bangs. But that's Flossie. I'll be there in a flash."

When Carol heard the grating sound of tires on the gravel driveway, she wrapped Flossie in an old sweater and went to meet the dog's owner. At the door stood a smiling young giant in old slacks and a soft, blue jersey.

"Miss King?" His gray eyes looked down at her with surprise and quick approval. "I'm Dick Curtis." Gently he tweaked Flossie's tangled ear. "You certainly were swell to pick her up!"

"We couldn't leave her in the road to be killed, could we?" said Carol, bridling at the thought.

"Absolutely not!" agreed the giant, taking the poodle from her. "You like dogs a lot, don't you, Miss King? I hope you won't judge *all* our dogs by Flossie. We have a parcel of setter pups that'd knock your eye out. How about driving back with me and sorta looking them over?"

Quick as a wink Carol jumped into the neat little convertible. First they dropped Flossie at the pet hospital. Then they sank deep in dog-talk that lasted till they rolled between impressive gates and slid to a stop before a great white mansion.

"Ah—the White House," gasped Carol, unable to conceal her surprise.

"How'd you guess?" With a sweeping bow Dick waved her through the wide front door, across an ornate hall, and out into the most heavenly kennel Carol ever hoped to see. An entrancing hour with Dick and eleven tumbling little pups made Carol forget her earlier misery.

"And dogs weren't all," she explained to her mother later. "There was tea with his grandmother, and a butler, and tiny sandwiches and cake! And best of all—Dick gave me a pup! She's absolutely mine! Of course she'll live at the kennel for a while, but I can see her any time I like."

"Well!" marvelled Mrs. King, smiling at Carol's father. Both had listened with keen resentment to Carol's description of her super-date and its grim ending. "So the wonderful Vince turned out to be 'N.G.' and nothing but 'Nix'."

"'Nix' is correct!" declared Carol. "Completely S.O.S.—triple s's, in fact. Strictly stuffed shirt. But 'bye now, Mom. Johnnie's waiting for me."

"Johnnie? I thought Dick Curtis would be top man from now on," teased her mother.

"No, just a once-in-a-whiler—or maybe twice," Carol added thoughtfully. Funny how dates you planned and counted on hardly ever stacked up, and ones you didn't expect at all turned out so super-pleasant. Supermen, she guessed, were all right sometimes, but the old faithfuls were more fun, and lots more reliable.

Somehow Carol knew that Dick Curtis would turn into a regular old faithful. Because—well, dog-woman, was she? Heck, anybody knows that sometimes even a dog-woman gets her man!

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GIRLS! Mystify Your Friends with Cham-E-Lee

The Amazing NEW NECKLACE that Changes its Color to Match Your Outfit!

Your friends will gasp when you wear what appears to be the same necklace—yet changes its color when you change your dress! Mysterious necklace made of transparent gleaming spirals. Inside this spiral winding a specially made colored strand is inserted.

Unbreakable, Guaranteed for Years
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Each Cham-E-Lee necklace has four silken inserts in the most alluring colors—palm green, deep ocean blue, fiery red, and metallic gold. Each strand heavily, durably wound with safety fastener. Each cord beautiful enough to wear even without the necklace, so you actually get EIGHT necklaces in one! Where can you find such an exciting buy?

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Simply send your name and address. Then deposit only $1.98 (tax incl.) with postman (C.O.D. fees and postage additional). Wear Cham-E-Lee 5 days at our risk. If you are not thrilled, return it and your full purchase price will be refunded.

FREE! If you send $1.98 with order, we pay postage and include free, one additional color strand. You may keep this color strand even if you return the necklace. ORDER NOW. Quantities limited!

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Please send me one Cham-E-Lee necklace, complete. I can return in 5 days for any reason whatsoever for refund.
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Matching bracelet with 4 colors included for $1 additional. Check here ☐

FLASHES FROM MAC . . .

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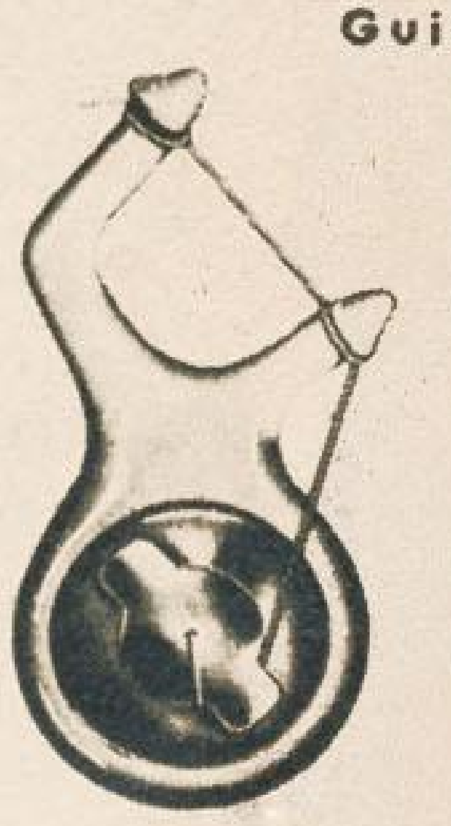
Guides Silk Floss Easily—Safely, Cleans BETWEEN All Teeth Where Brushing Can't;



Instantly removes fermenting food particles—YOURS for a sweeter breath—Start today. Keep your teeth beautiful. Using one week really convinces. Ask Dentist, Druggist, or send 50c in stamps for a complete sample, or dollar bill for family assortment postpaid—Refills 25c—Dept. M. A.-1146.

FLOSSY 228 So. Wabash, Chicago, Ill.

MAKE IT PERMANENT

From page 53

results, and admire the outcome.

Your Cold Wave should be applied to clean hair, so be sure yours is well shampooed first. Then arrange it in your favorite style. Working on one section at a time, divide it into convenient strands, approximately one half to one inch at the scalp.

Comb the wave solution through each strand, and roll it up immediately with a curler and end-paper, according to manufacturer's directions. It's as easy as putting up your hair at night!

When the last curl is in place, tie a turban around your whole head. Time-limits vary with Cold Wave makes, but they usually "take" in about three hours. When the clock tells you it's "time," undo the curlers, wash out the solution, and set your hair "as you like it."

Now you'll start collecting the compliments that come to the girl with the "head start." You'll decide that your small Cold Wave investment is paying big dividends —in fashion and in beauty.

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Swing it over your happy shoulders for all the gala occasions in Teentown life! Genuine leather, alligator grained. Brown, Navy, Red or green. You're sure it's authentic when you see the TeenTown tag! Sold only through the stores, at about $5.00.

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PYRAMID
Teen Town

THANKSGIVING 1621

From page 29

supply of meats already collected.

Though a football game was not scheduled, the celebrators had their sports and entertainment. Captain Myles Standish staged a military review, replete with drills and parade. The Indians engaged in races and games. No dancing of course; that would have been tempting the devil.

When dinner was announced, all were ready. The tables were set. Knives for everyone. Forks had yet to appear on the scene, but fingers served the purpose. The menu was not elaborate but it was complete; venison, duck, goose, a variety of fish, clams and other sea food, white bread, corn bread, leeks, watercress, wild plums and berries. A few of our current favorites were missing. Cranberries and pumpkin pie were unheard of and milk was a white fluid last seen in England. Not until ten years later were cattle brought into the colony. The food was washed down with red and white wine. To drink water was a sign of idiocy.

But all was not feasting. The meeting house saw the entire settlement gathered; the real reason for Thanksgiving not being overlooked. Prayer after prayer of thanks was offered; divine guidance was eagerly sought.

And so it started.

Thanksgiving Day hasn't really changed in three hundred and twenty-five years. The games are there, the guests arrive, the table is laden with the harvest of the country. Still too, we offer thanks for our many blessings.

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Oct. 5, 1946
Dear Bob
You can't imagine how thrilled I was to receive your letter in which you inscribed th
100 for $1.69
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25¢ PERSONALIZED Charm Bracelet

NAMES ENGRAVED FREE

To get more customers we offer this lovely exquisite bracelet with its graceful charms—tiny images of delight. Captures the heart as well as the imagination. Personalized Heart engraved with any names you want.

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Just mail 25c, which includes Federal Tax, and your Bracelet shipped immediately. Nothing more to pay! Money Back Guarantee. You'll be delighted!

International Diamond, 2435 Indiana, Dept. 2386, Chicago 16, Ill.

AUTOGRAPH ETIQUETTE

From page 62

don't risk even appearing suspicious. It's not good manners on your part. Besides, an autograph book is much easier kept track of than stray papers or cards—and it makes your "family of names" look much more impressive!

Don't be part of a stampede. If the Beloved One is due to make an appearance and a crowd has assembled in waiting, well and good. Find some standing-room of your own and wait and see what happens. When the star is finally on the scene, don't shove and push. Or, if everybody else does and the mob really begins to get unruly, make your exit pronto! It goes without saying—in the etiquette of anything—all rough stuff is out.

Do have your pen or pencil with you. After all, you're the one who wants the autograph. Therefore, have your own "stage" set so that it will be as easy on the celebrity as possible. Your book open at the proper page, your pen or pencil in hand—have everything "ready to go." To grope, beg or borrow at this point slows up things for everybody. P.S.: If you carry a pen, see that it isn't leaky!

Don't haunt hotels. When a star is stopping at a hotel, then for the time being, at least, that hotel is his home—and everybody is due privacy at his own home. Another thing, celebrities are busy people, with important engagements to keep. If they are besieged every time they go through the lobby they may lose precious minutes—and, just to avoid this, you don't want them to risk their necks coming down the fire escape, do you?

Do be brief! When you're finally standing before Mr. or Miss Famous, hand them your book immediately. Then, while they're signing, it's perfectly all right—in fact, it's very nice—to make some comment. As, "I thought your last picture was swell! I hope you play more roles like that one" . . . or, "Listening to your radio program every Wednesday is the highlight of my whole week" . . . or, "Our club thinks you're just the one to play 'Amber,' and we're writing to tell your studio so." But just one or two sincere sentences are enough. If you hem-and-haw, or try to engage the celebrity in a lengthy conversation, you're using up time that belongs to those fans standing back of you!

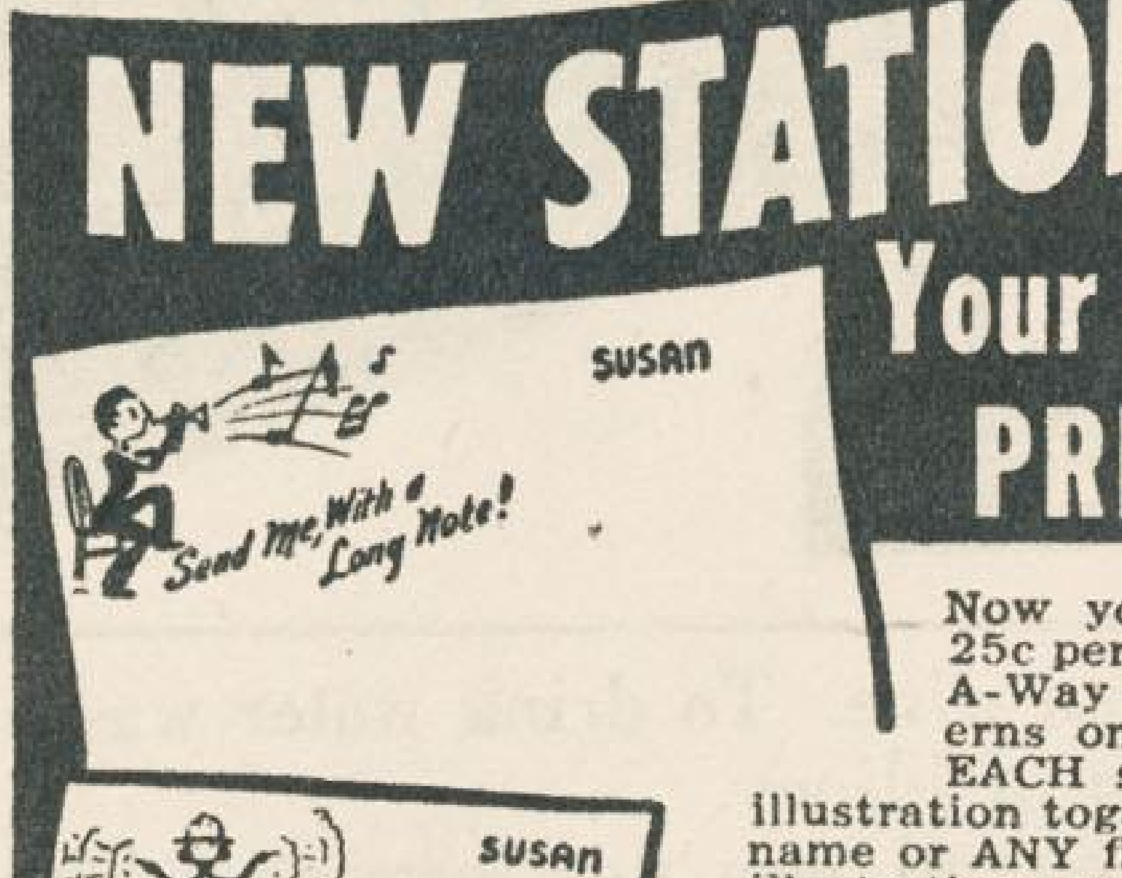
Don't make your attack at mealtime. From Mickey Mouse to Marlene Dietrich, everyone deserves a little peace and quiet when he is trying to eat. Even if you see your idol with just a cup of coffee before him, wait!

Don't rush in where even angels fear to thrust their noses! The two places out of all the world where a closed door may prove most disastrous (for intruders) are movie studios and radio stations. We won't worry about the movie studios, because once you get inside, you'll most likely have some guard watching your every move. The big broadcasting studios are different. While walking down a corridor, you might glimpse one of your favorite entertainers flit by and disappear behind some closed door. Don't try to follow, unless you know where you're going! Aside from the chance that you might interrupt a program "on the air," you'll only embarrass yourself if you pop into some room where you're not supposed to be.

Do build up your collection of autographs by getting some through the mail. But don't forget to enclose money to cover postage when you make your requests. For a wee fee (not over a quarter, to be exact), any movie or radio star will send you a verra choice autographed photograph.

Get the idea? Just mind your manners—and happy autograph hunting—to you!

Marvelous
NEW STATIONERY for MODERNS!
Your First Name & Witty Designs
PRINTED on EACH SHEET!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I want assorted designs..... I want name only without designs.....
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Barbara Lynn Sweaters add gay Swiss motifs to their tricky crocheted Tyroleans, to give you that "captivating" appeal. Slip-ons and Cardigans, trimmed richly with multi-colored yarn. Heavy gauge, knitted of 100% Bradford Spun Virgin Wool . . . in the season's newest colors to lend smartness to your wardrobe.

Sizes 7 - 14
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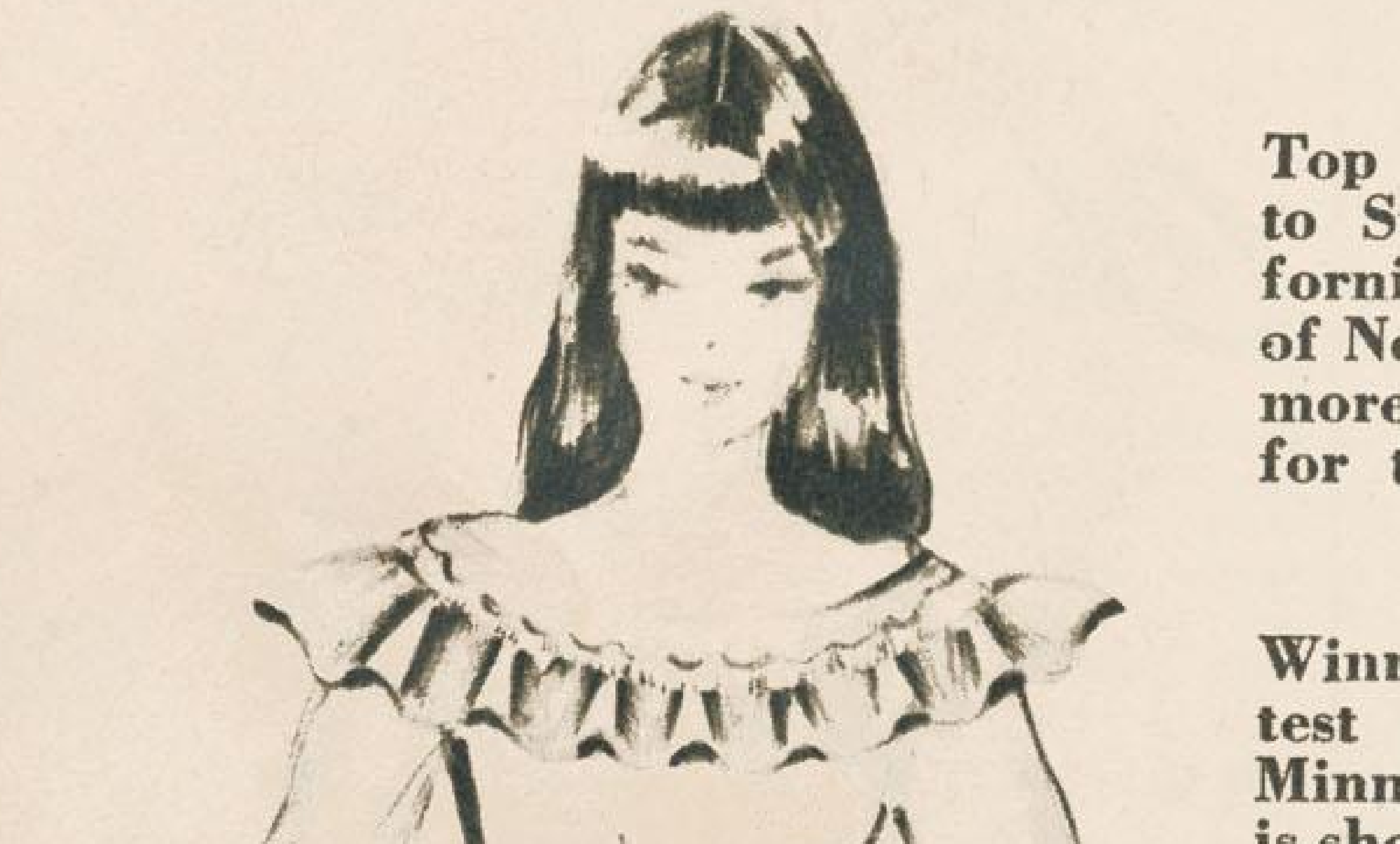
LYNN KNITTING MILLS
100% VIRGIN WOOL

MEET THE WINNERS

Here they are! Selected from thousands and thousands of entries submitted by teeners all over the country—the prize-winners of the second and third blouse designing contests, sponsored by Sally Mason, Inc.

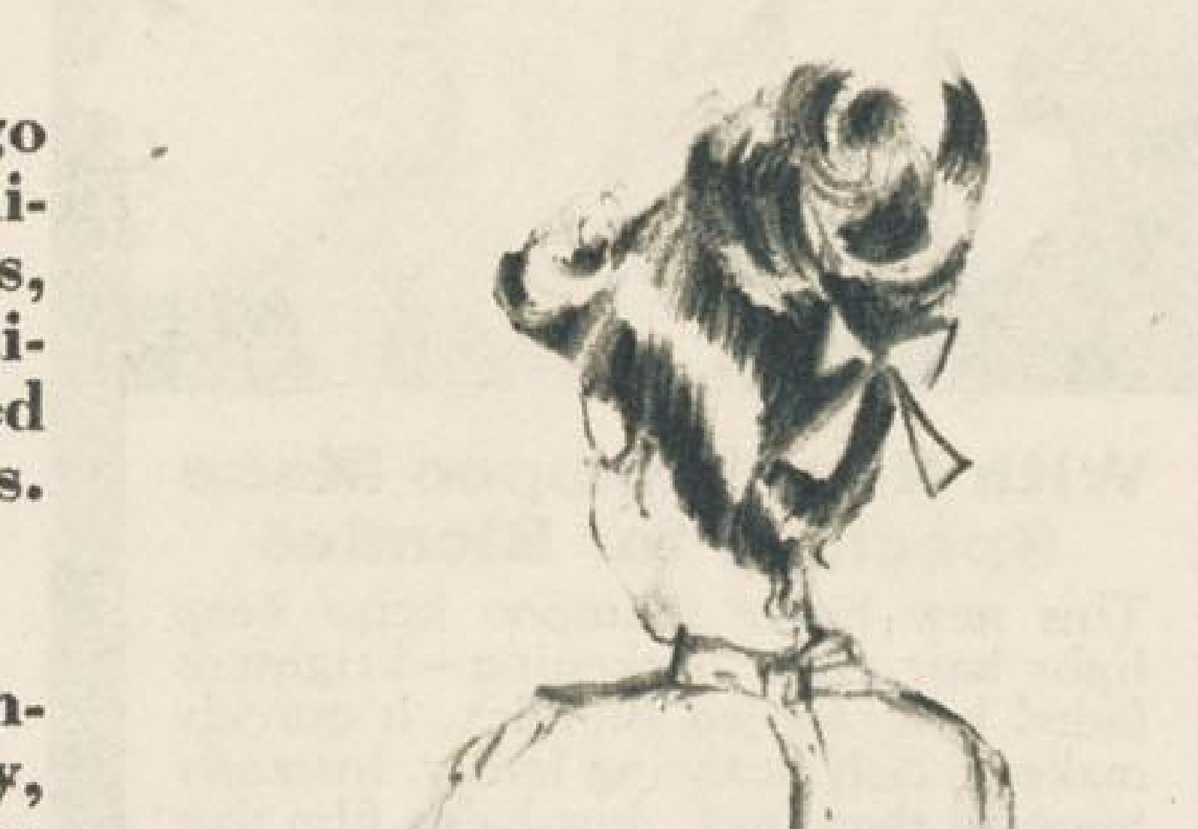


SUNNIE SAMUELSON

Top honors for the second competition go to Sunnie Samuelson of San Diego, California. Second prize-winner Emily Daniels, of Newark, N. J., and Rachel Block, of Baltimore, Maryland, third place, are lauded for their novel "summer story" creations.

Winners of the third "back-to-school" contest are first prize-winner Carol Lockway, Minneapolis, Minn., whose original design is shown here; Marion Lyons of Philadelphia, Pa., who placed second; and Virginia Grastara, North Bergen, N. J., third prize.

Heartiest congratulations to all!



CAROL LOCKWAY

There's many a slip—

but not one to beat this one. Trimmed with net and faggoting to give you that dainty touch. Comes in lovely tea rose rayon taffeta. Sizes 9—15 at better stores.

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With New Shampoo Made Specially for Blondes

This new home shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded hair. Called Blondex, it quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the dingy, dust-laden film that makes blonde hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair lovely lustrous highlights. Safe for children. Blondex is sold at 10c, drug and department stores.

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(From page 32)

ANSWERS TO HOLLYWOOD CUT UPS QUIZ:

◀ Ann Blyth

Roddy McDowall ▶

◀ Jane Powell

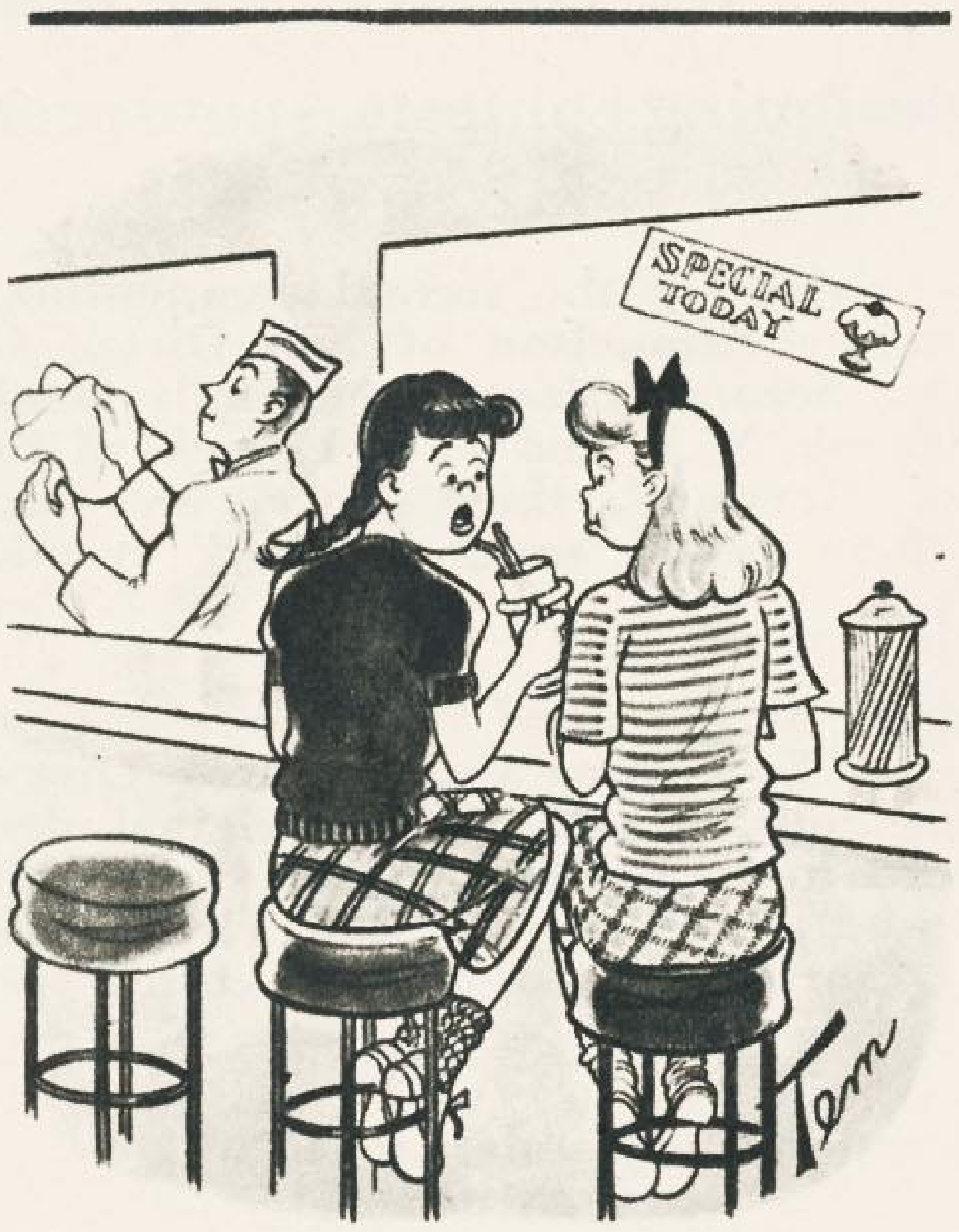
Marshall Thompson ▶

◀ Peggy Ann Garner

Richard Long ▶

◀ Gloria Jean

Jerome Courtland ▶



"OH, IF YOU'RE WEARING YOUR BLACK CHIFFON DRESS — YOU SIMPLY *MUST* WEAR MY EYE-LASHES—"

THIS EASY WAY *TEACHES PIANO* *Without Music!*

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WEEK END GUEST

From Page 29

home in time, with a few minutes extra for freshening up. And ask about breakfast habits before you go to bed, so you'll know when to get organized in the morning.

Maybe you get away with deplorable table manners at home, but they make an acid impression at somebody else's table. So don't dig in until your hostess does, don't gobble, and if the pie is out-of-this-world, why not say so? Your signal to haul off comes from the hostess, and she'll appreciate your remembering it.

When mother vanishes into the kitchen, cruise after her and offer to help. If she doesn't need any assistance, she'll say so. Don't junk up the house with your possessions. And if there's no maid, *always* make your own bed.

Remember that a couple of people beside you probably use the bathroom. Before you leave it, see that there's no tub-circling ring, dusting-powder drifts, or towels hung on the floor. Stick to your own towel rack. Fathers blow fuses when their towels give off gusts of a guest's cologne.

Being like one of the family is all very nice, if not carried too far. If the gal you're visiting blasts on the radio every time she comes in the living room, it's no cue for you to copy her. If you rifle through a stack of magazines, restack them. Always ask before using the phone, and if it's a toll call, quietly insist on paying for it.

There are a couple of miscellaneous items we feel like throwing in right here. Don't borrow. Never help yourself to things like bathpowder. Take careful inventory before you shut your bag. However peachy a guest you've been, the effect is spoiled if you leave a trail of mementoes behind for your hostess to shoot after you.

Now for that invaluable thank-you note. And we don't mean the kind that says gee, thanks, period. Mention the squashy bed, the divine food—anything that isn't routine. And get it on paper pronto. Late notes fall flat.

It's not complicated, is it? But it makes all the difference when a new guest list is on the way. You'll be remembered with "Oh, let's have her," instead of "Oh, *her* . . . AGAIN."

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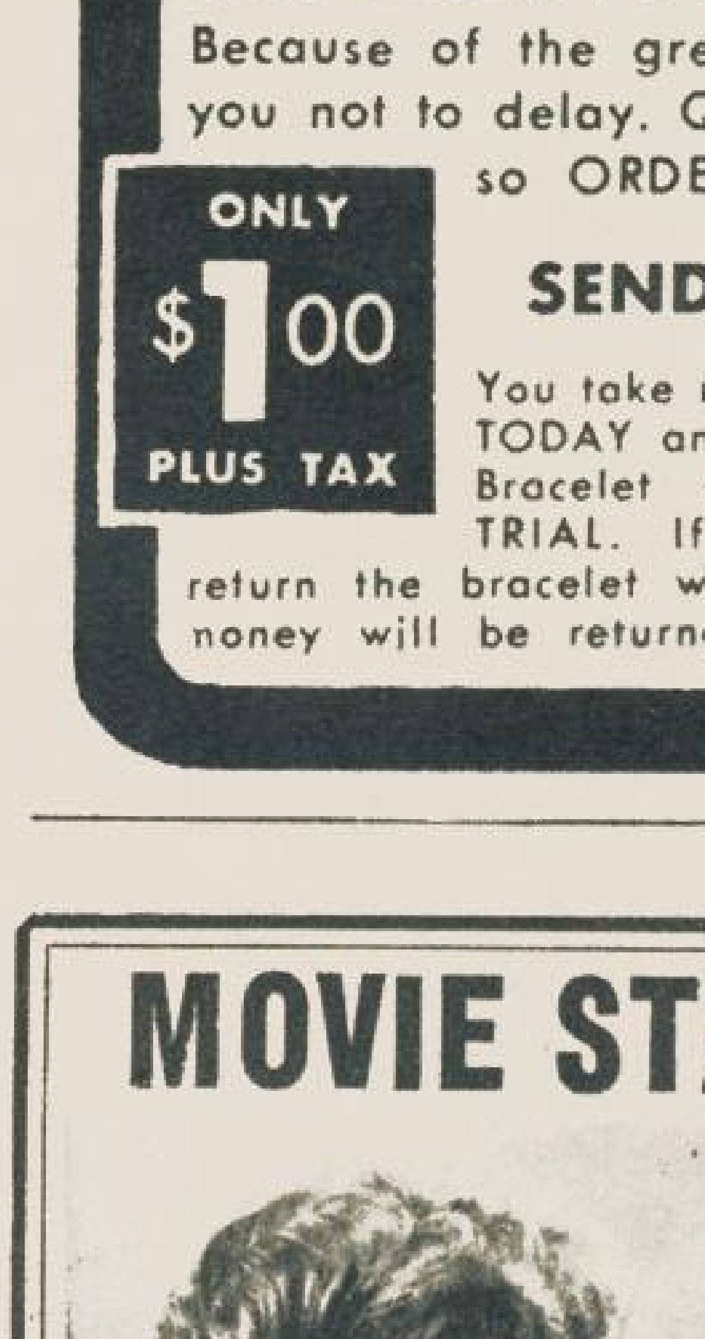
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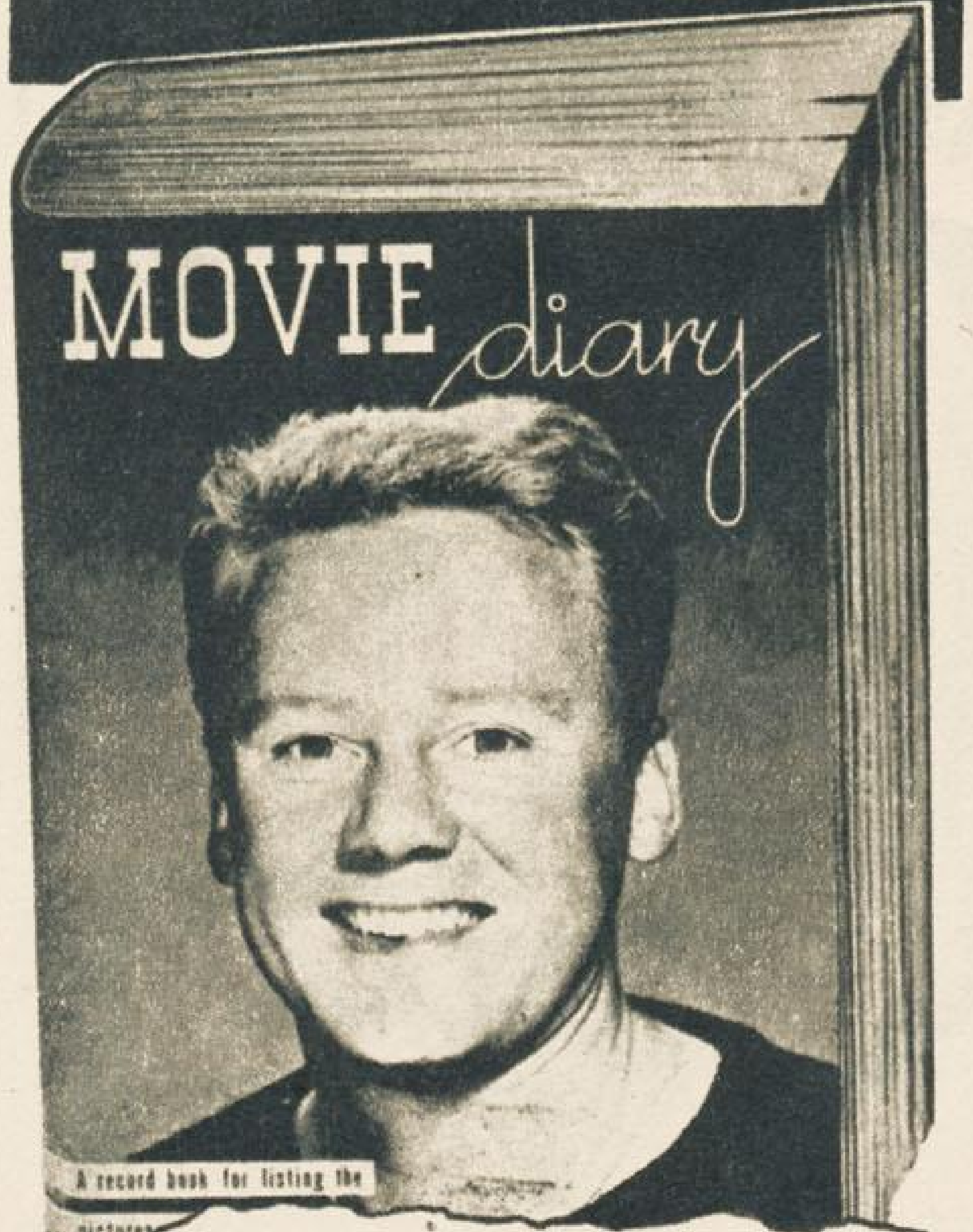

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OUT OF THE MALE BOX

From page 36

from where her friends sit, it looks as if she were trying to nab an extra conquest. Girls with *femme fatale* complexes, who love to see how many boys they can rope, soon suspend operations because they just aren't asked for dates any more.

At which point, we return to the males, specifically the one who goes in for noise and tomfoolery. In fact, his behavior in the living room is deplorably like that at a football game.

Balancing him is the languid lass who thinks that her mere decorative presence is plenty. This gal always takes a very dim view of general "goings-on"—and if she joins in, it's with a how-dull-can-we-get kind of expression.

Some girls have a fondness for arriving last, and nurse the idea that a breathless entrance is effective. This is not the way to influence people, however, for a good "party-goer" is one who is part of the group and doesn't try to stand out as the belle of the ball.

Well, you're already overdue for tonight's shindig, so we won't keep you. Just file these few facts, and not only will you have a fine time, but so will everybody else.

HANDS AT EASE

From page 52

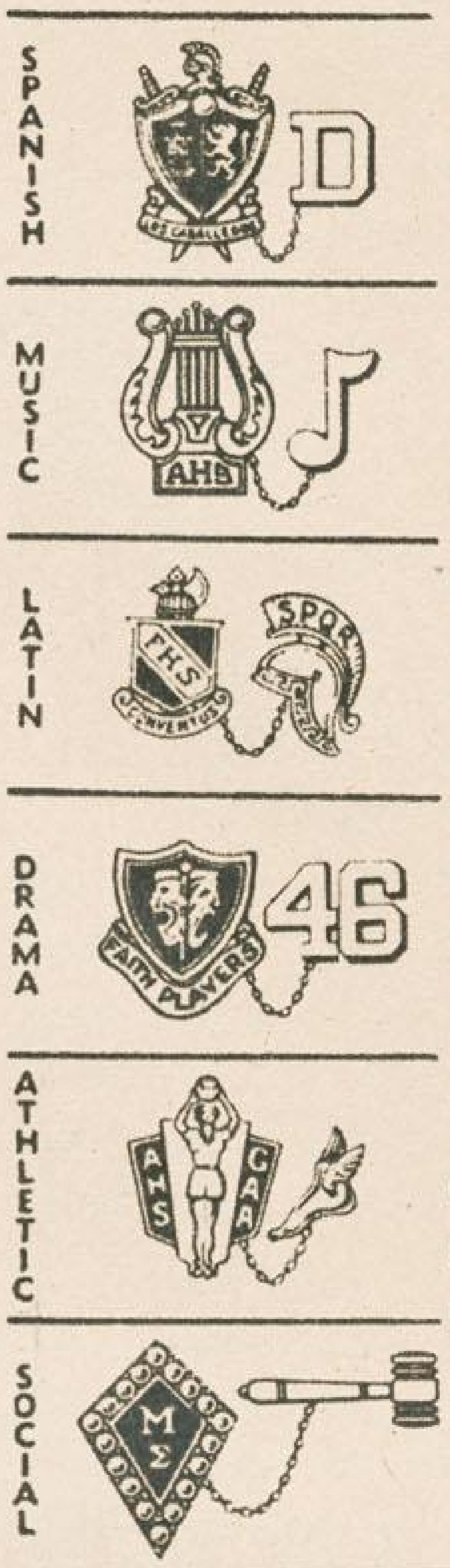
while we're on the subject. There is no standard blueprint for hand beauty. Any hand that is well-groomed and well-handled is a pleasant spectacle.

Here are two exercises that help your hands achieve that lovely relaxed feeling. Let them go limp at the wrist and shake them hard. Snitch a small rubber ball from your kid sister and squeeze and unsqueeze it like mad.

If your nails have a run-down look, grace is useless. File them to a gentle oval. Wear natural polish that is never chipped. Tend your cuticle faithfully so it stays soft. Lap up the calcium food like milk to build sturdy nails.

Once you're certain your hands are perfectly groomed, and you know what to do with them, you won't have to keep track of them all the time. You'll start keeping track of the conversation instead.

YOU CAN NOW GET YOUR CLUB PINS



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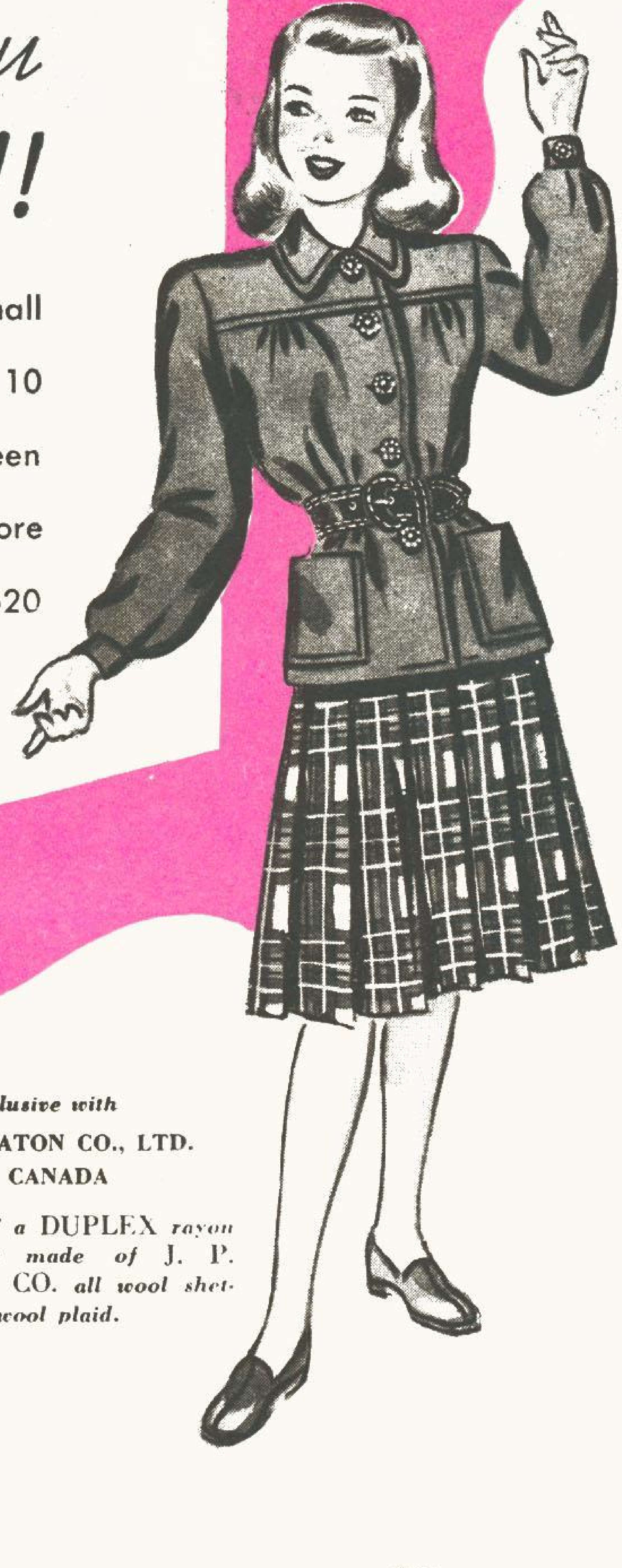

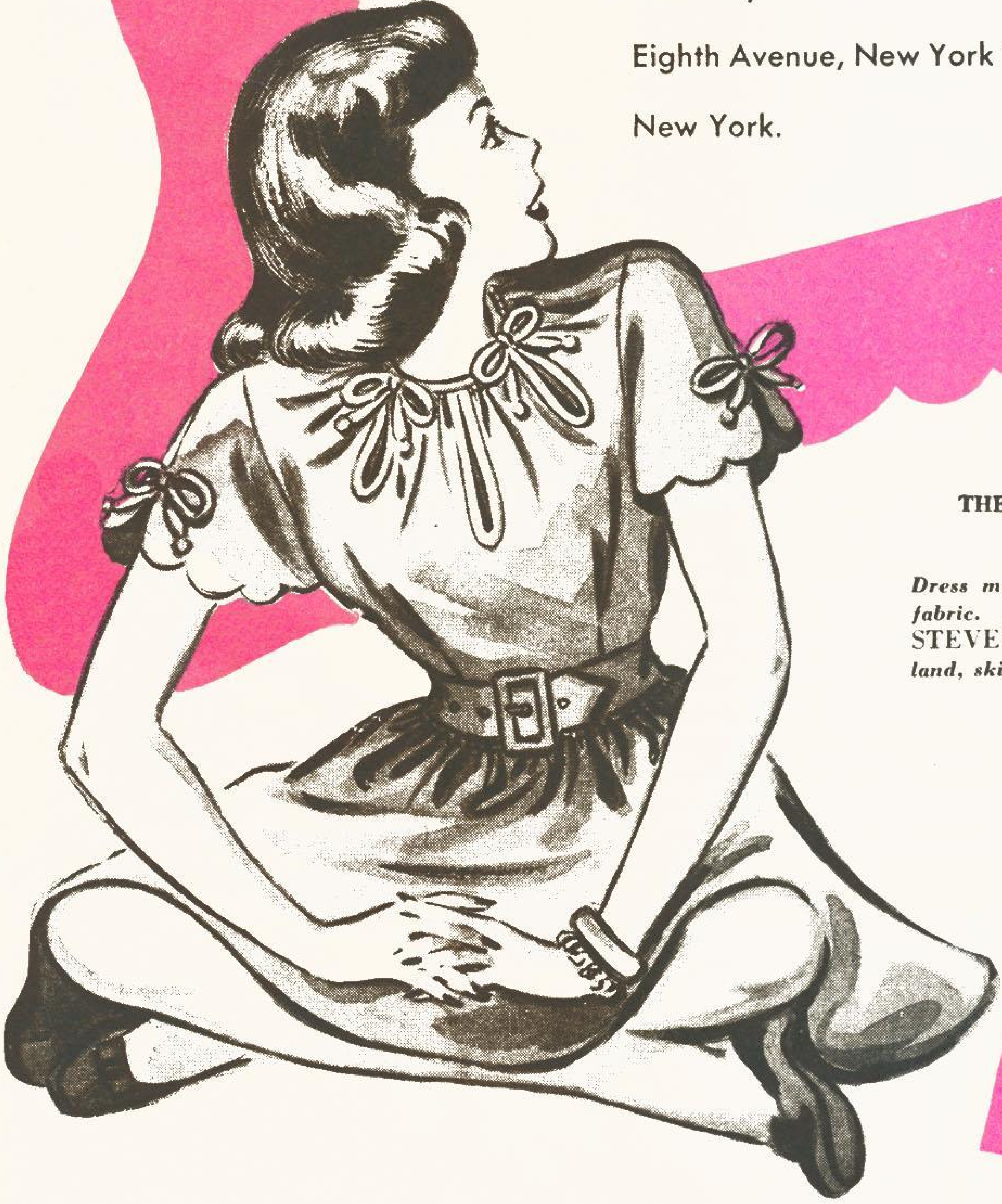

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